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November, 1937

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ANNIVERSARY



CELEBRATIO

ANOTHER HASH-MARK

1775

"On November 10, 1775, a Corps of Marines was created by a resolution of the Continental Congress. Since that date many thousand men have borne the name Marine. In memory of this it is fitting that we who are Marines should commemorate the birthday of our Corps by calling to mind the glories of its long and illustrious history."

1937

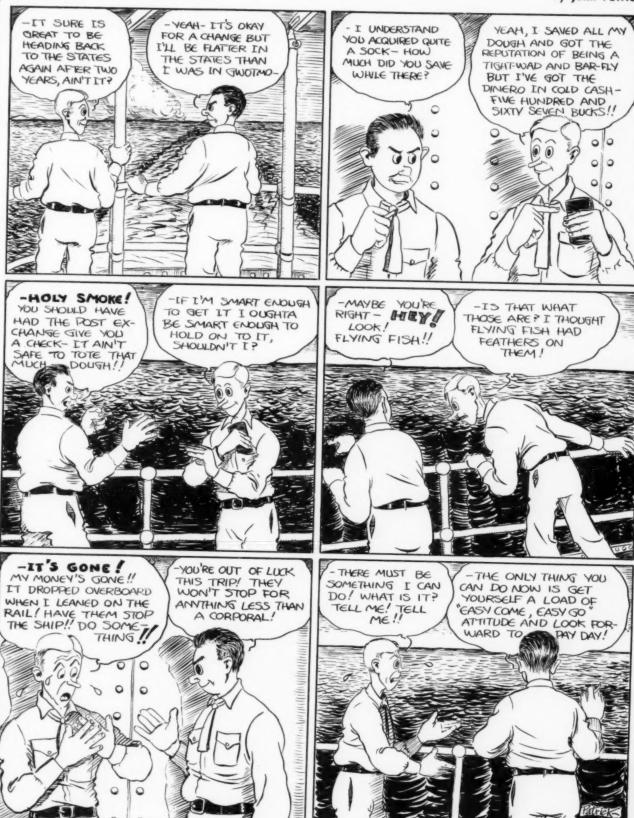
Marine Corps Manual.



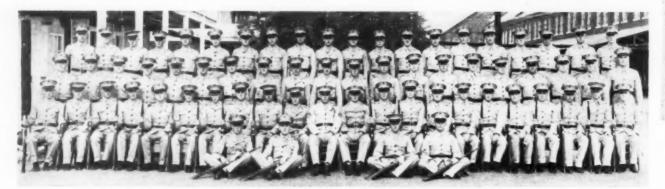




LIGGETT & MYE



### WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Platoon 16, Parris Island. Instructed by Plat. Sgt. Nagazyna, Cpl. Miller



Platoon 24, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. B. M. Bunn, Cpl. R. R. Inks and Cpl. H. A. Brittman



Platoon 11, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Kliszes, Cpl. McMillan and Cpl. Smith



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Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

### Reminiscent November

ITH each passing year, Armistice Day halts the speedy trend of life long enough for us to stop and consider those who dedicated their lives that we might live on in liberty and peace. These dead, who so unselfishly struggled and so nobly perished in their glorious sacrifice, have unfolded to the living a new land of liberty, justice and freedom. Though the occasion is given to the living, its entire glory belongs to the dead and no greater words can be uttered, than that they died that we might enjoy the comfort and assurance of life in this new land of equality and freedom.

On November 10, 1775, Congress formally declared that a body of United States Marines were officially to be formed, even though General Washington had an active body of men called Marines and several other groups bore the title. Since that day, one hundred and sixty-two years ago, Marines have participated in every major battle, pacified uprisings in countries of unrest and helped to maintain the hardy wall of peace and contentment that is particularly characteristic of this nation. Marines of other nations may boast of a longer history but they can

boast of no prouder record. Yet in spite of the shocks and setbacks of continuous conflicts, the Marines have built up a respected reputation of efficiency, courage, pride and soldierly-virtue which upholds the Corps and inspires them on to even greater heights in the glory of the Service.

Then too, the 17th day of this month marks the 20th anniversary of The Leatherneck. Two decades of constant progress with the idea of giving the greatest good to the largest number of U. S. Marines, their families and friends. Through the whole-hearted cooperation and sportsmanship of the administrators and men of the Corps, their magazine has progressed from a small, insignificant paper to the outstanding periodical that it is today—the pride of the Corps. This pride is their heritage and they guard it devotedly. All the impressive ritual of today would be a mockery if we could not follow in our own magazine, the careers of the living heroes, glorious dead and the Corps of men who ever stand—SEMPER FIDELIS.

Because William Bradford, governor of the early Massachusetts colony, became jubilant over the first harvest in the new land and in expressing his gratitude for the favors and mercies of the past year set aside one week for rejoicing the bountiful year, this Nation had its first Thanksgiving Day. Numerous other days have been set aside for offering thanks since then but the Continental Congress, during the war for independence, appointed one or more days each year to be set aside for this purpose and thus we know it as the last Thursday of November. Truly defined, it is a day in which to render thanks, express our gratitude for favors or mercies, acknowledge benefits of divine goodness and praise God for the mercies of the past year as well as to indulge in all the culinary desires nature has made possible.

### Insurance Against War?

S the cost of national armament an insurance to any country against the demon war? If so, the American citizen pays remarkably low insurance premiums as compared to militarized denizens of Europe and Asia. Land, air, and sea defense costs, combined, are taken into consideration in estimates that follow.

Hon. Louis Johnson, assistant secretary of war for Uncle Sam, gave out some interesting estimates last week in a Virginia speech:

The civis americanus pays out only \$5 per capita per year for his little army, big navy, medium air force, and dauntless marines. Herr Average German pays an annual \$8 "for protection," another low figure despite alleged Hitler militarism. Then comes "jingo" Japan, which has contributed \$13 per capita, and "imperialist" Italy, with a per capita ratio of \$14. A rearming England pays \$15. Then comes a marked jump. France, per capita, pays \$23 and vast-armied, nervous Soviet Russia pays \$33 per capita for her 170 million comrades. Such are the Johnson figures, coming from a man notably well-informed.

Labor costs are notoriously low in Germany, Japan, and Italy; and lira-pinching Italy likes to utilize cheap mechanical war-novelties. France, for one, is expensively orthodox. Our pacific Washington Uncle is inexpensively so.—The Digest.

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### MONEY-BACK OFFER ON "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES

Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage, (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

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ery 2-ounce tin

PRINGE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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VOLUME 20

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 11

### GENERAL LEJEUNE LEAVES V. M. I.

By Frank H. Rentfrow

N September 30, Major General John A. Lejeune, former Commandant of the Marine Corps, reviewed for the last time as Superintendent of Virginia Military Institute, the cadets of the famous school. The parade marked the retirement of one of the greatest, most beloved men ever to wear the uniform of any service.

Major General Commandant Thomas Holcomb, who served with General Lejeune in France, participated in the farewell tribute to his old chief. The evening parade

was followed by a grand reception.
On the morning of the following day, General Lejeune turned over his command to the new superintendent, Major General Charles E. Kilbourne, U. S. A., retired. General Kilbourne, a Medal of Honor man, also holds the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Distinguished Service Medal, one or the few soldiers to attain this distinction.

The following story is one of a series of similar features published in the Washington (D. C.) Post, written by Sergeant Rentfrow:

T was only by the merest vagary of fate that Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune was not lost to the Marine Corps. Had not chance interposed the intangible barrier of coincidence, he would have gone to West Point instead of Annapolis and would thereafter have known the life of a soldier instead of a Marine. Again, on his graduation, he was assigned to the Naval Engineering

Corps. Once more fate, aided by a certain impetus on the part of Lejeune, intervened and preserved for the Marine Corps one of the most colorful officers who ever served the Globe and Anchor.

John A. Lejeune was born on a war-impoverished plantation in Louisiana on January 10, 1867. His father had been a Confederate officer who bitterly opposed secession, but when his State withdrew from the Union he poured his wealth into the coffers of the Confederacy. His for-

tune was lost with the cause he served.

Postbellum days are ever lean, and while the Lejeune family wrenched a hardy living from the soil, there was no actual suffering from hunger. But luxuries were unknown.

During his childhood John's mother educated him herself, and when he became 13, off he went to a boarding school near Natchez, Miss., where the master, John's great uncle, took an especial interest in the welfare of his ward. Early in his life John's mother impressed him with the great value of education. Years later, when he became commandant, this teaching bore rich fruit, for he was determined his Marines would be known as "the best educated military organization in the world." With this in mind, he founded the Marine Corps Institute, offering a wide variety of courses free to Marines through the medium of a wellknown cor- (Continued on page 64)



Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune

### OUR FRIENDS, THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS

By Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Metcalf, U. S. Marine Corps

HE Second Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers is serving in Shanghai with the Second Brigade of Marines. This is the identical organization which fought side by side with General (then Major) L. W. T. Waller's battalion of Marines in several battles around Tientsin, China, during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900. On account of those association on the field of battle where members of both organizations bled and died together, the Marine Corps and the Royal Welch Fusiliers have had a regard for each other which is seldom equalled by military organizations serving under different flags. This sentiment of the two organizations was fittingly commemorated in 1930 by the composition of a march by John Philip Sousa who is also the composer of the Marines' March, Semper Fidelis. In view of the resumption of the Marine Corps' association with the famous Welch Regiment it appears of timely interest to recall some of the incidents which started the close friendship beween the two organizations.

The hostility of the Boxers toward all foreigners in China assumed a particularly menacing attitude during the early months of 1900. The Manchu Dynasty which had theretofore given a reasonable amount of protection to all foreigners in China was at the point of losing control of the Celestial Empire. In the desperate hope of regaining its control over the Chinese people the Imperial Government practically gave free rein to the Boxers in their anti-foreign activities. A crisis was thereby precipitated particularly in the Peking area and especially for the foreign legations. Since protection could no longer be counted on by the Imperial Government, the United States despatched a Legation Guard of forty-eight Marines and three sailors under command of Captain John T. Myers, USMC, to Peking where they arrived on May 31, 1900. Several other countries furnished their legations with similar guards.

Boxer activities throughout north China grew to alarming proportions during the first half of June and the

foreign ministers at Peking called upon their naval forces off Taku for further protection. At that time only a comparatively small naval force, principally British, was in the general vicinity. Vice Admiral Sir Edward Seymour was able to assemble an international force of nearly two thousand men, including 112 American sailors and Marines and started to the relief of the legations. Seymour's column was able to advance only part of the distance from Tientsin to Peking and soon found itself beleaguered by a vastly superior force of Boxers and Imperial troops—who had joined their ranks. The Boxers had taken possession of Tientsin in his rear and his position was quite desperate at the same time the foreign legations were being besieged in Peking.

In the meantime the foreign governments concerned were making considerable effort to provide a sufficient force to cope with the situation. All available United States Marines were hurried from the Philippines to Taku and the British despatched the Second Battalion of Royal Welch Fusiliers from Hong Kong to the same destination. A contingent of Russian troops was also early to arrive on the scene. Major L. W. T. Waller with seven officers and 131 Marines arrived at Taku on the afternoon of June 20 and started by train to Tientsin where a few foreign troops which had been left behind by Seymour were being besieged by the Boxers who were practically in full control of the city. Waller advanced within twelve miles of Tientsin and was forced to halt for the night. He combined his forces with a detachment of 450 Russians and pushed on in the early morning of the following day to the edge of the city where they became engaged with a superior Chinese force and were forced to retire to their previous camp.

The battalion of Welch Fusiliers, with an aggregate strength of 320 commanded by Major F. Morris, together with 150 seamen and Royal Marines under Captain Craddock (who later as vice-admiral was lost with his squadron off the coast of South (Continued on page 62)



THE FAMOUS WALL DEFENDED BY MARINES DURING THE SIEGE OF 1900

The Tartar wall at Ramp held by Marines. Looking west toward Chein Men.

The south (outside) side of the Tartar Wall.

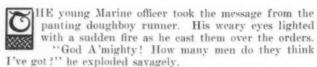
Looking east towards Hata Men. It was up this ramp that the Marines ascended the Wall in the defense of the legations.



### GARBLED IN TRANSMISSION

### By FRANK H. RENTFROW

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)



'What is it, Mr. Lambert?" inquired the sergeant by his side. "Sailin' orders?"

"Worse, Emery. It's orders transmitted through that army unit on our right. Division wants us to advance on Bon Fontaine, throw the Boche out, occupy and hold the town at all costs. You'd think I had a brigade here instead of what's left of a shot-up company.

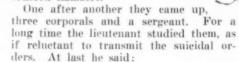
The shot-up company referred to was indeed a badly mauled outfit. They had jumped off at the initial attack with the spirit and virility of youth. They weren't much older now; but sadly wiser. Lieutenant Lambert, the junior officer, had seen his seniors depart for the warriors' halls of Valhalla with bloody abruptness, and in consequence he inherited command of the shattered company. His best non-coms, too, had followed their officers with the same fidelity in death as they had in life. Replacements were long overdue.

The lieutenant thought of all this in the fleeting second he read the order, and he predicted fatal results in throwing the remnants of his company against a town full of German machine gunners. He was grateful that Sergeant Emery had been spared to aid him. Calm, resourceful, war-wise Emery, who had been awarded a Navy Cross for bravery in Haiti, and who had romped with his little Brown Brothers in their playful revolutions all over

"What's the idea of the brass hats sendin' our orders through that army outfit?" the sergeant wanted to know. "Don't we all habla the same lingo, or ain't they on speakin' terms with the Marines?'

"Your lines are all shelled out," supplied the runner. "I had a hell of a time getting here. The road's under observation and the damn snipers in the church steeple nearly potted me.'

The lieutenant initialed the envelope as a receipt, while the sergeant intimated that if the Germans had only developed superior marksmen it would have prevented the delivery of such an insane order. The runner left, avoiding the road with infinite caution.



ordered Lambert.

"Platoon leaders, report to me!"

"Men, over yonder you can see the roofs and church steeple of Bon Fontaine. At present it is occupied by an undetermined number of Germans. Our mission is to evict them and to hang on to our position at all costswhich costs should prove heavy. Personally I'm afraid

we shan't succeed. We have too few men left.
"T'hell we can't," broke in a corporal. "We've took towns before that the army bozos found too tough; an' this ain't nothin' but another one.'

"A very commendable attitude, Wiston," replied the officer with a jocundity he little felt. "But our previous efforts have robbed us of considerable man-power. All we can do is hope for the best. Report back to your platoons. Sergeant Emery and I will reconnoiter a bit first. Sergeant Harris, if we shouldn't get back you will have to make the attack without the benefit of whatever information we may gather. All right, posts; and stand by for the whistle.

The officer and his non-com slipped through the woods toward the road. For a moment they lay in the ditch. Then they dashed across, plunging into another, thinner wood. Like a pair of Indians they stalked from tree to tree. At last, in plain view of the village, the lieutenant cautioned Emery to halt. Drawing forth his glasses he focused them on the town. He could see a machine gun poking its stern muzzle through a window of the steeple. Others were mounted on roofs, half concealed behind tettering chimneys. A muddy road bisected the village. It was barricaded by a litter of furniture and nondescript refuse.

"See anything, sir?"

"Plenty! The place is lousy with machine guns. There's a squad unloading ammunition in the courtyard, and they seem to be patroling the streets with enough men to win the war.'

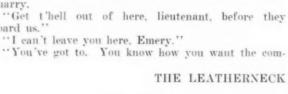
He studied the terrain a moment longer, making mental notes of the situation. "Well," he said. "I guess I've got about all the important dope. Let's shove off."

Together they turned to retrace their steps when a harsh, guttural command in German halted them. A dozen enemy soldiers were approaching from the flank.

With an oath the sergeant leaped sidewise, his hand wrenching at his holster. "Come an' get it!" he growled, firing from the hip. The leading German crashed in a small shrub, the two Americans jumping for cover. The sergeant's forty-five cracked again and the attackers began spreading out to surround their quarry.

"Get t'hell out of here, lieutenant, before they board us. "





pany brought up; I don't. I'll hold these krauts' back while you take off. Shake a leg or it'll be too late."

A concealed machine gun snarled and yellow slivers spurted from the tree that protected the Americans. Lambert hesitated no longer. He fully appreciated the ser-geant's logic. Flinging a hasty "So long" over his shoulder he darted through the woods. Two of the attackers cut in at an angle to head him off. The sergeant's pistol barked and one of them pitched headlong as if he had suddenly tripped. The lieutenant heard the weapon erack twice more, then deep silence, a silence pregnant with sinister meaning. The officer faltered between the desire to aid his companion and to get back to his command. He fought off the instinct to help Emery, and continued running.

"There went the best damn Marine that ever handled a gun," he gasped; "and the outfit will charge plenty

for his life.'

HE road wasn't far away now, possibly a hundred yards. Like a football player he hurdled smaller brush and wove in and out around the trees. Suddenly he went down like one who had been shot, his

breath partly knocked from his body. A hoarse laugh sounded. He struggled to arise but something was holding him to the earth. Hands clutched his kicking legs and held them fast. His face was buried in the rotting leaves but he could hear his captors panting and grunting as they strove to hold him.

"It is useless to struggle further," someone told him in English. "You

are a prisoner."

Dazed and shaken, the lieutenant was prodded to his feet. A young German officer, a good looking, rakish chap, smiled pleasantly and nodded toward his six men.

'You have shown wisdom in submitting. Herr Lieutenant. Sometimes foolish people get badly hurt trying to overcome impossible obstacles.

Lambert forced a grin to his face, although he felt more like cursing in thwarted rage.

"Well, I was coming over to pay you a little visit, anyhow," he countered.

"Thank you. Herr Lieutenant. You will find me a gracious host."

Escorting him through the woods toward the village, his captors kept up a continual jabbering until they reminded Lambert of hordes of monkeys he had encountered in Nicaragua. The German officer chatted amicably but the Marine paid little attention. He was peering wistfully through the labyrinth of twisted trees, trying to get one glimpse of a huddled, khaki form that he knew should be lying there somewhere. He wondered if it were possible that Emery had only been captured and was unharmed; but unless the surprise had been as complete as his own he knew the sergeant would die fighting.

The escort moved down the street and passed the guarded barricade. Some of the soldiers unloading the ammunition grinned at the prisoner, others scowled ferociously. Lambert noted many things, defiladed positions, the strength of the barricade, the machine guns with their boxes of eartridges open beside them, and all the little details his military training had taught him to regard as significant. Then he surprised his captors with an abrupt, bitter laugh. He suddenly realized how little value such information was to a prisoner.

At the sagging, shattered door of the church the German officer called a halt and dismissed the soldiers.

"Come with me, Herr Lieutenant. We shall see the

Together they entered the church. At the farther end they mounted a flight of winding, iron stairs. They ascended two floors, and at the end of a corridor passed through an orderly-guarded door.

The major was seated behind his desk when the prisoner was brought before him. He fastened his rat-like eyes on Lambert and bared his long, yellow teeth. Then he unleashed a torrent of German.

"He wants to know your name and organization," interpreted the young Teuton.

"Tell him to go to hell," snapped Lambert. "I don't like his looks.'

"That would be impolitic, mine friend."

Another volley of German exploded from behind the desk. "He is rather angry because I haven't searched you yet. I am very sorry to subject you to such indignities; but, as you doubtless know, it is the custom.'

The search revealed nothing but the order the lieutenant had received from the infantry runner. This the

young German pounced upon, scrutinized hastily and passed over to the major. They held a hurried consultation. Lambert could tell the young officer was protesting and that the major had grown very angry.

"You are Lieutenant Lambert of

the Marine Army?"
"Marine Corps," corrected Lambert. "That is immaterial. The fact is this: You are in receipt of an order directing you to attack this town?

"Not to attack," the Marine corrected again, "but to capture."

A look of annoyance flashed over the German's face. "This is no time for foolishness," he said. "It won't be so funny when I tell you that the major has directed that you be shot at the first sign of an attack by your Marines. Unfortunately, we too have orders to hold Bon Fontaine at all costs."

"Shot?" Lambert echoed. "You don't shoot prisoners of war?"

"Not under ordinary circumstances, but sometimes the exigencies of combat require it. Whoever is in command of your troops shall be notified of your dilemma. We hope for your sake he refrains from attacking us.'

"If he does I'll have him court-martialed," thundered Lambert.

"If such a proceeding is possible in the hereafter, you might," blandly replied the German. "But perhaps you overlooked the important fact that their attack is a signal for your death. But come, let us not cross bridges before we reach them. We shall have breakfast and await developments."

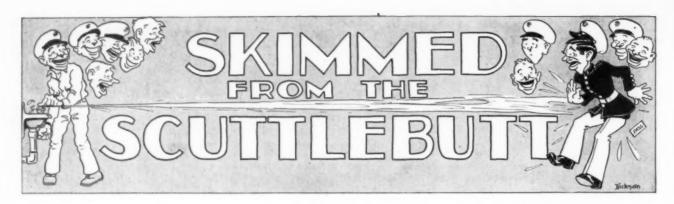
ROM the barred window of the room in which he was confined, the Marine officer could see the patch of woods and the road he and Emery had crossed. He almost imagined he could see the exact spot his men were occupying. He stood with his eyes riveted on

the white carpet of road which he knew the Marines would follow a short distance while advancing on the town. Once he caught sight of something like a splotch of

slowly moving brown. A machine gun rattled directly above him and the splotch vanished. He wondered how many lives that movement had cost. (Continued on page 59)



We've took towns before



#### HALF AND HALF

A Mexican gazed through the bars at County Jailer H. E. Cox.

"Can you read and write?" demanded

Cox during the booking process.
"Can write, not read," replied the prisoner.

"Write your name, then," said Cox. The Mexican scrawled huge letters across the

"What is that you wrote?" inquired the puzzled jailer.

"I don't know," said the Mexican, "I told you I can't read."—Imperial Valley Press (El Centro, Calif.)

Chaplain-" How could you have the heart to swindle people who trusted in you?"

Prisoner-"But, Padre, people who don't trust you can't be swindled."

-The Keystone.

It was a proud moment for Farmer Giles when he went to see his sailor son on board ship. He had never seen so large a vessel before, and he marvelled at her size. Just as he caught hold of the two ropes which hung over the side to assist the sailors in clambering on deck he heard "eight bells" go.

Stepping on deek he met an officer, whom he saluted. "Beg pardon, sir," said Far-mer Giles timidly, "but I didn't mean to ring so loud!"

-U. S. Coast Guard.

A priest offered 25 cents to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered the

Italian boy, "George Washington," answered the American lad.

American lad.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

"The quarter is yours," said the priest,
"but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it
was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but
business is business."—The Keystone.

A colored lad killed a man. . . tell me," the irate judge scowled, "that you killed a man for the paltry sum of three dollars." The lad merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Youall don't see, jedge . . . but three bucks here and three bucks there, they all add up!"—New York Evening Journal.

Barber-"How is the razor, sir P Does

it go easy?"
Man-"Well, that depends on the operation. If you're shaving me, it goes hard, but if you're merely skinning me it goes telerable easy."—Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.

#### STRICTLY BUSINESS

A retired naval surgeon who had established himself as a specialist was giving

one of his patients a bill.
"Wish you could pay down \$100, and then \$25 a week," he said.

"Sounds like buying an automobile," said the patient.
"I am," said the surgeon.

-Our Navu.

Old Lady (to parachutist)-"I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be ter-

Parachutist-"No, mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible.' Boston Transcript.



Boot: "Ink is expendable, ain't it, Ser-

Sgt.: "Yes."

Boot: "Then why did the skipper get sore when I spilled a little of it on the deck?"

Black-Don't roll the bones with Fogarty today."
Gang—"Why not?"

Black-"He just borrowed my dice."

The Marine, in violation of regulations, had a nice bottle of rye stowed away in his locker. After a thirsty afternoon, he

broke it out.

"Oh," he groaned, "that dirty bum
Jones has been at my bottle."

"Why, say Jones?" inquired his bunkie,

"it might have been anyone. It might have been me."

"No, it wasn't you," said the bereft one, "there's some left."

Sailor (at girl friend's home): "Say, whatsa big idea turning off da lights? Whatcha think I am, a bloomin' owl?" --Keystone.

First C.P.O .- "Are you sure your wife knows I am coming home to dinner with

Second C.P.O.—"She ought to. We argued all night about it!"

USS Tennessee.

### NO SNAKES?

"But this officer says that while you were in a drunken state you tried to climb a lamp-post."

"Yes, I did, your worship, but three crocodiles had been following me about all night, and they were getting on my nerves."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hoffman-"Dogs like me. When I walk

down the street dogs follow me—they walk up to me and lick my hands."

Hatcheet—"Why don't you try eating with a knife and fork?"—Tennessee Tar.

Farewell-"Some tunes quite carry me away.

Damsel — "Just tell me one, and I'll play it with pleasure."—Selected.

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up.,,

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.
"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized, "I

thought you said slaughtered."

-15th Infantry Sentinel.

The ossified gentleman was standing on a street corner muttering to himself. "What's the matter?" asked an in-

quisitive policeman.

"See that little green dragon?" said "He's been acting stubborn, and if he don't behave hisself, I'm going to take an aspirin and kill him."—American Le-

The visitor was inspecting the offices the Marine Corps Institute. Said the of the Marine Corps Institute, Said the guide: "That's our English department

"I see," replied the visitor, "the chamber of commas."

New Corporal-"I don't know what's the

matter, my shoes hurt me."
Disappointed Private—"What! Feet swelled, too?"

The new lieutenant had just barged against some fresh paint on the bulkhead and it was smeared all over his blouse. He let out a roar:

"You blundering idiot," he called to the post painter, "why don't you put "Wet Paint' on it?"

"You never heard of no dry paint, did you, lieutenant?" questioned the painter with placid unconcern.

#### **GUILT**

The minister arose to address his congregation. "There is a certain man among us today who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar one with this note attached: "Other three pay day."-Awgwan.



First Marine: "That Jane you were out with last night is pretty wild, ain't she?"
Second Marine: "Heck, no, she ain't wild;

Wife (to her husband in the next room)---'My dear, what are you opening that can with?"

anybody can pet her."

that can with?"
Husband—"Why, with a can-opener.
What did you think I was doing it with?"
Wife—"Well, I thought from your re-

marks that you were opening it with a prayer." -Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.

Sitting in a concert-hall waiting for the concert to begin, a man, seeing a little boy in front of him looking at his watch, forward and asked, "Does it tell the

"No," answered the little boy. "You look at it."—Pearsons.

"And what led up to the free-for-all fight in which you were participating?"

the judge asked Clancy. "'I dunno, Yer Honor," replied the de-fendant. "I never was one of them folks to stick me nose in other people's business." -U.S.C.G. Foretop.

Some good Navy wives were talking about their husbands in that indulgent manner they are accustomed to use when on that subject.

"Frank is perfectly helpless without

me," said one.
"Oliver is that way, too," said another. "I don't know what would become of him if I was away from him for a

week. "Isn't it a fact?" sighed a third. "Sometimes I think my husband is a child, the way I have to look after him. Why, whenever he is sewing on buttons, mending his clothes, or even darning his socks, I always have to thread the needle for him."—Rebel Ribs.

Pontoon-"You're the light of my life." She-"You mean I'm your current sweetheart."-Swiped.

#### **FORGETFULNESS**

The memory expert had been giving his turn in the village hall. The audience had not been enthusiastic, and the questions asked at the end of the show really infuriated the man.

When one dear old lady came up and asked him to what he attributed his remarkable memory, he thought it was time

to call it a day.
"Well, madam," he explained, without a smile, "when I was in the Air Force I once had to make a record parachute from a height never before attempted. Just as I jumped from the plane, the pilot leaned over the side and yelled: 'Hi, you've forgotten your para-

"Believe it or not, lady, that taught me a lesson, and I've never forgotten anything since." - Kablegram.

Father—"Isn't it wonderful how little chicks get out of their shells?"

Son—"What gets me is how they get

in."-The Earth Mover.

"If I'd known what sort of a person was at the other side of the door, I wouldn't have answered the bell!"

"If I'd known, lady, I wouldn't 'ave rung it."—Galt Reporter.

"And that is a skyseraper," announced

the guide.
"Oh, yeah? Well, let's see it work," replied the wise guy .- Mis-a-sip.



Marine One: "What did you do before you shipped in?"

Marine Two: "I worked in Des Moines."
Marine One: "Coal or iron?"

Heard at the Barracks Dance-"Swizzlenose is getting a beautiful bun on. Where's he getting it?"

"Out of the punch bowl."
"There's no liquor in the punch bowl; it's grape juice."
"Sure, but Swizzlenose doesn't know

Cpl. Respess, of Company "A," says:

"My girl is so cross-eyed that every time she puts a nickel in a gum machine, peanuts come out."-Walla Walla.

What's the idea of that set of traffic lights over the mantel in your parlor?"

inquired the over ardent swain.
"It's Father's idea," she explained. "The Red stays on until 11:30; then he flashes on the Amber, and at 12 the Green. You know," she added, "father is a traffic cop."—Indian Smoke Signals.

The buck private walked into a secondhand auto shop and asked how much for a dilapidated car which was plainly marked

"Why, \$7.50," replied the salesman.
"I know that," replied the buck. "What I want to know is what is the down payment."-A & N Journal.

#### SILENCE IS GOLDEN

The slow-thinking close-mouthed hermit lived alone in the woods. His only company was a sleepy-eyed-parrot.

For ten years they lived together-and in all that time neither one said a word. The lazy parrot spent most of its time

dozing in a corner of the room.

One day the hermit happened to be doing a bit of carpenter work around the Accidentally, he hit his thumb house, with the hammer.

"Ouch!" he cried.

The parrot opened a drowsy eye.
"What did you say?" it inquired.
But the hermit didn't answer . . .
Five years later the hermit was once
more using the hammer. And once again the hammer slipped and caught his thumb.

The sleepy-eyed parrot looked up. "Oh!" it murmured . . .

-Exchange.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kelly," said the doctor to the Boatswain's wife. "Did you take your husband's temperature as I told

"Yes, doctor, I borrowed a barometer and set it on his chest; it said 'very dry,' so I got him a can of beer and he has gone back to the ship now.''—The Cata-

A Southern farmer had several friends among the enlisted men of the nearby garrison. In a heated argument with one of the sojers one day he called him an unmitigated ass.

That evening another soldado called on the farmer. The farmer's four-year-old son opened the door and looked him over. Thinking all soldiers fell in the same category, he called to his father:

"Daddy, here's another one of those many-gaited asses!"—Our Army.



"How was the chow at that post you just came from?"

"All right. We got incubator chicken every Sunday."

"How do you know it was incubator chicken?"

"No chicken that ever knew a mother's love could be that tough."



#### ARMAGEDDON

IF WAR COMES. By R. Ernest Dupy and George Fielding Eliot (Maemillan).

It is a generally accepted fact that the earlier stages of one war are fought along the same lines as the war before it. battle of Cold Harbor extended itself from our Civil War to Cuba; and some of the tactics of the Spanish-American conflict were in evidence around St. Mihiel. The probabilities of how the next war will be fought is described in this present work.

The authors refuse to don the cloaks of prophets, but they do believe they are projecting scenes of the next war on the

screen of the future.

The basic rules of war never change, although the application of those rules differ in every conflict. Employing old wars as a yard-stick, the authors introduce the new armies, highly mechanized, mobile units; and flying fortresses of "The trend of modern weapons, both aerial and earth-bound, is certainly toward speed; and the possession of speedy weapons leads us to seek a prompt conclusion, to avoid the stagnation of trench war-fare." Thus, while they entertain some fare." Thus, while they entertain some belief that open-warfare will predominate, number of unforeseen circumstances will bring about the trench stalemate.

China, Ethiopia and Spain are the testlaboratories for their theories; and every

theory appears practicable.

With the mechanical improvement of offensive instruments, a counter evolution a defensive measure, such as when muffled aeroplane motors defeated the purpose of sound detection devices, a more sensitive machine was constructed to pick up the whir of the propeller.

The most interesting of their postulations are the possible campaigns between various countries: "In a war with the United States, Japan would very likely begin by the dispatch of a strong expe-ditionary force to the Philippines, pro-tected by a heavy naval escort." With tected by a heavy naval escort." With the landing successful, the invaders would then go on the defensive.

Conflict between other countries are considered; the strength of land, air and navy forces tabulated.

A comprehensive study of today's conditions.

PLAINLY

#### SHORES OF TRIPOLI

BARBARY BREW. By Zelda Stewart Charters (Stackpole Sons), \$2.50,

Strange that just at this time, when the world is shocked by undersea piracy in the Mediterranean, a novel should appear which is based on a similar situation over a hundred years ago, when the pirates of the Barbary Coast terrorized European ships passing through their waters. Mrs. Charters has written an historical romance of a young American doctor taken captive by Tripolitan marauders and sold as a slave to be held for ransom.

Because the United States had no navy in 1789 to protect its nationals and was far too poor to raise thousands of dollars in ransom, MacDonald Thorp, supercargo on a Philadelphian brig, found himself in the humiliating predicament of being sold at the public slave market of Tripoli. By a turn of fate he is attached to the household of the reigning Bashaw.

The breath-taking events would seem incredible were it not that Mrs. Charters has based them upon actual fact. has only to turn to the diaries of William Lempriere, once physician in a harem, and of James Cathcart, who was held for years as a "slave" by the Bey of Algiers, to prove that such situations did occur.

Around these historical facts Mrs. Charters has created a story that transports the reader into a locale seldom encountered in fiction. With a wealth of vivid detail she shows us life in a Barbary stronghold and behind the walls of a great harem, which is in itself a relic of medieval feudalism.

The fast-moving pace of the narrative reminds us of the objectivity of Scott. The book makes no pretense at philoso-Nor is it written with any parphizing. ticular distinction of style. The love story is somewhat unconvincing. The ending is theatrical. But these things can be condoned in a story which holds us fascinated by the originality of its plot and the strangeness of its atmosphere. Mrs. Charters has written an unusual and entertain-R. S. ing romance.

### THE LOOKOUT OAny book may te of purchased through the LEATHERNEE BOOK SERNEE ond we especially the following

COMPLETE GUIDE TO HANDLOAD-ING. By Phil Sharpe (Funk & Wagnalls). Detailed and beautifully illustrated book on handloading, bullet easting, der, etc. The ideal Christmas gift.

CANYON OF GOLDEN SKULLS. Bliss Lomax (Macaulay). When Chalk Runyan swore vengeance for his brother's death against all sheriffs, he didn't know his own son would eventually wear the badge of office.

THE BROTHERS SACKVILLE. By G. D. H. and M. Cole (Macmillan). mystery yarn of the better sort. Fred Sackville and Alfred Sackville were as unlike as two brothers could be; but murder plays no favorites.

THE OTHER HALF. By John Worby (Lee Furman). A hardboiled autobiography of a hobo whose travels carry him over England, Canada and the U.S. If you don't care for racy reading, try something else.

PAINTED POST RANGE. Gunn (Messner). Further adventures of Sheriff Blue Steele and his deputy, Shorty Watts. Plenty of gun-smoke and swinging \$2.00

CONTACT. By Charles Codman (Little, Brown). Death stalks the war-time flying Squadron. Life in the air and in German prison camps.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. Michael J. Leahy and Maurice Crain unk & Wagnalls). Exciting account of (Funk & Wagnalls). exploration and gold seeking in New \$3,00 Guinea.

BUSHMEN AT LARGE. By Harold Waters and Aubrey Wisberg (Green Circle). Adventures among the gold seekers, the fighters and savages in the land of "Down Under;" and the ill-fated campaign at Gallipoli.

ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE. By Oliver L. Spaulding, Colonel, USA (Putnam). A history of our army from its inception to the present day, detailing its activities in war and peace \$6.00

YOUR WINGS. By Assen Jordanoff (Funk & Wagnalls). Read this and you should be able to fly, even if you never saw a plane before. Recommended by the instructors of the M.C.I.

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sin-clair (Farrar & Rinehart). The smell of India's burning ghats, and the romance and thrills of the mountain feuds; the fighting in Khyber Pass, are all made real to us through the pen of traveler Sinelair.

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). An interesting study of the cowboy, his work and play. An explanation of brands and other details, written in an entertaining fashion. \$2.50

MEN IN SUN HELMETS. By Vie Hurley (Dutton). Sketches of persons and events in the Philippines, from the jungles to the cities.

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### MONEELA (MANILA) By William S. McCollam

When the evening stars are twinkling in the sky o'er Subig Bay,

And the heavy laden caseos drift ghostly on their way. When the "labra" in the mango tree

calls softly to its mate,
And the chimes of San Fernando are

pealing forth at eight. I liked to stroll and linger along

Escolta way, And listen to the mandaree and hombre's plaintive lay.

When the creaking caromattas wend down the dusty roads, And the "Cheeno" and his caraboo tote

their punky loads, When the Padre in his cassock and the

Friar in his gown, And the naked picaninnies are sprawling

o'er the town,
Then I liked to stop and listen to the
murmur of the sea,
And exchange the native lingo with a
guard named Santa Fe.

When the monsoon rains were drenching my nipa covered shack,

were running rampant the chills And adown my brawny back, When the troopers in the cuartel beside

the ancient wall,
Were cussing out the Colonel for having

it all. caused Then I liked to dodge the sentry at the scummy covered moat,

And forage through the village for a nip of antidote.

When the insurrection ended and the troops were ordered home,

And the port was filled with floaters from every foreign zone,

When the Leathernecks and Doughboys and other motley crews,

Gave color to a picture over which I would enthuse.

Then I liked to stroll and loiter along the crowded way, That shimmers in the Tropic sun along Manila Bay.

#### CHORUS

Moneela, Old Moneela! with your constant ringing bells,

Moneela, Old Moneela! with your pungent,

smoky smells,
I can hear the sentry calling "All is well."

### ARMISTICE DAY, 1937 By Julie Polousky

What shall we say to them in Flanders'

Fields, Whose muted lips have long forgotten singing;

To whom the night sky all its glory yields In vain; beyond the sound of church bells ringing,

Beyond the sudden warmth of soft arms elinging.

Now when we kneel with sorrowed hearts to pray

For all our soldier dead, what shall we say?

What shall we say, while yet the measured tread

Of soldier feet might interrupt their

dreaming, The thunder of the war lords and the dread Dull roar of cannon, shrapnel madly

screaming.

For who are they that fall, their life-blood streaming

But youth again beneath the heel of Fate, Muttering a new litany of hate.

What shall we say to them, what reason

give For all that wasted youth, this useless sorrow?

They sacrificed their all that we might live; For them there is no glamourous tomorrow, Since life we cannot buy, nor even borrow, Once given, we can never more regain. So must we say that they have died in vain?

Oh, let them rest in peace where poppies shroud

The consecrated fields in crimson splendor. But think of them today when heads are bowed.

The lonely vigil of each brave defender Beneath his cross of death, so chaste and

slender, Before we sacrifice our youth to some dark threat,

Let's shout unto the world, "Lest we forget!'

### THE THING THAT COUNTS By Lacy Richardson

It isn't fame, it isn't money. It's simply doing something, s In this Great Game called Life. sonny, And whether you be rich or poor Or great or small, it matters not. The thing that counts is can you say "I've done my very best today."

That Life re-echoes thru the years And, sending out its just reward-(The truth of which no earthly court exceeds

Nor mortal men surpass),-records within The sacred Book of Here and Time to That in your efforts thru Earth's rigid test

You faltered not, but, striving, did your best.

When this in daily life is done, the curtains close.

And if your Book be richest verse or humblest prose
Is no concern. You conquered, if in

faith you stood the test.

For none in all this world exceeds the man who does his best.

#### REMINISCENCE

#### Anonymous

Though I am native to this frozen zone That half the twelvementh torpid lies, or dead:

Though the cold azure arching overhead And the Atlantic's never-ending moan Are mine by heritage, I must have known Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled; For in my veins some Orient blood is red, And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.

I do remember . . . it was just at dusk, Near a walled garden at the river's turn (A thousand summers seem but yesterday!).

A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk, Came to the water-tank to fill her urn.

And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

### TYPHOON INCIDENT

By D. M. G.

The wind it whistled and howled and shrieked,

The rain dripped in where the shutters leaked.

But morning broke with the Typhoon gone And my hair and the roof had still stayed on.

At half-past six came the Boy to me With my usual early cup of tea. Extremely wet and extremely white, But calm, inscrutable, and polite.

And he said in apologetic way, I sorry I wear short coat today, "But my long coat go when the big wind blew."

Then - quite as an afterthought - "Room

(From South China Morning Post.)

### THE LITTLE SONGS By Marjorie F. W.

I used to ween for loneliness When day dimmed into night; But now I sing a little song, And loneliness takes flight.

used to fear unuttered things Betwixt the dusk and dawn; But now I sing a little song, And straightway fears are gone!

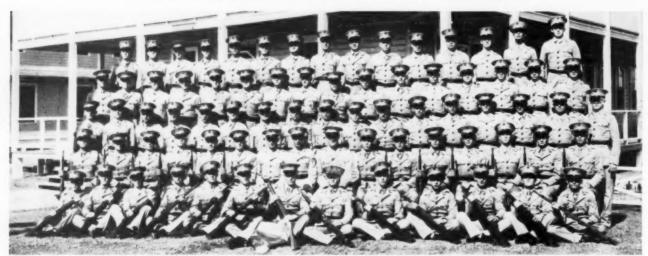
I used to doubt that God is good, And scoffed at truth in man; But now I sing a little song, And faith is born again!

Oh, you may praise the mighty lays That Time has set apart; I'd choose to sing the little songs That soothe a weary heart!

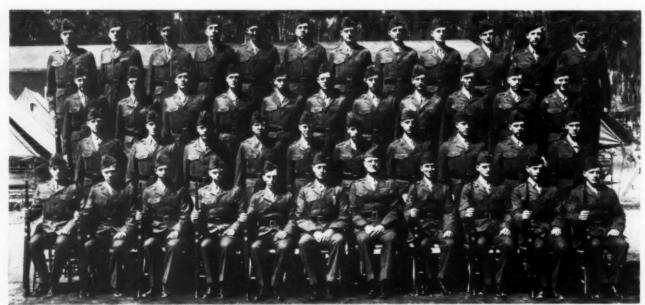
### WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



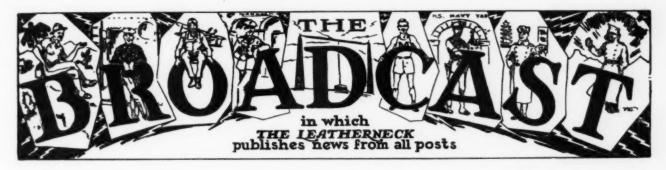
Platoon 19, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Mayson and Corporal Metzger



Platoons 17 and 18, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Patrick, Sergeant Blosser and Corporal Lewis



Platoon 26, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. L. V. Raynes and Cpl. R. D. Keig





### FORCE HEADQUARTERS, FLEET MARINE FORCE MARINE CORPS BASE

QUITE a number of changes have taken place during the past month, in fact, they are too numerous to mention. We are glad to say that

once more every thing is in "Ship Shape." Our, "Number One," publicity man of the month is Joseph Crouch, known to all as just "Joe." Joe has done some mighty fine football playing to start the season off right and will continue to give his best for the rest of the games. May they all be victories.

The men receiving promotions this month John Olson from PFC to Corporal, PFC Lazar Shorter rated spl. 4th cl., PFC Robert Korin rated spl. 4th cl., and Pvt. John Husman rated spl. 5th cl. Our sincere congratulations to them all.

Here's our Marine Corps Oddity for the

Cpls. Kenneth W. Altfather and Henry P. Barksdale both enlisted on the same day, August 2nd, 1933. Both assigned to the same recruit platoon, both transferred to the same organization upon completion of their training and continued to serve in the same organization until their day of discharge. Both discharged with identical markings "4.9" and both reenlisted in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with an appointment to sergeant,

Another oddity. I believe this is the shortest article ever to appear in THE LEATHERNECK in the way of company news. The regular reporter is on leave. He'll be back for the next edition.

#### SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY, FORCE SPECIAL TROOPS

By Molloy

To be absent from these monthly editorials is getting to be habitual, however after this date, it shall be no more, so

The saying goes, "Here today and gone

to-morrow" which is quite adopted to this organization due to all the men literally counting the days. Inclusive is the many transfers to the Puget Sound Area and Mare Island Navy Yard which exacted a toll of ten swell fellows.

Here is something very special, and a scoop too! Our genial Gunnery Sergeant and if you do ask Sergeant Crocker about him he will undoubtedly say "He's one in a million." Many sincere congratulations from all, Crocker. is the happy "Pop" of a little baby boy

From innocent beauty to rugged pigskin we turn to football for a few comments. Judging from all reports and witnessing all the games to date, our company has contributed a few valuable men to that aggregation. "Wooly" Coleman receiving a hand injury and Fox "Jimmy" with many bruises is the only toll taken so far.

Personally I expect the fellows to cop eighty-five per cent of the games this year so watch 'em, ye who doubteth my word!

Ah! Yes just recently Lomax and Kra-mer arrived from the East (New York) and what happy tales they tell. Incidentally we do have comfortable weather to be thankful for as Lomax states while in Texas it was so hot, he saw a dog chasing

a rabbit and both were walking.

What flaming red-haired girl has consistently eaught a certain Corporal's eye and by the way he calls her little "fire wagon." Thank yaw!! What laddie was invited to go horse back riding at four in

the morning, nice horse too! Two more furloughs coming up, White and Moore are the lucky ones. "Out in the hall there arose such a clatter, every one rushed out to see what was the matter? There on the deek pinned flat as a dice, under the bulletin board lay "Private Rise." With all the glass that lay in bits every where, I'm glad to say, he escaped un-injured.

Well dear people after reading back

over this I must admit I've included a bit of everything and as "Boake Carter" would say, "Cheerio."

### GRIST FROM THE SECOND BATTALION MILL

In a manner fairly reminiscent of the stirring seenes of a decade ago, the Second Battalion, Sixth Marines, took leave of their adopted home port on Sunday, August 28th, and boarded the good ship Chaumont Mars bound for the war-torn areas of Cathay. In fact, as several old timers remarked, it was almost ten years to a day since the Fourth Regiment sailed for Shanghai under similar circumstances.

For a week before embarkation, the Base had been as busy as a bee-hive with preparations for departure. Leaves and furloughs were canceled, excess clothing and personal belongings stored away, and the Battalion filled to full complement during this period. A great air of expectancy hovered over the Base as groups of old timers and recruits discussed the Far Eastern situation with the nonchalance of diplomats. Finally on Saturday, all was in readiness. Amidst a barrage of clicking movie cameras and news services, the Regiment marched off, 1,300 strong, from the Base, down Pacific Boulevard to the Navy Pier where they disappeared into the holds of the Chaumont.

For hours before the sailing time, 1400, Sunday, the pier was lined with friends and families of the departing Marines. Finally, the clarion cry of "All ashore that's going ashore" put the movement into play and we steamed out of the harbor bound for somewhere in China.

With the Second Battalion, now at full peace time strength for the first time since its reorganization, sailed many offi-cers and men who served in the Orient for years. Lieut-Col. C. B. Cates, commanding officer, leads the returning party. His service with the Fourth Marines included the fracas of 1931-32 and a tour of duty as Athletic Officer of the Fourth. During this latter period he gained many friends

among the civilian populace who will be more than glad to see the Colonel again. Major E. W. Skinner, our Bn-X, is also no stranger to Shanghai, having been there with the First Battalion, Fourth, during the Sino-Japanese party of five years ago, and also closing his time out there as Athletic Officer. Captain O. H. Wheeler, Bn-1, is new to the Orient but not to far away places and foreign duty. Most of the Captain's service has been away from the home fires, so he knows just what to expect.

Captain W. T. Dodge, Communications Officer, is another stranger to the Orient. However, he, too, will become acclimated just as soon as possible. Captain C. J. O'Donnell is returning to the scenes of his



Platoon 25, San Diego. Instructed by Cpl. E. J. Jesson, Cpl. J. W. Goodall and Cpl. R. W. Mann

prep in the Corps. His first tour out there saw him a Second Lieutenant. In fact, the Shanghai Amateur Baseball Club will probably not be on hand to give him a welcome because Time has not crased the baseball triumphs scored over them by his teams.

Company E is commanded by Captain A. Zuber with Second Lieutenants Goen, Barba, and Stivers as his company staff. Captain B, H. Kirk commands F Company with 1st Lieut. S. F. Zeiler, 2nd Lieuts. Rothwell and Fraser aiding and abetting him. A famous Marine Corps personality is at the helm of G Company, Captain "Swede" Larson, noted for his gridiron exploits. His aids include 2nd Lieutenants Brockway, Crockett, and Weinberger. Another familiar face to the Orient commands H Company, Capt. J. E. Kerr. He gets help from 2nd Lieutenants Hochmuth, Huddleson, Honsowetz, Kramer, Smith, and Williams and Marine Gunner O. C. Harter.

A roster of non-coms with the battalion reads like a roll call of the Fourth Marines of some years ago. Sgt. Major "Petey" Owens, formerly topkiek of I. Company, is battalion sergeant major. "Jimmy" Bankler is battalion Quarter master Sergeant. First Sergeant "Peggy" O'Ncil, who spent so many years as a gunnery sergeant with the Fourth, heads the enlisted men of Headquarters Company. 1st Sgts. Floyd M. McCorkle, Don Taylor (the same old guy). Smith, and Bostick, all of whom, except the first named, served for years in the Orient are the "mothers" of the companies in the battalion.

The rest of the "old timers" are far too numerous to mention. Suffice to say, Shanghai will once more ring with the clarion call "Boy, two more" from morn ing to night.

Just what we are expected to do when we arrive is unknown at the present moment, but daily drills are being held aboard the Chaumont in order to keep prepared for anything that might occur. We feel very safe in saying that this battalion will more than hold its own under any conditions

despite the great number of new men who filled in at the last moment. These recruits are proving their mettle every day in picking up the soldiering aspect from the older men and by the time we disembark, they should be able to keep pace.

Hawaii is coming into view now, so we'll close by saying farewell as this, the first part of our journey, is practically over.

#### HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, SECOND BATTAL-ION, TENTH MARINES

Every man a champion! Since the renovation much has transpired; the roll barely musters 80 men, commissioned, warrant, and enlisted, all told, the better half of which is made up of football artists—some 35 men. This newly acquired enigma seems to be a seasonal adoption on the part of the battery, more or less wished upon them, certainly not asked for. Albeit, after some consternation, it all ironed out that at least the first half of the day would be devoted to routine—mainly police work—the afternoon to pigskin.

Sgt. Cummings, acting as chaplain for this group of artists, complains of too many emphatic requests being requested—he finds that his arm is being raised and a locker thrown at him.

As noted, this memo shows partiality towards the newly acquired athletes. This scribe being a part of the group, finds his knowledge of the original Hq & Service Battery as practically nil.

Cutchin, the late battery clerk and scribe of the past reports, may be found pounding out clerical data in the Battalion office, having been promoted to corporal. Congrats are in store.

Back to West 3, housing Captain Lott's aspirants. "Wee Willie" Walker and H. P. Barieau sharing honors as captain of the 37 squad. Trometter of the San Francisco Trometters nursing a broken finger. Huth of late—"The meanest man in town." Stk. Davis recouping. Tubbs crossing Jones in a "Jean" affair. Durocher

subdividing his spare time writing Denver. Wirth being Wirth. Lindfelt demolishing the "Book of the month" lists like so many primers. "Pug" Griffin, star end. counting days until week-ends. Musick, the "bugler," standing by for a bit of knot fastening. Webb and Rountree taking turn on the hot water bottle. Axton, the Berwanger protege, dodging Krause. Hettinger economizing in view of a car.

And so in bringing both ends together with a bit of forecasting, it might be said that St. Marys of Texas, for all of "Gabby" Franklin will head south on the tail end of a 13 to 7 score.

Major General and Mrs. Little have sponsored a cup to be given to the most valuable man on the '37 squad. This type of personal interest is appreciated. Definitely means that we are backed up to the first and last stand. Closing in order to catch the last post.

SWEEPINGS OF BATTERY D
By Mike Tschetter, Jr.

I want to thank the men of Bty D for being able to spare my services, as I have had a real enjoyable time on my 40 days leave, could have enjoyed that many more, but being of a patriotic nature I simply couldn't see the boys do my share of Guard Duty as they come regular now, due to the fact that the 6th Marines left us holding the sack.

Football season is under way and we see Canale in his moth eaten uniform grand-standing around, trying to get his name and picture in the paper, and also Pvt. Groft, replacing Binder, who left us recently to answer the call of the Orient.

Cpl. Ziems our star boarder just returned off a thirty day leave (?). Ziems who is known to his buddies as "Herbie," has lately been seen in the company of the fair sex on several occasions and to keep everybody guessing, he bought a new (?) Chevvy. Ziems, who claims he is a blond on account of the large white spot on top of his head, spends all his time trying to make his hair grow and dusting off his new relic.

Our dashing Bty runner, Gussie Stiles, just returned off a 30 day leave with a big stare in his eye and love in his heart. What picture did Gussie fall in love with at the South Seas, we wonder?

It is rumored that our efficient Bty Clerk is on the wagon. Water wagon, battle wagon or any old wagon that comes along. Which is more odorous, Valley's pipe or Limburger cheese, we'll leave it up to the First Sergeant.

Sgt. Atcheson shifted his seene of operations from 13th and J Streets to Strobel's Bavaria. It doesn't make much difference as they serve dark beer at Strobel's.

Sgt. Tennant our Battery cadence man and athletic director, was explaining to Hairless Herb how to drive a tractor down hill.

"Make me out a requisition" Frost, still on the job driving the Bty office screwy. Stay with them Frost, maybe some day you'll get what you want.

Sgt. Cummings, line football coach at the Base, claims that he would show these kids how to play football if the weather would stay cool. Tiny, your legs are all washed up.

Pvt. Bernard is known as the protector of the Pooch. In fact we don't know which one is the Pooch.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN IN THE BATTERY:

I would rather rest than work—Pvt. Ball. When I was in the Army—Sgt. Wunderly and Pvt. Peksa.

When I was in Pocatello-Cpl. (Machine Gun) Pearson.

Why all the donations to the City of San Diego, Lawson.

If Pvt. (Foo Foo) Thorne don't shoot me I will write more next month.

### E BATTERY EAVESDROPPING

By Bojo

Since last you heard from this organization everything seemed to be in quite a topsy-turvy condition. Things have improved no better fast. It seems as though we always go from the fat into the fire. You see it was like this:

The first sergeant-Lee Moberly was walking around here on the nineteenth of this month (September) with an unusual smile of serenity on his pan (face). I distinctly heard some one ask him why? Rubbing his hands together and unlaxing in his very easy straight back chair in front of the field desk, he said, "At least I have this outfit where I can keep up with them." In other words he could look at the guard roster and know who had the last one and why. Poor ole Top Soldier! On the twentieth of the same month he has fallen heir to thirty-two men from the old G Battery. Why shouldn't he talk incoherently? However, to date he is holding up pretty good under the strain. He insists that they make him personnel clerk of the base.

Along with the fact that the Base officially opened their football season last Sunday—(twenty-sixth) with the St. Mary's team from Texas, and the fact that the Battery is well represented on the team, we offer the team our congratulations on the fine showing they made; even though they lost in the closing seconds of play. While it was our first game to the opponents fourth; all in all the Battery is well in back of the team and we prophesy that the future games aren't to be so easily won, if at all.

Since the last draft of men left for the orient, this Battery has been doing its duty with regards to the guard. Some of the boys welcome the addition of G Battery to our fold and do hope that they will remain with us a while.

Can you imagine one of the boys went to Los Angeles. No one said a word about that, but he forgot to come back the following morning. Can you imagine an automobile breaking down and delaying the return of this individual who shouldn't have left the post anyway, because the Corporal of the guard was to hear from him at least three times a day at a certain specified time. Oh! well can you imagine that?

Mason tells me that he hasn't been doing enough work to keep him from going stale. He says that he hasn't been doing so well; as he says that he is having too much leisure time. He feels sure that 20 hours e.p.d. is just what he needed to assure him of a long and prosperous career with the Marines.

with the Marines.

"Cal' Watters seems to think that
Beer bottles are very good vulcanizers for
the tires he uses on his "Wyllies." He
says that they were a very poor grade of
bottles, because they broke when his car
ran over them.

Well, my dear reader, I as well as you probably realize that this is a very poor exhibition of journalism, but we beg of you to put up with it for this time and herewith promise to let you have a better time with our next attempt. Until later we say watch the seventy-fives go by.

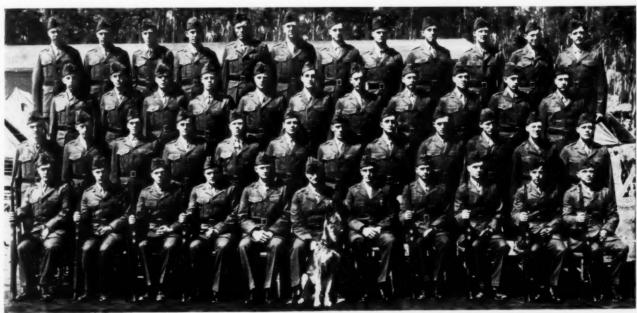
### RECRUIT DEPOT—MARINE CORPS BASE

Another month has rolled around and again it is time for your correspondent to take up the quill and pick around in the dark corners for the news.

Since the Henderson and Chaumont have sailed taking a little over 400 men with them the Recruit Depot has been quieter than usual. However the Marine Corps will always continue to fill up and consequently the Recruit Depot will not be under strength for many days. We have at present five platoons filled. Four of these platoons are on schedule and the other is going on schedule on Monday, October 4, 1937. The 36th Platoon is also filling with seven men to date. As there are no platoons at the Rifle Range the Recruit Depot proper has approximately 360 men to quarter and ration.

We are fortunate in having two Second Lieutenants who are playing a very fine brand of football with the Marine Team. Second Lieutenants Sabol and Ennis who

(Continued on page 51)



Platoon 27, San Diego. Instructed by Cpl. E. C. McVittie, Cpl. R. R. Bates and Cpl. J. D. Fleeman



### U. S. S. RANGER'S CRUISE TO PERU

September 4—October 5, 1937 By H. R. E.

N the heels of the embarkation of the Sixth Regiment, Fleet Marine Force, aboard the USS Chaumont, leaving San Diego, Calif., for Shanghai, China, activity began at the Navy's huge aviation center—North Island Navy Air Station—preparatory to the departure Saturday, Sept. 4, of the USS Ranger, USS Worden, and USS Hull for Callao, Peru.

The Ranger, with all personnel aboard connected with Scouting Squadron 41, 42, Bombing 4 and Fighting 4, and all 78 fighting, bombing, and scouting planes, accompanied by the destroyers Hull and Worden as convoys, got underway Sept. 4 headed for King Neptune's realm and Callao, Peru. Our chief purpose in making this good will cruise to Peru was to allow our air personnel to participate in the Technical International Aviation Conference, Lima, Peru, which lasted from 17-27 September, 1937.

En route to Peru we were fortunate

En route to Peru we were fortunate or unfortunate, as the case might have been, to be allowed passage through the realms of Neptunus Rex. All pollywogs became shellbacks, and all shellbacks were thankful that they were not pollywogs.

For some time before we crossed the line all pollywogs were in constant fear of sudden death or fiendish torture. Many put in sympathy chits but our pollywog Chaplain could do nothing but disregard them. On 6 September the following messages appeared in the Morning Press News: "FROM: RANGER

TO: NEPTUNUS REX

1005 EXPECT TO ENTER YOUR DO-MAIN ABOUT 1200-12 SEPTEMBER LARGE PROPORTION OFFICERS AND CREW MAKING FIRST VOY-AGE TO YOUR REALM REQUEST INSTRUCTIONS 1249

FROM: NEPTUNUS REX

TO: RANGER

1005 YOUR 1005-1249 INSTRUCT MY
LOYAL SHELLBACKS TO RENDER
DUE HOMAGE ACCORDING TO CUSTOM AND INFORM ALL POLLYWOGS, LANDLUBBERS, AND OTHER
NOVICES THAT THEY SHALL APPEAR AND BE JUDGED AND TESTED BEFORE ALL AND THE ROYAL
COURT OF JUSTICE TO DETERMINE THEIR FITNESS FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ROYAL ORDER
OF THE RAGING MAIN. TIME OF
BOARDING AND HOUR OF JUDGMENT WILL BE SPECIFIED LATER.
1416."

The awful day finally dawned when King Neptune came aboard with his royal court. We were hailed before the Court, our subpoenas handed the Royal Scribe, and about this time a terrific electric shock entered our bare feet. We were roughly thrown into the stocks where the neck and wrists were secured and our southern exposures beaten to a pulp, all this time yelling loudly, "I want (Continued on page 47)



On twenty-five September, 1912, the good ship Wyoming was accepted by the United States Navy. She was commissioned, with—I suppose—the glamor and display that would be fitting in the taking over of a twenty-six million dollar machine. But that was in 1912. Twenty-five years later, in the same Navy Yard, she celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of carrying the little red, white, and blue streamer-like pennant at the peak of her Mainmast. It is called the Commission Pennant, and it indicates, to pennant-conscious folk, that the bearer is part of the United States Navy's Fleet.

I heard no orations commemorating her long tenure of good and faithful service, I know of no eulogies in the offing, I could find no account of her activities down through the years, but I—the Detachment—enjoyed the turkey dinner we

were given that day.

The Wyoning was built and completed by Cramp and Co., of Philadelphia. On 14 June, 1912, she was ready for her trial runs. During the World War she served in the Grand Fleet. A bronze plaque on the weatherside of the forward bulkhead of the Starboard Aircastle attests to that. For many years she was Flagship of the Atlantic Fleet. She came out of the London Naval Disarmament Conference of 1930 minus her armored sides (Blisters), and minus three 12-ineh turrets, to become a

Training Ship.

The Marine Detachment, USS Wyoming, knows her only in the capacity of a training ship. We feel that as a rolling good ship she can't be beat. We average twenty-five thousand nautical miles each year. Each passing year takes with it a longer list of good liberty ports visited and revisited. Those liberty ports range from the West Coast of America to the West Coast of Europe. The West Indies are thrown in for diversion while the cities along the Atlantic seacoast are familiar to all of us.

During the past month Record Day at the Wakefield Rifle Range made the most important changes for the biggest number. We came away with five experts and nine sharpshooters. "One-Pipe" Morgan, cannot think of a single reason for the red disk that moved slowly across his target at the six hundred yard range. He expected the white disk but, he reckoned as how the butts knew what they were doing."

The eleven days at the range passed quickly and pleasantly. Before we knew it we were back on the ship, back just in time to help load the provisions for the Reserve Cruise to Saint Thomas, V. I. The natives of Saint Thomas celebrated our visit by watching us parade through the streets of their fair tropical city. Down in a far



U.S.S. Wyoming Passing Under One of the Kiel Canal Bridges

corner of the West Indies, Constitution Day was being celebrated.

Then we came to New York. Several members of the detachment had their first glimpse of New York as the Wyoming came into the Narrows and up the lower Harbor of New York. Up past the Statue of Liberty, up the East River, under the Brooklyn and the Manhattan Bridges, and straight to the same pier—the pier farthest from the gate to begin a week of ceaseless activity. There is an irresistible appeal in this big, busy, city; none remained aboard more than was necessary.

### ROAMING GATOR By R. W. Taylor

Well, here I am back again to give you some of the inside dope on the detachment.

We wish to congratulate Pl. Sgt. Morgan upon his recent promotion to first sergeant. Sinclair, our blue nose clerk, recently made

First Sergeant W. D. Thomas has left the detachment for the happy hunting grounds of the Bremerton Navy Yard. We welcome two new privates, Tamulinas and from the Mare Island Navy Yard. We trust they will have a pleasant cruise aboard. Flash—At last McDowell has succeeded

in gaining great recognition aboard the ship.

You know, the kind you return from at two o'clock in the morning.

After a long, hard struggle, we have at last enticed Jones to say please at the table when asking for food. We were about to give him up as hopeless.

A few days ago, one of our higher educated corporals, none other than Stewart, could not name the capital of Kansas or Nebraska which was required in his M.C.I. course, "What is the matter, Stewart, don't they have schools where you come from or did they have to burn the school down to get you out of the second grade?

#### THE QUINCY LANCERS USS Quincy By "Wake"

November in California!!! At home most of us would be preparing for a siege of winter; chopping kindling wood, putting the storm windows on, trying to remember what became of that warm sweater, and a hundred other pleasant chores that pertain to a not always pleasant season.

To others, November means 'possum hunt-in', hot co'n pone in the morning, high boots and a squirrel gun, and middlin' cool twilights.

But not here. Instead of skates and skis the inhabitants of this blessed land continue to think in terms of bathing suits, white shoes and palm trees.

To Americans everywhere, though, there is nothing (except Christmas) more sacred than the last Thursday in November, Thanksgiving Day. Staid descendants of early pioneers might feel a sort of personal pat-onthe back for being offspring of a Governor Winthrop or a Miles Standish, or some old puritan stuffy with self-righteousness. most of us remember that picture in our 6th or 7th grade history books in which the early settlers thanked God for his bounty by having a huge feast. There was a spread!!

Everything the colonists had seen in the way of wild life was here, choice venison, wild turkey, and great amounts of their own crops, corn, bread from their own wheat, vegetables heaped high. Their generosity overspread to the Indians who were invited to share their fortune. What a sight that must have been!!



The Wyoming Takes One Over the Bow

Personally we can hardly wait for that slab of white meat, that tender brown wing or leg, that heaping spoonful of sweet spuds, and everything that goes with it. Ahhhhhh!

Well, put away your appetites, here's what's been going on in the Mar, Det. The routine of going out to sea on Monday and returning on Friday is becoming, if not monotonous, at least habitual. Our Anti-Aircraft and Night Battle Practice having been completed we may settle down for a few weeks in port.

A dry-docking period is ended, most of us are familiar with the routine and the new-comers will be initiated shortly. It is hoped that Mare Island's dry dock is a bit more comfortable than Boston's in regard to temperature. That near zero weather will never be forgotten by those who participated in the scraping and painting of the And the remembrance of that hot coffee that was sent down to the working parties. What would we do without that boon to mankind?

Members of this detachment have heard that there is a group of Marines on San Clemente Island constructing or supervising construction of a rifle range. It would be interesting to read about this as in years to come, sea-going Marines will probably do

a lot of firing there.
Our Detachment Commander, Capt. McQueen, has returned from the Rifle Range at LaJolla with enviable rifle and pistol scores. Lieut. Wight is now on temporary duty aboard the USS UTAH attending the Fleet Machine Gun School, and will probably have some new angles on how to put holes in target sleeves when he returns to the detach-

All members of the detachment welcome aboard a newcomer, Nick Huss. It is hoped that his stay aboard the Quincy will be long and enjoyable.

There has been inaugurated aboard this ship a Marine Raceboat Crew for competiwith other Marines of Cruisers, Scouting Force. A race is scheduled for Oct. 22 and may the best crew win.

Before this column is ended, we'd like to relate an anecdote we recently heard on the

It seems that a certain magician, famous for his adroitness, purchased a parrot. The (Continued on page 47)

### CRACK CRUISER'S CHRONICLE

U.S.S. Chicago By R. W. Brown

Greetings to THE LEATHERNECK from the USS Chicago, first among her peers. Such was the motto adopted by the crew as the result of a census taken of popular mottos. We of the guard feel sure that the Chicago will always live up to that motto. As far as we are concerned it is a foregone conclusion that we will.

San Clemente and Bore-Sight Heights (Catalina, to you boots) have been the scenes of the ships' activities for the past three weeks. Preparing for that aeme of all gunnery seasons, night battle, has kept the crew on their toes. With a dash of anti-aircraft thrown in for good luck, the Guard has been at it night and day.

Determined not to lose that Fleet gunnery record for Night Battle that we set last year has turned the ship into a very determined lot; also the fact that we did not do so well on short range. To sum the situation up, we are after the high score for gunnery this year and mean to get it.

October 26th finds us on our way to the Golden Gate and San Francisco to aid in the celebration of Navy Day. The visit will be short, only two days, and we head back again to clean up the odds and ends of gunnery.

Two weeks ago the guard was told that they were to fall out as a landing party at an early hour in the morning. We are rather proud of the fact that the entire guard (including the presser) was ready to go in the short space of twenty minutes.

The range detail is back from San Diego with only a few smiles. One expert came back and a sprinkling of sharpshooters. to say but you and I know what happened, they just didn't "hold-em and squeeze 'em."

We wish at this time to welcome aboard Pfc. H. B. Pope from the NAS at North Island and Pvt. J. C. Cromwell from the Service Company, MCB, San Diego. A happy cruise, fellows.

So your scribe winds up with the advice not to stick your head over the top of the searchlight control at the same time that turret three lets go.

### U.S.S. VINCENNES

By Hurley

All leaves were up September the twentyfourth, everybody is back into the swing of things after reporting a good time at home and elsewhere.

Sgt. Edwards, Cpl. Nash, Pfc. Nation, Pvt. Cranford and Pvt. Reynolds, are just back from Wakefield, Mass., where they have been coaching the sailors from this ship in the rudiments of rifle-firing. Glad to have you back, boys!

We thought we were through with the drydock, but here we are right back in it after one run at sea. It all counts on thirty though-so Slayton says.

We lost two good men this month by transfers. Pvt. Diliberto to the M.C.I.. Washington, and Pvt. Mathison, to prep school at Norfolk, Virginia. We were sorry to see them go and we wish them the best of luck at their new stations.

Pfe. John Thomas, who was once the running mate of Sutherland as gun-striker, is back with us after being at the hospital for some time. Another new comer is Pvt. Bogler, recently from Quantico, Va.

The mysterious burning of the Silver Dollar Bar, was solved the other day when Nation confessed that he did it to get "Pop" Campbell out. By the way, "Pop" is taking dancing lessons to learn the "Big-Apple." I think that Pvt. Suter, has Routi snowed on the one about—"she couldn't pay the rent," first time he has been down in some time for the count. Night life was too much for Sgt. Brodus and Pfe. Gallagher, for they have now become great fishermen. The love bug has bitten our cook, "Jughead" Harris and "Sister" Rapp. Tidwell is selling the ship's paper to work his way back to Sweden. Let's give him a hand, boys.

### MARYLAND MURMURS

By Tex Berryman

Zzzzzzz! Buz-z-buzz! Clank! Clank! Bang! Bang! Yeh, you guessed it: Navy Yard, Puget Sound. And let me say now-the devil is a piker when compared to a seaman 2nd with an air ham-These boys are like a bunch of bumble-bees working in double shifts.

Sept. 9th we fired S.R.B.P. We had rather nice weather that day, good light and only a slight roll of the sea. About 0700 turret 4 opened up. After that we chased the tug around for a few hours, during which time turrets 1, 2, and 3 At 1100 the first firing run, secondary battery Stbd., began. We tossed 'em out on the first of the buzzer, and-Well, the result speaks for the effort: gun 9 and 7 are the proud possessors of Es. Guns 5 and 6 each qualified one set of 1st class pointers and a gun captain -and even though the port guns failed to get an E, we still came out far ahead of the Blue Jackets (that counts for something on this tub!). We're proud of the fact that Marines manned those E

But if credit is to be given where credit is due we must mention the splen-did work of the sailors in turrets 1, 2, and 4. Three turret Es-and No. 1 set a new world record. That's good shooting in any man's Navy.

Chief Turret Captain "O. D." Scarborough of the Georgia Scarboroughs, is the chief of Turret 1. It was his first "E," but this one makes up for all the others he just missed.

Also the 6th division placed 3 Es on the AA guns.

Quite a few of the men are on leave at the present time. McIntosh's 30 days simmered down to 17—but "Mc" was on the eastbound bus that night for Neb., undaunted by the time he was allowed. Since he left we've been able to get some tailoring done. (Fifi took over his sewing machine) I wouldn't say Mc. was lazy-but if he wasn't born tired I'll quit guessing.

We had a disease in the Guard a few weeks ago that became quite serious William showed the first symptoms—a slight, fungus-like growth on the upper-lip. This growth took root slowly, and soon threatened to obscure his entire mouth from view-so that one couldn't be quite sure just what he was looking at when he gazed upon William's camou-



MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. ASTORIA

Sitting, left to right: Cpl. Ferreira, Cpl. Stanford, Pvt. Kowalski, Sitting, left to right: Cpi. Perreira, Cpi. Stanford, Pvt. Rowalski, Pfc. Persky, Tpr. Hamilton, Pfc. Perrick, Pvt. Godek, Pfc. Vinson, Pvt. Cowie. Second Row: Pfc. Whitford, Pvt. Horne, Pfc. Moon, Sgt. Hangge, 1st Sgt. Vinson, Captain J. W. Earnshaw (Detachment Commander), Pl-Sgt. Kelly, Sgt. Lumley, Pfc. Le Blanc, Pfc. Jasutis, Pvt. Bongette. Standing: Pfc. Warfield, Pvt. Fort, Pvt. Armstrong, Pvt. Melecha, A-Cook. Rowan, Pfc. Ryan, Pvt. Owens, Cpl. Hagan, Pfc. Goricki, Pfc. Scogin, Pfc. Beaumont, Cpl. Collins, Pvt. Knutson, Pvt. Miller, Pvt. Rood, Cpl. Patrick, Pvt. Thompson, Pvt. Patton, Pvt. Johnson.

### ASTORIA ASSEVERATIONS

By Bill and Joe

By the time this goes to press Corporal "Peanuts" Hagan will be swinging back to the wilds of Georgia (if the grape vines are still there). We all wish Hagan a bigger better erop of peanuts, so here's "nuts" to all of you.

Since the arrival of our new music, Drummer Pethley, we can distinguish between Mess Gear and Torpedo Defense. He is Mess Gear and Torpedo Defense. He is really good with the bugle, even though he is a drummer. Pfcs. Warfield, Vinson, and Whitford have been holding suitease drill for the past two months, but it seems their drill is all in vain since the Chaumont has sailed to China with their "reliefs" on beard. Don't give up hear. board. Don't give up, boys, China is going to liek Japan and your "reliefs" will be back soon.

We were all surprised recently when we found we had two talented musicians in our detachment. "Sauce Pan" Rowan, the cook, and M. C. Owens have just released their new song entitled, "Don't Put Me on the Fantail, Sergeant, I'll Press Your Shirt." We dedicate this song to Pfe. E. O. We dedicate this song to Pfc. E. O. Moon and hope he will be the inspiration for many more musical compositions.

Pfes. Le Blane and Moon journeyed to The Palomar the other night to strut their We offer congratulations to Pfc. Herstuff. man Vinson who is now the proud poppa of a baby girl. "Snuffy" Whitford and Ser-geant "Slug" Hangge and a mysterious dame were seen strutting down 5th street in L. A., could it have been the blonde who is causing the far away look in "Snuffy's" eve? "Joe" Beaumont is still nursing his bald head trying to make his hair grow back.

And now for a little gunnery. First of l "Sky Aft" is known as the crack director of the ship. All hands in "Sky Aft" were awarded \$12.00 prize money and a Navy "E." Our Marine crew of gun No. 1 was also awarded an "E." The day after the prize money was handed out all hands of the "E" gun and director crews were given 72's—thanks to Captain Earnshaw for that.

The present strength of our detachment is We have 2 qualified Gun Captains, 3 first class Gun Director Pointers, 1 second class Gun Director Pointer, 4 first class Gun Pointers, and 2 second class Gun Pointers.

### SARATOGA SCANDAL

By Jeep Junior

"All hands over the side." This has been the slogan of the boatsman mate, every day for the past two months.

The USS Saratoga, as you will recall, has been in PSNY, Bremerton, Washington, since July 6, 1937. Awaiting our turn in dry dock after the USS Pennsylvania shoved off, all hands have been busy doing their share of chipping, scrapping, painting, etc., for Uncle Sam's benefit. "Cheer up boys," one month to go, all for the cause.

The Nevada will fill our nest in dry-dock upon our leaving on or about the 16th of September.

The Marine Detachment has been given the two forward 5-inch anti-aircraft batteries, equipped with newly conditioned guns having three (3) 5-inch 25 caliber guns to a battery. We hold an "E" on gun (5), good shooting, boys. Here's luck in adding a hash mark, when gunnery commences in October.

All our gun crews look good this year, although some of our "E" men have been transferred to shore duty. We have good material recruit camp and transfers from



PRIZE WINNING FIVE-INCH DIRECTOR CREW, U.S.S. ASTORIA Sitting, left to right: Pvt. J. P. Kowalski, Pvt. M. K. Horne, Cpl. G. W. Patrick, Pvt. W. P. Fort, Pfc. G. E. Perrick. Standing: Pvt. N. V. Miller, Pfc. W. Persky, Pvt. A. E. Godek, Pvt. H. Vinson.

Marine Barracks, Bremerton, Wash.; so with a little instruction and training from our new replaced Detachment Commander, Captain A. W. Cockrell, from Quantico, Virginia, who has just completed a course in gunnnery aboard the USS Maryland, we should make good scores this year. Our other two detachment officers are, 1st Lieutenant Enright and 2nd Lieutenant M. C. Chapman.

See you all in October at the home port San Pedro, from which we shove off for San Clemente Island to fire short range battle practice. On the completion of this range we leave for San Francisco, California, as the scuttle butt goes. We will celebrate Navy Day on the shores of Frisco Bay.

Look for "SARATOGA SCANDAL" column in next month's issue.

### **BROOKLYN DODGERS**

U.S.S. Brooklyn

By The Lone Wolf

Hello, fellow readers, it gives me great pleasure to be what I trust, is the first scribe to submit an article to The Leather-NECK from the Marine Detachment that is to go aboard the USS Brooklyn.

As yet we are still at Portsmouth, Va., but are scheduled to leave here on the 27th of the month. We expect to have what the Marines call a snappy outfit and every man is looking forward with eagerness to his tour of sea-duty.

At the present time, I don't know whom our officers or first sergeant will be, but we have a fine group of non-coms in the following: Pl-Sgt. O'Neil, Sgts. Santrack and Hotte, Cpls. Abernathy, McBride, Arndt, Kensick and Dixon.

In regard to a little inside dope on the privates, why did "So-so" Dujsik jump out of a window in Portsmouth, Va.? Why does J. P. Smith smoke Chesties? (Is she still waiting, J. P.?) What did Gladys say that made Pvt. G. A. NeSmith blush? Why does Niek Evanchik go with chickens? (47 years or over.) Where Stu McBride got his nickname? Why does Bill Eagan want a seven-day leave? Is it dan cupid? With an unusual closing, I wish to say,

"Hello, Mom."

### **NEW MEXICO SALVOS** By "The Toad"

I presume most of the "battlewagon" sea-going news will start off with Short Range dope. I'll try to be a bit different.

Leave!! One of the most outstanding thoughts of a Marine came in abundance at the completion of Short Range Practice. "Company Clown" Anderson took off for the wilds of Ainsworth, Nebraska. "Butterball'' Young headed for the city of the fa-mous Mardi Gras, New Orleans. "Up Anchor'' Offenbacher dropped the hook in Casper, Wyoming, for thirty days. "Palomar" Wollcott headed for the "Windy City." "Conveyor Room" Bowden will be at home in Alpine, Michigan. A few short leaves were also given.

With the nucleus of our gun crews formed around men not having fired before our Marine guns did very well in Short Range this year. We made two "Es" and missed two more by narrow margins. Sgts. Alford and Hancock and their capable crews came in for the extra dough. Sgt. Alford's crew consisted of Cpls. Lunn and Hagedorn, Bowden, Hankins, White, Neece and Barbie, and Pvts. King, Osborne, Davis, Collier, Lamb and Thomas. Sgt. Hancock's consisted of Cpl. Edrington, Fld. Ck. Goode, Pfcs. Ferris and Wommack, Pvts. Young, Pellerin, Young, Jones, Smith, Laughlin, Terry Gruber, Duke and Trumpeter Lunch. Sgts. Alford, Bozoski and Hancock qualified as 1st class gun captains.

The following men qualified as first class gun pointers: Edrington, Lunn, Ferris, Hankins, Young and Pellerin. Four men also qualified as second class gun pointers, Mar-shall, Anderson, Tassoni and Wolger.

Platoon Sergeant Taylor was transferred to the USS Maryland in September.

(Continued on page 48)



### PENSACOLA SAND CRABS By D. C. L.

It has been quite a while since the Sand Crabs have sounded off but we have all been very busy since you last heard from us, in fact, we are just catching our second wind. We have had many changes since our last writing, among them a few promotions. Pvt. Gray has been promoted to the rank of Corporal as well as Pfc. Martin. Those who were promoted to Private First Class are Pvt. Beall. Pvt. Johns and Pvt. Brumfield. Pvt. Mc-Bride has recently reported in from Marine Barracks Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va. We are very glad to have him with us and I am sure he will like Pensacola. Major Passmore has been relieved for a short time to go on leave and Major Cottrell is now taking Major Passmore's place as Commanding Officer.

Sergeant Jamison and Field-Cook Lawhon, have decided that they can not get along without the Marine Corps chow and a bunk so they have shipped over. Let's all wish them luck on their next four years. Asst-Cook Lacy is one of the best fishermen in the post both in telling fish stories and actually carrying them out. Please inform Lacy that I want that fish tale-tail that he caught, not the head as it is spoiled. Platoon Sergeant Ferguson is still worried about his indigestion although he is still the first at the table when Chow bumps go. Private French had a great deal of news to tell us when he came back from furlough and it seems as if the main event was the destroying of his father's car and the beautiful girl he met the night the car was destroyed. Private Healy and Pfe. Simmons are the two fishermen that had to paddle back to land with their hands

when the outboard motor refused to start. The distance was about three miles and I wonder if the fellows still have water blisters on their hands, because they surely did when they came in from the trip. Scaley Cochran and Hubert Robertson are making their liberties on Saragosit Street (that's what I heard).

Well, Operator 49 has been following two of our gigolo Corporals, Corporals Wallace and Llera, "what did you do with the girl you found in the road?" Also Llera has a large light bulb he wants to lend, but I think he should keep it so the people can see the sign Beware Mad Dog. Although Corporal English remarks that anyone who has good vision can see Llera is foaming at the mouth and needs a private room. Pfc. Campbell has been picking roses lately and taking them ashore, I think he is in cahoots with a florist and several of the Marines here will verify my statement, especially Pfc. Womble.

That's about all the news for this month so till next month, we will say "Adios."

### THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

We know that the Sphinx spoke once, and she said, "Don't expect too much," but who'd a'thought that good ole' Isaac Anderson would a'put up Ben Reading's Swiss movement for beer. It's another story of how Ben lost it to a Fraulein and of how she eased it to I. A.

Down in the Wagon Wheel on our "Quality Street," Butch Phinney exchanged cards with a foursome of swab jockeys and tried to make a peaceful pass—someone bid a club, the cop we hear, and the wheel of the wagon rolled on. Phinney saw the doctor, the judge, and the colonel—but still the drinks were on him. The Rosicrucians would never have allowed that.

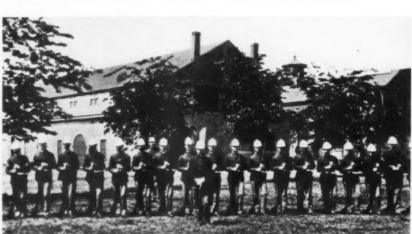


Photo Restored by Tager

Marine Guard, U.S.S. Atlanta, Date Unknown

Maybe the economics instructor of our Social Science Department can solve this for us. From the third till the fourteenth and from the eighteenth till the twenty-ninth of each month, W. Roy Astelford has an enthusiastic gathering of bridge students in the library—but on all other days of the month, those close-to-ghost-walking-days, the followers of the air-cushioned cardboards listen to J. Calvin Williamson quote from the bluebook of another of "Lady Luck's" more remunerative (for J. Calvin) pastimes.

In case some are wondering why it is that mail deliveries are earlier than formerly—it is that P. Egbert Fike has conveniently and permanently mistaken "chow bumps" for mail call. He's a good mail orderly, a meal earlier and getting butter every day.

meal earlier, and getting butter every day.

When the school bells of Washington tolled last month, many from the Institute found returning to their respective emporiums of knowledge. Although Phinney has proved the superiority of mind over matter, he is resuming his studies at Southeastern University along with Andy Middleton. Harold Howard, Bob Cronan, and Lincoln Littrell are coursing at McKinley Tech. "X69" Werner is studying the art of the Thespians under Harry Quirk of Hines' Hi, and John R. Luck is doing a one-man impersonation of Vincent Van Gough and the Impressionists over at the Coreoran Art Gallery. Roy Tubb, the robot of the mess-hall, is further satiating his appetite for information and the more substantial realities of Life by absorbing an accountancy course at Strayer's College. Achenbach and Georgetown are synonymous.

The command has recently been complemented by Clarence O. Woolsey, George E. Burge, Charles O. Diliberto, Andrew Hedesh, August P. Jonza, Joseph Kwasnick, Jr., Norman A. Olsen, John "W" Patrick, Chester A. Rosenlieb, Thomas B. Wadaworth, and Paul Wertz. You're all welcome—the chow, liberty, and duty are inimitable, but the paygrades are the same as anywhere

### BARRACKS DETACHMENT BARRAGE

M. B., Washington, D. C. By Leo

Promotions!!! Who? What? Where? 1 Cpl. and 2 Pfcs. Success at last for 3 hopefuls. Did a certain lad get married? His middle initial is "V." Good luck to you "V." Brock is now a specialist. I mean he draws specialist pay. Good man, though.

Jo Jo Cook the new Company Clerk joined from the Rifle Team in Quantico and together with Pvt. 1el. Chas. R. Guilbeau, who joined from the team at Camp Perry, will shoot it out if it takes all winter. However, don't stand behind them when they fire.

Out in town at the various Schools you will find our Candidates for Commission preparing for another try. Such efforts are always crowned with success and your correspondent will offer 2 to 1 that next year's roster of Second Lieutenants will read: Doolen, Peyton, Emmons, Patterson, Hansen and Loesch.

Since Peyton took over the mess, we have had good service and a fast working, efficient group of men, including Brother Ritchie. Walker has his hand in a sling. Did he reach for a Lucky?

Since the 5th Police Precinct finished last in the recent Eastern Police Pistol Matches, Marines (scorekeepers) walk on tip-toes and wear kid gloves. The Police

Team that won the match, consisted mainly of Ex-Marines.

Sgt. Skowronek is now assistant to the sgt. major, who is 1st Sgt. Rewie and both men are awaiting the promotion they de-Soon the new chevrons will be sported up and down the areade. How about a cigar, Ski? Don't forget the Fire Dept. football game in Baltimore and be sure to get ready for the Basketful of prizes for small bore shooting. Is Hamlet Sherry in the crowd?

### U. S. MARINE BAND By Leo J. Werner

Like a bulletin from the front line the word comes in to Band Headquarters: U. S. Marine Band a sensation in Springfield, Mass.! Best drilled musical unit ever seen in the State of Connecticut!! Wilkes Barre thousands thrilled as never before. School children by the thousands, yes, the hundred thousands, thrilled to the quick as they saw and heard the "President's Own" the United States Marine

It was the year's outstanding musical event in many cities as the men from Washington showed their talent; acclaimed as a success everywhere.

Such are the headlines all over the area traversed by the men who represent the Marine Corps. We here at the Barracks, are proud of them and anxiously hope to be able to accompany them on a tour.

A parade is not complete without the Marine Band and the concerts this winter will be better than those given by the National Symphony.

FLASH!! Marine Band Bowling Team ready for league opening. Musicians Carlos Furminger and Charles Viner were a hit in Massachusetts. Captain Branson was a huge success everywhere and the list of members will go down in history as the pioneers in musical accomplishment among

pioneers in musical accomplishment among military bands. "Artists of the Band World." N. Y. Times. Kenneth Douse, Wilfred Kemp, Charles Owen, and others thrilled the crowds with rare musical treats. All the members joined in the vocal selections and we can look for some radio talent this winter. But like any efficient organization, it is not the individual star but the group as a whole that contributes to the success of the Band and I say THANK YOU to those men who made the trip smooth and enjoyable, the librarian, the asst. leader on tour, and many others. At this time I want to mention the retirement of Mus. Wiblitzhauser on 30. Welcome home, Marine Band, and many pleasant concerts.

### THE JAMOK POT Marine Bks., Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C. By La Frijole De Cafe

Our detachment baseball team was finally eased out of the play-off in the Municipal League of Charleston. We were right in the fight up to the last game of the season and if one of the teams had not forfeited their last game, we would have tied with the fourth place team and still have had a

fighting chance to get in the play-off.

Our next thought will be of the basketball squad and we have some good key men around in Sgt. Carrington, Cpl. Robinson and Cpl. Murray, as a starter for our team. We are losing two stellar guards in Pfc. Greer, who is being paid off this date, and Cpl. S. B. Kissane, who is to be paid off on September 22.

We are soon to organize a pool tourna-



Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

ment here at the barracks and hope to see some very good contests. There are a few men here who are quite clever with a pool cue and can really sink the balls in those pockets. Opinion is that Pvt. Bryant C. Harrison, our librarian, will take the honors when the chalk-dust has cleared away.

On the 24th of October, the barracks will sponsor another of the well-known dances. We are having our dances on the same old schedule-about two or three weeks apart. The Commanding Officer here has been design nated as the Reserve Commander of the 6th and 7th Reserve Districts. Ass't Kelly tells us that he is soon to be initiated into the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Pvts. E. Lloyd, J. S. Smith and R. A. Wilson recently received their Pfc. warrants, this post has been very fortunate the past in regard to promotions.

"The crystal shows," -That there will soon be a blessed event at Cpl. Doggett's home. That our mess sergeant, H. G. Williamson. is embroiled in an "affaire de amour." That Sgt. T. M. Stephenson made an impassioned plea to his fair one from the conventional position—bended knee. That a certain party at the barracks nearly tore up his golf clubs and bag when he missed a hole in one by three or four inches. Pfc. Deriso and Pfc. Lanier are giving the fair young things the rush in their new V-8. That Herman Kennerty, our barber, is now a gentleman farmer on James Island. That the writer better quit before something sneaks up on him that the crystal will not see.

Seribe: Though THE LEATHERNECK does not maintain a lost and found column, those interested in locating former Marines or transferred buddies can do so by writing us a personal letter. Ye Ed.

#### WARDENIGS

#### U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

The Marines at the Naval Prison gave beer party to Marine Gunner T. W. P. (Bill) Murphy, USMC, at the Ship's Service Club on the evening of September 9th Mr. Murphy left the Prison for the Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va., the 16th of last month, and the men and officers will miss his ever-present humor and efficiency. At the party Platoon Sergeant Tucker presented a sandwich toaster to Mr. Murphy from the men. Also attending were Colonel Robert L. Denig, USMC, Commanding Officer, and Second Lieutenants P. R. Tyler, J. H. Gill, and C. A. Youngdale.

The Marine Detachment from the Nava!

Prison furnished one squad under Sergeant Wiseman to form part of the Marine Color Guard in the Constitution Day Parade in Portsmouth, N. H., on September 17th. Although the sun refused to shine and the weather was wet, the Marines put up a snappy appearance.

Marine Gunner Chester A. Davis, joined the detachment to take Mr. Murphy's position, from the Boston Navy Yard. Mr. Davis has already proven himself a real Marine and we hope he enjoys his tour at the Naval Prison.

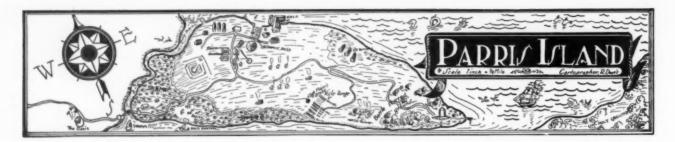
Gunnery Sergeant James R. joined our ranks on September 20th, after having been detached from the Marine Corps Rifle Team upon completion of the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. He has an outstanding record in the Marine Corps as an expert shot, being distinguished in both rifle and pistol. has been a member of twelve out of thirteen Marine Corps National Rifle Teams since 1920, during which period the Marines won ten times—a welcome addition for our small bore Rifle Team,

On September 23rd we stood three in spections from high ranking Naval Officers. The primary inspection was conducted by Rear Admiral W. R. Gherardi, U. Commandant of the First Naval District. Honors were rendered the inspecting Admiral by a guard of three squads. Rear Admiral W. L. Garton (MC), U. S. N., Inspector of Medical Department Activities for the East Coast, conducted an inspection of the Prison Medical Department under supervision of Lieutenant Commander C. D. Roop (MC), U. S. N. Captain R. D. Workman (ChC), U. S. N., Chief of the Navy Chaplain Corps, inspected the religious activities carried on at the Prison by Lieutenant Commander A. E. Stone (ChC), U. S. N.

The Detachment was sorry to see Captain Sherman L. Zea, USMC, retire from active service on September 30th. He was well liked by both officers and men. new skipper is Captain Louis L. Gover, who reported in for duty from the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on 24 September.

During September there was one transfer, Sergeant A. Galinis, to Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., and several men were paid off; Corporals Johnson, Sutherland and Heinricher, Chief Cook Amey (Medical survey), Pfc. Rey-

(Continued on page 50)



RIVATE James J. McCullough, Jr., joined this post on September 23rd. He reported in at the Naval Hospital in time to stand morning roll call. Weighing in at 9½ pounds, he has challenged all comers who dispute his right to the "James J." handle. Those who have seen him in his early work-outs, say that he keeps his left out and his Esslinger fist close to his chin—as might be expected. You will be hearing from this youngster soon, especially if you happen to live within two blocks. I have warned my boy, Tom, to stay in the house until after Young McCullough does his morning road-work.

A story is being told about a member of the command who recently was in charge of a detail of recruits being transferred to Quantico. After all the recruits had been assigned to Pullman berths, the car was full, so the conductor told the man in charge that he could have a berth in the "next" car. This arrangement seemed satisfactory, so he went into the next car and turned in for the night. When he received his call the following morning, he dressed and walked over to the adjoining car and yelled, "All hands on deck." There was not a move. Again he yelled, "All right, you guys, let's see a move." Not a curtain rippled. This was too much for the old-timer. With a shout, he grabbed the curtains on the closest berth, and gave them a pull. Thrusting his head inside the curtains, he faced a young lady who, although greatly surprised, managed to utter an indignant "Well!!!" After a moment spent in recovering from sur-prise, the old-timer said "I'm sorry, lady, I had eighty Marines here last night, but they don't seem to be here now," young lady assured him that she was not concealing his eighty Marines, so he went

to the conductor to ask what had happened to his men. He was informed that, during the night, two coaches had been placed between the car where he had slept and the car in which he had left the Marines. The train was pulling into Quantico when he finally was able to locate his detail. All the men had been dressed with their packs rolled for more than an hour.

The monthly Members' Dance at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club was held on September 25th. There was an attendance of approximately two hundred members and their families. The party with the free refreshments made a big hit with the Club members, and it is hoped that the policy of having one Members' Dance each month will be continued.

After an absence of five months, Sergeant John Ray is back in the Club Sales Room. He is serving quite a lot of chicken dinners and sandwiches. He has a private dining room for families or large parties.

Aircraft Squadron VMF-1 has been conducting gunnery practice at this post since September 1st. With the exception of a few bad days, they have had a good season, and expect to complete their practice about October 15th. It is reported VMB-1 Squadron has been ordered here for bombing practice as soon as VMF-1 leaves.

Gunnery Sergeant Carl Raines has returned from a recalistment furlough, bringing his bride with him. He has been transferred from the rifle range and is now serving in the Post Armory.

Quartermaster Sergeant Reuben Collins is back home after spending six months with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Teams. He says that he returned to Parris Island to take a ninety day leave.

Supply Sergeant Preston H. Robb was transferred to Quantico, Virginia, on Sep-

tember 13th. He was relieved in the Post Commissary by Supply Sergeant Henry A. Kiefer, who recently joined from Quantico.

Corporal Abe Marcofsky has returned from a short furlough in New York. Abe is still singing the Beale Street Blues—"I'd rather be here than any place I know." He says that he prefers the N.C.O. Club to his home in New York because his sister-in-law is not here to throw his beer out of the refrigerator.

Captain Hal N. Potter is now Range Officer. During October, the Post Exchange Officers will change when Lieutenant Bliesener will be relieved by Lieutenant Weeks. Lieutenant Bliesener will go to Recruit Depot for duty.

Staff Sergeant Earl W. Dunsmoor was promoted to the rank of Technical Sergeant on September 7th.

New arrivals at this post include Master Technical Sergeant Henry Bailey, Staff Sergeant Chat Speight and Sergeant William Yingling. Bailey has been with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Teams at Camp Perry. Speight joined from Recruiting District of Baltimore, and Yingling came from Pearl Harbor. Speight is serving in Recruit Depot Headquarters, and Yingling is working in Post Property Office.

My advice to all Parris Island shieks is, "Do not invite your girl friend to come to see you at Parris Island." One charming young lady recently came to the post to visit her boy friend. After spending a few minutes with said boy friend, she met the fair haired lady killer of Recruit Depot. She remained on the post for ten days, but the old friend did not get to see her again. What a man.

The following named men were accepted (Continued on page 51)



Sunday School Class, Parris Island

# **Tropical Topics**

### VMS-THREE NEWS, St. Thomas, V. I.

By Dickson

This month opened for us with a slambang softball game between the officers and enlisted men. In spite of the fact that the enlisted men were opposed by Capt. Roberts, they won to the tune of 20 to 0. Capt. Salmon pitched a slam-bang game, he pitched and we did the banging.

The office crew finally got together and took the "Cincopercento" to St. John's for a Sunday cruise and holiday. Those enjoying the trip were, Coddington, Dillman, A. P. Smith, Bill Grimes and W. R. Diek son. Dillman is thinking of taking up the study of deep sea diving and did a little snapping in over in the blue water of "Cruz Ray."

We supplied the colors and bearers for the big parade at Charlotte Amalie, on Constitution Day and the men from the Wyoming and Arkansas fell out to form the body of the parade. Most of these men were reservists from the New England States. We had to let the coast guard cutter Marion take the honors when it came to put-

We had to let the coast guard cutter Marion take the honors when it came to putting on a dance. They gave a dance on the 25th of September at the service club that was considered by everyone to be the best we ever had. Lt. James E. Howarth, Jr., and his bride, came down to lead the wedding march and enjoy the fun with the rest of us.

The laugh of the month was when Capt. Salmon was inspecting the barracks as officer of the day and casually asked the house boy what kind of polish he used on the shoes. The house boy told him "black and brown," that was too much for the Captain so he left for heter courters.

on the left for better quarters.

Our movies are still old here but we enjoy them far more than the ones at the town movie house. M. D. Kirrane is doing a swell job on it and with the able assistance of Cpl. Dorey, he feels that we will have very little trouble with the speakers and projection.

#### PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

To inform you readers as to who is who at this post, our Commanding Officer is Col. A. B. Drum, who has just recently been in command at Puget Sound. Next in line is Lt. Col. Roger W. Peard and the post quartermaster, Lt. Col. Fred G. Patchen. Our paymaster is the ever genial Chief Payclerk, Raybolt.

Our organization consists of two rifle companies and the barracks detachment in addition to the usual truck drivers, plumbers, carpenters and an excellent band. We also have a few outlying detachments at the Old Naval Station, Fleet Air Base and the Main Gate.

The Main Gate guard is commanded by Sgt. Plummer W. King, assisted by a fine group of young men. We have seen a good many guards at the gate, but never a better one. The guard has been commended several times by the District Commandant, and Sgt. King was given a most glowing letter of commendation by the Admiral recently. When it is considered that from twenty-five hundred to three thousand vehicles per day pass through the gate, not to mention the pedestrians, it will be easy to see that these men have no sinceure.

On Sunday, September 5th, at about 0630 in the morning, General Beaumont, his staff and the 6th Marines arrived from San Diego on their way to the Orient. Arriving at the same time was the Marblehead with a battery of anti-aircraft, bound in the same direction. As we said, it was early but most of the men were there to greet the gang. The quartermaster department was open and functioning, also the post exchange. The officers and their ladies held open house for the visiting officers and at 1500 that same afternoon, the Chaumont and Marblehead sailed for the Orient without one member getting aboard. The 6th Marines were a fine appearing body of men and there was not a single incident to mar their stay here. We trust that they all enjoyed themselves



General Beaumont greeted by Colonel Drum

visiting the many points of interest in the vicinity of Honolulu.

If you ever want to start some trouble, just ask a crowd of Marines to volunteer for some action. Word came in a while back that we would send one hundred men to the Asiatics via the *Henderson*. Volunteers were called for and the war started—as yet we haven't found a man who did not volunteer. Naturally some were disappointed in not being able to go, but we hope that those who were forced to stay will have the pleasure of seeing them all again somewhere, sometime, in the good old Corps.

### BARRACKS DETACHMENT, PEARL HARBOR

If you took the physical Atlas, gave him an added strain of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," and used Bunyon's great heart to animate the vast machinery in movement, you would receive an imaginary etching of a new and hard-earned position, well-deserved and now bestowed upon Sgt. Major Richardson. Congratulations, Major, upon a well-merited promotion. Many of the former 1st-Sgt's cronies are sure to feel elated, as we of Pearl Harbor egotistically proclaim the friendship of our New Sgt. Major.

Cpl. Clarence E. Smith, Jr., our new postmaster, wishes to pony express his best wishes to a friend and former mail orderly, Cpl. McRill, who is sailing for Shanghai on the 27th of September.

Short-timers sound out their various idioms as they prepare to embark for the mainland and their respective posts. Nineteen men will soon depart, see ya' Stateside, fellas... Pl-Sgt. Crovle and his 'dirty-ten,' are instructing A and B Companies in the finer intricacies of softball. As possessors of the pennant for the past months, the barracks detachment has created dissension in

the ranks.

The 25th of September, finds the USS Henderson bringing replacements for the men who recently left for the Orient. To the new men, may you enjoy the blue skies, undeniable friendship and happiness here in the Islands and for those departing, bon yoyage and happy landings.



The Sixth Marines Are Given a Bus Ride at Pearl Harbor

### THE PEARL HARBOR BAND SOUNDS OFF

F. A. Lock

All we know is what we read in THE LEATHERNECK, so taking our cue from "Polly" Parrot, the dope dispenser of the San Diego Marine Band, we will endeavor the veil of mystery that has to rend shrouded the activities of this organization.

Our new band leader, MT Sgt. Raymond Jones, has things well under control, and is the recipient of much praise as the result of his first broadcast on the air. The concert consisted of the following numbers: March, "General Lyman," by Gun-ner Talbot; "Oberon Overture"; two Victor Herbert sketches, "Yesterthoughts and Punchinello"; Brass Trio, "Ti Prego O Padre," by Nicoloa; Bellstedt's Fantasia on "Comin' Through the Rye"; Caprice "Moraima" and Sousa's "Presidential Polonaise." The program was well received by the large audience and reports are that the radio listeners were also enthusiastic. The Marine Band has always enjoyed a first class rating among the music lovers of Hawaii, and from all appearances, we will continue to be the best on the Rock.

Three of our most popular bandsmen left the hospitable shores of Oahu for the States, via the USS Neches which sailed for San Pedro on September the 18th. Pfcs. Kohlenberger, Freeman, and Phillips leave behind many friends, and their re-placements will have their work cut out to equal the high standard set by these boys. Just who is coming in their places is not known as the Henderson is still about four days out.

ur days out.
It seems that the Navy just can't get along without the Marines. We even have to help them win their baseball games. Our band joined forces with the Navy Band to serenade the fans during the play-offs for the Service Championship of the Island. Thanks to our playing and the loud cheering of Drum Major Neil, the Submarine Base team defeated the 27th Infantry, two out of three games (They did have a pretty good team, that might have had a little to do with it). We enjoyed all the games and had a nice train trip to Schofield to boot.

There is movement on foot among the members of the band, to have Drum Major Jean H. Neil's educational enterprises incorporated with those of the Marine Corps Institute, so that a larger group might benefit by the teachings of this pedant. His work with the Bridge Class is bearing fruit, so that by the end of the month he is confident that Griffith will be broken of his reprehensible habit (Play that on your flute, Mulligan) of trumping his own trick twice. In the Acy Ducy Foundation, Hugo Travers is the most promising pupil and Neil hopes that in him he has a champ, if and when he can be taught to count. The class on swing music appreciation is well attended, and the Dean's lecture on "I'll take Lombardo or Why 1 am an Icky," is stimulating to say the

John Queen wishes to be remembered to his myriad friends and says that he will be back in San Diego next year with a bigger and better stock of tall tales. Meanwhile he wishes Jack Berry would stop exaggerating the size of the dog in his famous Deputy Sheriff Story. The dog

Marines of the Wyoming Parade at St. Thomas, V. I.

#### COMPANY A, MARINE BAR-RACKS, NAVY YARD, PEARL HARBOR, T. H.

By S. H. Kupp

Well, folks, I guess it has been a long time since you have seen this column in THE LEATHERNECK, but with the kind help of our Company Commander, Captain Pate, I think that we shall get along fine. In the past it has been a custom to have one man in the Post write all the news of each Company and then combine them, but it has proven too much for one man, so each company now has one man writing the news and sending it in separately.

First it would be a good idea to acquaint all with our Company Officers. Company Commander is Captain Randolph M. Pate, who joined us very recently from the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, and is assisted by Captain Will H. Lee, Second Lieutenant George S. Bowman, and Ma-rine Gunnery Melvin T. Huff, who at present is with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment at Camp Perry, Ohio. Then in the office force we have First Sgt. Edward A. Mullen, Sr., Company First Sgt., Cpl. Arthur Durand, Company Clerk, and last but not least your scribe, Private Stanley H. Kupp, who will upon departure of Cpl. Durand assume the du-ties of Company Clerk. Cpl. Durand will leave us on or about the 20th of September, aboard the USS Neches, bound for Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. Before reporting for duty there he will take a thirty-day furlough to Peaks Island, Maine, will upon arrival, take as his wife, We take this op-Miss Ruth V. Brackett. portunity to bid Arthur a pleasant tour of duty at his next station, and wish him all the luck in the world in his venture down Matrimonial Lane. We hope that it will be a long, very happy one for him.

With all the unrest in the Far East, and transfers of men from Asiatic Stations, there will be a detail of about one hun-

(Continued on page 48)

#### COMPANY B By Arthur R. Kirby, Jr.

Well, well, here we are at last folks, good old Co. B breaking into print so that we can give you the news about old friends.

Well folks the Chaumont went through here last week and she stayed in port for one day and then left for China. friends met and headed for the post exchange beer-garden to renew old friendships over a glass of beer and oh, what a mess they made of the old bar room floor. After they left you should have heard the 'PX girls'' moan because they had a little bit of extra work to do. Well folks to make a long story short, the Chaumont left P.H. as the Marine Band played Aloha and old friends stood on the dock and shouted "So long Pal, be seeing you on the next boat." Those that were doing the hollering were not fooling because the USS Henderson is on its way here with a hundred recruits to replace the men that are bound for Asiatic duty. Following is a list of those that will leave: Pfc. Duf-fy, Dunning, Leek, Peslin, Pvts. Burkey, Breneman, G. W., Brunson, Burnett, Combs, De Looff, Feetham, Finkelstein, Giles, Hauser, Helleberg, Hicks, Hoeppen, Hoss, Johnson, Johnston, Keosayian, Hudson, Kidd, Klessig, Laas, Leichsenring, Lowthers, Moore, L. E. Murphy, Nielsen, Radovich, Rienick, White, G. M., Wilson, and Zarling. So we will say Aloha to you, bunkmates, and wish you best of luck in your new duties upon arriving at your new stations.

Well friends, that is not all that is leaving us. It seems that the whole Co. is breaking up at the same time, there is also a detail of men shoving off for the good old U.S.A. Those leaving for the states are as follows: Cpls. Higgins, Holloway, Howell, Mare, Sieber, Stricklen, Pfc. Lowrance, Pvts. Cowart, Green, Joslin, Mathis, Mero, and Williams. To them we also say "Aloha gang," and hope that some day they will visit us and these beautiful

(Continued on page 49)

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# THE FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, USMC, Commanding General

### THE 5TH MARINES

Colonel Samuel M. Harrington, USMC, Commanding Officer

### BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Snor Snuk

ITH a brutal slap on the back, a hurried handshake, and a sarcastic "You're it," I've been nominated and elected, bullied into accepting the office of "Submitter of Dirt" for The Leatherneck. I was also, none too politely, given advance notice that the Board has come to a unanimous conclusion that it will be impossible to even consider a resignation, when and if I should submit one. And dirt it shall be! With three able assistants hot on the trail, and I'll pause to say that the smallest towers six-two with a two hundred pound chassis well proportioned, just in case some of you boys think I done you wrong, and would wreak your vengeance in this humble writer. Yes, boys, they settle all my arguments, and we haven't lost one yet. So think it over, before attempting anything drastic.

Congratulations are in order to First Sergeant John J. Rogers and Corporal John H. Lyles. And by the way, Top, thanks for passing the box around twice. I'm sure we all agree that the cigars we received are worth two of those promised beers in Culebra. Although we'll probably repent next January. Oh yes, Corporal Lyles, do take a tip. And our apologies if you come through by the time this reaches the press.

I wish someone would give me one reason for the alarm and hard feelings caused by that little incident about 3:00 a.m., on the night of October 4th, in a certain squadron of D Barracks. I'll admit that these seven particular shipmates, came in a trifle late, were feeling rather high, let out a few war whoops, turned over a few bunks, sang a few songs, in anything but a Dick Powell fashion, and continued thus until a few minutes before reveille. Aw, c'mon fellas, let the boys have a little fun now and then. After all they do let you sleep one whole night a week. I wonder why I, in particular, am so sympathetic with these night hawks? Did I hear someone say they recognized me as one of the seven that night?

Why Chuck, you surprise me. My assistants, state that they have learned

through a reliable source, that you've applied to Miss Thomas of "Our Navy Pen Pal Club" fame, for a sincere member of the weaker sex, adept in the art of correspondence. One would think you haven't more than enough perfumed letters to answer already. What would Ruth think, if she was to receive wind of this dastardly scheme of yours. A not so reliable source has informed me of the contents of your letter to Miss Thomas, but to put it into print might subject me to a libel suit. Chuckie, it's a scandal to the jay birds. Take it easy, O. P., and don't let our

Take it easy, O. P., and don't let our number one Beer Guzzler, paint the path to the Slop Chute too rosy. We'll let you profit by our mistakes. I wonder why he doesn't remember that he left his mazuma in the pocket of his other pants, until after his victim has taken care of the first round, and asks if he'll have another.

You're not half bad, Emert, but how about the guy that went out for a little ride with us some time ago. I think he's been transferred to Philly. Remember after hed'd been treated to a few beers, and it came to pass that his turn to pay the check arrived, and all at once he seemed to pass out, and come to immediately after the bill was paid by one of us. And when the car would pull up to a gas station for a little fuel, our friend would immediately traverse in lightning rapidity to the rest room, and we'd see neither hide nor hair of him until we were ready to shove off for another round. Listening in, Mount Airy' He's a swell egg, though.

Welcome back into our midst, Wingfield. We knew you'd give in sooner or later. Or at least we hoped you would. Sometimes being Mr. Civilian once again isn't as pleasant as it's cracked up to be. But at any rate here's hoping this cruise turns out to be one of your best. To welcome individually each new member to our company would alone fill The Leatherneck, so instead we'll say "Welcome all," and we're sure your stay with us will be all for the best.

No day is complete without a few growls, squawks, or arguments from our very close neighbors, the Quartermasters. Here's a few we're getting rather tired or hearing. Laser—"How come I catch the watch on

(Continued on page 52)



Crossing on the Pontoon Bridge

Photo by Dalto

### THE FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Allen H. Turnage, USMC, Commanding Officer

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

REETINGS Leathernecks, this is good old Hq. Co., again, coming to you through the courtesy of THE LEATHERNECK.

Is everyone happy now; well we were after that work out at Brentsville. Nobody knows the trouble, we say, nobody knows but us. Brentsville caused all the trouble, that little village of 28 families back in the hills of Virginia. And when I say hills I mean thousands of them, big, red and long. We arrived among these on Sunday of September 19, arranged our sleeping quarters and what should happen but the galley to catch on fire. Of all places for old man devil to do his work, he had to pick on the galley. This only lasted until some of our heroes arrived on the scene.

On Tuesday morning maneuvers began in earnest and it was like the old hillbilley snid, "we're way down har and we gotta go way up thar."

The first week was so nice that we knew something was up, so sure as blazes on Sunday night the bottom dropped out, then it was, "The mud got into my eyes." Eight men to a cart was the line up after the water had played its pranks. Some one ask me if I had ever seen a dream walking, well! I did, when we got back to camp everyone saw plenty of them, we were the suckers.

On Thursday night we made up for part of this with a Smoker, consisting of several bouts, entertainment; Beer, chow, coca cola and, oh yes! a pie eating contest. The pie was made of slum, spaghetti and prune seeds; however, I suppose it was just as nourishing as the regular chow we got while we were there.

With a bit of packing, some more hills,

and a few crossings we arrived in good old Quantico.

This happened about ten o'clock on Friday, 1 October, on the same day at 7 p.m., we made up for the other part of our loss with a beer party. Everyone was sitting around the table contented when who should walk in but a civilian, but no, another good look and one could see that it was none other than "Man Mountain Oleson" all dressed up in a new suit. A drink on that and a few other things and the party was complete.

Flash—Sgt. Stoner has managed to grow a cute little mustache, with a little nursing he should be the perfect "Clark Gable." Sgt. Stoner claims that he will leave his on as long as Tommy Thomson does, yes! Tommy has one too, he is an old salt at the game.

Sgt. Hyland, the man about town, says, "boys let us have a duck supper, you bring the beer." Sgt. Hyland, I think you take to beer like Wimpy takes to hamburgers.

Cpl. Patterson did have only one stripe, but now he has one to go with it. He made the promotion while in camp at Brentsville, good work Patterson, keep it np.

Pfe. Hurt says that he may not be the meanest man in the country, but he is plenty darn mean. Perhaps it's good for him, at least he has enlarged his pay check with twenty dollars specialist pay. What is it to be, Hurt! Cigars or some more beer?

Fellows, will you excuse me a moment, I have work to do, see you later, much later, in fact about a month later.

### A COMPANY NEWS By Bench Mark

Where's my map???? Where's my message book???? First Platoon on the right, Second Platoon on the left, Wolfgang in

reserve. Midst the rain and the mist, A Company, the pride of the First Battalion, attacked everything from silos to a herd of cattle and always came out on top, figura-tively of course. By this time you must have guessed that I am speaking of the recent sojourn of the 1st Marine Brigade at Brentsville, Va., for the fall maneuvers. Now that all of the growling and moaning is over, I must admit that it wasn't half bad. Even with all of the problems we still found time somehow to have a few softball games, volleyball games, tug-o-war pulls, and a very good smoker. In connection with the smoker we must of course mention Gunnery Sergeant Wolfgang, the Ziegfield of A Company, and his willing and talented (?) "Rubber Band." After days and nights of making the company area hideous with squeaks and moans, grunts and groans, all coaxed out of a varied assortment of musical instruments, Wolf finally whipped his "Band" into shape for the great experiment. The great day arrived, as it always does, and in all fairness to the Gunny and his gang, and in spite of various "deroggery" remarks by Buck Rogers, the Bulgarian Bugaboo, the show was very well received. The music was swell and the "Alabama Cadets" excellent.

P. S .- I still think that a certain party ought to throw away that harmonica.

A Company, with a glorious last ditch stand, pulled D Company's tug-o-war team over the line to the tune of yells and cheers from the assembled spectators. In a later pull with C Company, our team, with head sizes increased by at least one third, were quickly pulled over the line. Over confidence seems to be the only excuse that I can offer for the team's poor showing. The 2nd Platoon, led by that dashing Texas Aggie, Lt. Hamilton, beat the 1st Platoon in a spirited softball game. In another game with the 1st Platoon of B Company, however, the 2nd Platoon was defeated in a tight game. It was all in good fun so it wasn't too hard to take.

Our First Sergeant, "Runt" Borek, missed his calling. He should be in the movies as a mimic. My sides were sore for two days from laughing at the one man show he put on at the expense of various Marine Corps personalities. The battle of the century between Pitts and Snodgrass came to an untimely end when one of the battler's nose ran claret and the other battler refused to continue and declared the fight no contest. In spite of the razzing he took for quitting, I think he did just right. It has always been an old custom that when blood is drawn, honor has been satisfied. That Strong Man from the 1st Platoon tried to leave camp minus two of his men. Shame on you, Bill! They wanted to come back to Quantico also. Bill is also in the habit of pay-all checks in the New Way Lunch so if any of you boys ever see him there you won't have to worry about washing dishes for the beer. How about inviting me down for din-ner some night Bill? Kayler has been trying to get a suit of clothes, a hat, a topeoat, and a pair of shoes. To date, he has the suit, the hat, and the shoes but has only been able to manufacture one sleeve of the topcoat. I think that he is slipping. Christmas is on the way and I must remember to buy a memo book for Sutherland just so he can keep a diary with him at all times. It wouldn't necessarily have to be a training diary Sully. "Feet" Snyder didn't make the Brents-



Nice for Mud Hens But Tough on Marines

Photo by Dalt

ville trip with us as he was indisposed. Personally I think you ought to try a size larger shoe, "Feet." Maybe that will

Well, this drivel must stop sooner or later, and as I was supposed to have this in two days ago I'd better stop now. Your Peeping Tom will be back next month with more dirt on personalities of A Com-

### B COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Once again we have become adjusted to new guiding hands, and we are doing O.K. Captain Hunt and the Lieutenants McLeod, Haas, and Neely are a fortunate combina-

The outfit had a pretty swell stag shindig across the river, and it was complete with music, food and plenty of beer for all hands. The formal guard mount and the parade and review will no doubt go down in history. Everyone had a darn good time and the next time will be none too soon.

Here is something that we can really brag about. The B Company softball team came through to be undefeated in the First Marine Brigade taking the championship. Our softballs will play any challengers anybody is welcome, and no holds barred. Lots of credit is due to this gang that really put out for the company. Here is the lineup:

Cambre, Catcher. McDonald, Pitcher. Cassity, First base. McCauley, Second base. Skowran, Short stop. Beall, Third base. Marszalec, Left field. Lada, Center field. Lt. McLeod, Right field. Balsey, Roving center. 1st Sgt. Inferrera, Utility.

How come that Andy Skowran beat out MacTavish, i.e., McDonald first place in the striking out race. Andy really swings a mean third strike in spite of the fact he is a pretty heavy hitter. 1st Sgt. Inferrera who umpired quite a bit deserves some credit too.

Before leaving for camp at Brentsville, Virginia, we lost some of our old timers namely Cpls. English, Mizelle, and Russell, and Pfcs. Blanton, Cole, Knott, and Petrey.

And as for camp, perhaps this little poem by Pvt. Keisler will explain a great deal:

We slept cold all night

And walked hot all day. They called it the "Marine Corps' Delight"

But we call it darn little pay.

Seriously though, we think that all hands had a fair time. Quigley is a very disap-When he went to bed at pointed man. night he would have a cold and a fever, but in the morning he would wake up as fit as a fiddle. Even the snakes and other wild animals refused to bite him. Like the Proverbial Rock of Gibraltar nothing moves him. We almost lost our two best "blues singers" when the old campaigners Blankenship and Ontjes (out of the whole company) somehow managed individually to get captured. Too bad it wasn't real war

And how come that Tim rates bunking with the chicken?

Private Korry claims to be the victor in the Camp Fuzz Race. Other fuzzy lip contestants were the Top, Lafferty, Quarter, Bacon, and Meserole. The Gunny and Gaylord were disqualified as professionals. (Continued on page 53)



The First Chemical Company Goes to "War"

### THE SECOND BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, USMC, Commanding Officer

By Al Cronk

IME marches on and once again we turn to the pages of a great magazine to tell of new travels and adventures. First let us take into con-sideration the wonderful work done by many members of our organization during the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. Many letters of commendation were forth-

coming and we are indeed proud of those men who diligently earned them and also just as proud of their various duties being so well done and worthy of such commenda-

Our organization departed from Camp Perry as the few remaining visitors and competitors stood along the line of march and extended to us their heartiest wishes that we again return to the National Matches.

As may well be expected of any Marine Corps unit returning to its home base, we were given a courteous reception by the Post Band and our friends as our train came to a stop at Quantico. Just like returning home again and we were all in-deed glad to be back. Yes, back home once more, but not for long. In fact our stay in Quantico was to be limited to just one short week and a very short week turned out to be. It seemed that we had hardly finished unpacking, when typewriters clicked, bugles sounded, orders issued, commands given and finally the grinding of gears as our caravan of trucks got underway, this time to take us to Camp R. P. Williams, located in Brentsville, Virginia, for our annual field maneuvers, held in the Fall of each year.

Arriving in camp by way of a "Virginia dusty trail," all hands immediately turned to in unloading the various types of equip-ment and prepared to "shake down" our one and only consolation being the fact that our tents had already been prepared for us by Company F, who preceded the

battalion into camp by two days. The many different types of problems in the field began immediately on Tuesday, September 21st, under the leadership of Lt-Col. Shepherd and Major Fox. Under the direction of Frist Lieutenant Keller, our communication section did a fine job throughout the entire period of maneuvers.

When it came to the problem of weather, we couldn't have had better, with the exception of one day, and that one day turned out to be the equivalent to a week's rainy weather. However, it all turned out in the end that Brentsville now has a few roads that are as good as any highway. The reason? Just this. That cold rainy day refused to daunt us and we were found carrying out another problem just the same, the result being that hundreds of marching feet packed those wet clay roads into hard, smooth highways.

All in all, our stay at Camp R. P. Williams was a successful one with the exception of having lost our one and only, Sergeant "Red" White, who has left our Battalion Office force for duty in Savannah, Georgia. Since his leaving us, we have been wondering and trying to figure out just who our office "Chief" really is now. Al Kruhm claims the title but Sergeant Major Shaker disagrees with him. Your correspondent has left his duties as com pany clerk of Headquarters Company and is now working with the Battalion Office and is doing his best to stay neutral in the "Chief" affair. Private first class Bill Sherman, one time Rifle Range stooge, is now First Sergeant Butler's right hand man.

Platoon Sergeant John T. Poole is now sailing with the USS Outside after cruising for thirty years in the service. He was given a hearty send-off as all units of the First Marine Brigade bid him Bon Voyage at a colorful ceremony in Camp Williams.

Thursday evening Sept. 30th, all hands

were present at a smoker, held in the camp recreation field. A gay evening was spent at the ringside as many fine boxing and wrestling matches were run off, with music the band between bouts. We were highly entertained by other Marine talent as some of the boys put on acts of amusement, the pie eating contest being tops of them all, while others played, sang and did anything they could think of to bring out the laughs and they were certainly rewarded well for their efforts. As the events for the evening drew to a close, refresh-ments were served to all. Many guests from miles around were also present at the ringside and the evening was greatly enjoyed by all. Our visitors expressed their deep regret that the boys should have to be leaving so soon, but there has to come a day in all of our travels when we must leave for another port.

Early Saturday morning, October 2nd, found the Second Battalion back at its home port in Quantico once again, where we will be situated until the coming Fleet Marine Force maneuvers in 1938. All men will be granted seventy two's for the next few days to come, after which time we will again resume our regular duties.

#### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION

Just who would ever think that the one and only Headquarters Company would finally make its appearance in THE LEATH-ERNECK limelight with a column of its own. Nevertheless, here we are and here to stay, we hope!

We now have a new company mander, Second Lieutenant Hoyt McMillan who has been with us in this position for almost a month now. Having just re-turned from a two weeks stay at Brents-Virginia, where our organization carried on its duties of intelligence and communication work, we are settling down once more and ready for what may come. Bill Sherman is now our company clerk, our former clerk, Al Cronk having transferred his efforts to the Battalion office where he is now working under the Sergeant Major's guiding hand.

Our thirty-year man, Platoon Sergeant Poole has finally joined his friends in

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### THE FIRST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Bourke, USMC, Commanding Officer

### HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Clements

O RDINARILY the prospect of a hike (short), landing party (brief), or even a night attack (one), gives rise
to no great feelings of trepidation
among us; but when the fact was definitely established that we were going to Va., for two weeks during Brentsville, which time all the above were to be combined into a series with no intervals between except in cases of rain, and we later found that the rain didn't stop us, howls could be heard from the Triangle (part of Quantico) to Brown Field (another part).

As usual preparation went forward for the encampment until 17 September, when an advance detail of one officer and twenty-two enlisted shoved off for Brentsville to be followed on 20 September by the re-mainder of the Battalion. The movement was made without mishap and by 1400 the same day everyone was fairly oriented in his new home which, when we first saw it, appeared a lovely place from which to jump off to the attack when ordered against the RED forces, our assumed enemy.

Joe Newland, living up to his reputation for appetizing and satisfying chow, started us off on the right foot with food such as is served only in barracks where all the conveniences conducive to facile preparation of it are available. During the whole encampment, whether in the field or in camp, something of a luxury, I heard no complaint from any man of the battalion about the insufficiency or unedibility of the steaming chow which Joe, with the able and hearty cooperation of his galley force, dished into our mess gear each day.

Combat Exercises, numbers 6 to 14, planned and issued by the 5th Marines, and including all sorts of situations and necessitating more varied movements than are sometimes seen on a Culebra Maneuver, afforded this battalion as well as those of the 5th Marines unlimited field training

opportunities. From a novice's point of view, I would say that all the field exercises were well executed, at least they offered interesting pictures to a lucky one if he could gain the crest of some hill and stay there long enough to see in part the tactics employed as squads, sections, platoons, and companies advanced upon the enemy and as the gun sections and batteries of our battalion established positions, OPs, CPs, BPs, and went into action with a speed that evidenced excellent training. Unofficially, and because we should have won the war and because in reality we did win the war although the whole business was assumed, the RED forces fled in terror as daily they found themselves hard pressed by the BLUES. Because the simulated air attacks by planes was a con-tinual thorn in our sides, our three fightin' musics were pressed into service to act as air sentries which duty they performed very conscientiously, in fact, they reached the point where they would blow their horns like Little Boy Blue blew his horn when the sheep took off on the old man's meadow if anything half way resembling a plane hove into sight, mattering not whether it was a mocking bird, buzzard, or actually a plane. The fact that the weather out there was cold (six blankets), which, as you know, doesn't please flies, probably saved the battalion from returning from a certain morning problem covered with them from head to foot. attacking enemy planes instead of spraying our troops with lethal gas used a mixture of molasses and sulphur, or that's what it resembled, and we are sorry to say that numerous casualties resulted. It seems that one, Corporal Keith, of B Battery, learning somehow by hook or erook a day beforehand of the scheduled air attack, went out on this particular problem armed with four slices of bread in addition to his regular equipment, and when the planes began laying the gas (molasses) on the deployed troops, Keith, oblivious to the danger to which he was exposing himself, recklessly broke out his bread and followed the plane until he had it covered with the stuff, whereupon he sat down on the grass and ate the breakfast which he would have

had the following morning. On Saturday, 25 September, the Post Band arrived in camp from Quantico and enlivened our seclusion by a long string of the latest swing tunes, including Adeline." Again on 26 August, twice during the day, concert hour was held and enjoyed by everyone, Also at 1200, 25 September, liberty was authorized until 2200 on the 26th. Some of the boys got about half way to the paved highway leading into Washington while the others lost their reference points and wandered around in them hills something "scandylus" until they decided they'd better climb a tree, find their positions, and set a return course for the camp in order to be present at bed check. On 27 September, a nice, slushy rain greeted us as we stumbled sleepily from our bunks and prepared for the scheduled problem of the day. All day long the rain came drizzling down-clothes became wet, then soggy; shoes were first dirty, then muddy, and finally just big blobs of mud ranging from dark brown to light red, and the temperature was far from being warm. On the night of the



Chow in the Field

same day, an attack was staged and was carried off in splendid fashion. The biggest difficulty was the fact that there was no moon and the stars refused to light up the roads enough for the different drivers of the tractors, trucks, and reconnaissance cars to steer confidently the vehicles which they were driving. Upon returning to camp at 2230, however, the scent of hot coffee and sandwiches was wafted to our noses by the cool night air, and in a very short time the comparatively small galley of the 10th Marines was filled to overflowing with hungry, tired men, canteen cups in one hand and sandwiches in the other, talking noisily about the unusual incidents of the problem. On the 29th we had a field day, believe it or not, that is, Headquarters and Service Battery and A Battery did, while B Battery went out on a problem requiring only one firing battery. The sun pushed through the clouds about 1000 and immediately sun bathers were in evidence all down the battery streets. The whole day was utilized in restoring equipment to some semblance of cleanliness. Some hardy few, with unbelievable courage, took baths under those icy showers which the Engineers undoubtedly piped from the North Pole. At 0600 on the 30th, the big push was begun and was finished at 1200. In the afternoon a number of visitors came out and stayed for the enjoyable smoker held in the evening. Free beer and cigar-ettes were issued gratuitously but only those with a liking for standing in line for long periods of time had a chance to hear the beer sloshing in their canteens. On this day, too, at a battalion formation in the battery street, the CO commended the battalion upon its performance of duty while in camp, which in part went some-thing like this: "Especially do I wish to commend the Communication Section of H&S Battery which was recently formed and which has had no previous experience.' Private Peroni, member of this section, puffed out his chest until the three top buttons flew off. Previously to this formation he had been commended by the CO for the speed with which he and Private Fine had established communication between the Battalion CP and OP on a field problem. Now he is hardly to be spoken to by an ordinary Marine.

At 0730, 1 October, the return movement was begun and the last contingent had arrived in Quantico, Va., by 3 October, 1937. Needless to say since our return it has been almost impossible to get under a hot shower because of the men who are trying to catch up on the showers they missed while in camp at Brentsville.

Rambling Observations of Camp Incidents: Private Maxwell trying to effect the loan of a pair of gloves from First Sergeant Larsen. Private Peroni running a half mile with a portable telephone when he could have taken a short cut through an adjacent wood. Private First Class White trying to keep the Quantico polish on the CO's ''puddle jumper.'' The habit of habitual nighthawks going to bed at 1030 in the evening. Privates Deal, Thurnau, and McAniff lugging BARs around as air protection. Jot Newland with his driver, Private Marler, always on the move, Corporal Boeyen with his pad and pencil signing everyone up for anything from a ten-penny nail to a can of metal polish. Private Lowrey eating Baby Ruths and drinking Coca Colas, no beer. Private Reilly and Private First Class Heitman arguing about the relative merits of paved

(Continued on page 56)



The Field Post Exchange

Photo by Dalton

# THE SECOND ANTIAIRCRAFT BATTALION

Major Jesse L. Perkins, USMC, Commanding Officer

#### HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION

Well, well, here we are in a brand new battery and writing our first article for the columns of THE LEATHERNECK. This battery was organized in September, 1937, and at present is progressing very rapidly. The Officers and NCO's of this battery rate among the best of any post between here and Shanghai. Cpl. Anderson, better known "Andy" is seen each week-end at a certain girls home in Richmond. It looks bad, 'er good, 'er serious, 'er sumpthin. By the way, who is the blonde that has one of the fellows guessing. Pvt. Eck has developed a fine business for himself in putting dress belts into condition. Maybe he can buy cigarettes now. By the way, the people on the hill have thrown their alarm clocks out of the window, that is since our fire tender, Pvt. "Red" Sanborn has been going up there each morning at 6:30. Pvt. Tipping can be seen most any night in Washington. Who is she, fella? Pvt. Davis, one of the boys recently joined us, is rapidly making a name for himself as a clerk. Cpl. Herregodts has just put in a requisition for two gallons of beam paint, paint brushes, and a sky chair, so he can start work on painting the searchlight beams. Plat-Sgt. McKinley, a big man in any outfit, is at present waiting for his new course in waist reducing exercises. "Mac" is a swell fellow though, and he can expect our full cooperation.

Speaking of big men, Pvt. Christensen, our "expert" messman, has two ambitions in life; to become a truck driver and to see his Molly. Well, ol' fella, we hope you get them both, and give her our regards. Sgt-Major Mosier, who just recently joined us, is going on a reenlist-

ment furlough and says that he intends to catch up on his fishing. We say, "Good luck, old timer." And so long, fellas, you'll be hearing from us.

### BTY. B, 1AA BN.

By Chatfield
On 20 July, 1937, Battery B, First Antiaircraft Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, was
organized, headed by Captain Thomas G.
McFarland. He is ably assisted by Lt.
Charles T. Tingle as Battery Executive
Officer, and Lts. Charles L. Banks and
Howard G. Kirgis as Platoon Leaders.
First Sergeant Juett A. Hurst is the
senior enlisted pilot, piloting the battery
clerk and runner on parade rosters and
guard lists.

It has been said by some wise old sage that "once a Marine always a Marine." This doesn't seem to hold true about Eight-Balls, however. Most of us in the battery were transferred, by voluntary transfers, the "you, you and you" system, from Companies D and H of the 5th Marines. We called ourselves the Brigade Eight Balls at one time, but put them all together and they spell the best organization in Quantico. In our opinion, at any rate.

With just two months under the administration of this new organization we find a group of satisfied, neat, and military soldiers. We can thank our old outfits for giving us some of their best non-coms, as it is seldom that such a group of efficient men are released to a new outfit. We enjoyed our tour of duty under our respective skippers, but we are all very well pleased with the change and know that under Captain McFarland we can expect the same fine treatment that we received prior to our transfer. I think the men's attitude is best expressed by the showing

made within the past two weeks. With day on and day off guard duty prevailing, we have had just enough men to stand watches, and yet not one man has been over leave, caught napping on post, or turned in to the sick-bay.

The battery has been rapidly coming up to authorized strength with the exception of a few non-commissioned officers, and now we are ready to settle down to work In all probability, vengeance. dawn will find us at the gun shed (sleeping?) and dusk trudging our weary way home. What is life without work, though? Don't say "Heaven," Bergstrom.

The new men from P. I. haven't be-come accustomed as yet to that strange droning noise in the squadrooms. It's just Daskalakis, men, doing a power dive, banking, or coming in for a landing. He can't help that habit of his, as we understand he fell out of his crib trying to make a non-stop flight from one end of to the other. Corporals Cooper and Poulsen have very pleased expressions on their faces lately. It won't be long before a newcomer will make his appearance in each household. Congratulations, fellows, and may they be the pride of their Dads. The "Top," on the other hand, has been looking awfully haggard. This business of sending men on guard, and to the dentist, quartermaster, gun shed, etc., all at the same time seems to be driving him mad. "Fan-dancer" Steele gave one of his unparalleled exhibitions at 2 a.m. the other night. They say it was a sight to behold. We'll still hold out for an exhibition dance from "Pee-wee" Frantum and you, "Fanny."

Tomlinson and Cappello are still fighting it out, with "Red" Johnson threatening to end it once and for all. We expect "Madame" Quello to get a permanent wave for those magnificent platinum locks any day now. Time to borrow MacIntyre's shoe polish now, so until next month, so

long.

### BATTERY E

Hello Buddies; this is station B-T-Y-, E. of the 2nd Anti-aircraft Battalion, FMF, speaking, and I wish to announce the presence of an up and coming battery of 3-(Continued on page 58)

### BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS

Major Benjamin W. Gally, USMC, Commanding Officer

#### FIRST CHEMICAL COMPANY

Here we are again-comfortably ensconced once more in steam heated barracks, and they've got hot water too; after two weeks in the Wilds of Virginia. The annual maneuvers at Brentsville have come and gone and all of us are considerably wiser than when we left. It was the first time that the majority of the Company had ever been in the field so there was much to be learned by us all. Captain W. C. Taylor proved to be as fine an officer in the field as he is in the class room and he was ably seconded by Lieutenant T. C Loomis.

The First Sergeant, by the exertion of much will power, was able to tear himself away from his office work and accompanied us into the field for the whole period. We participated in night maneuvers and got very interesting and accurate training for night firing which was a new experience Due to Captain Taylor's for everyone. efforts the entire brigade had a practical demonstration of an aerial chemical attack on the march. The gas used was a harmless substitute for mustard, but it showed the efficiency of chemical agents and the necessity for adequate training of our personnel against chemical attack. Our opinion of the WAR is, that while it may have been a little tough at the time, it's not half bad to look back on and we LEARNED, which is the main thing.

Now for the dirt. What two "Don Juans" were in church of all places once last month and were down at the mouth afterwards? "Could it was" that the boys were stood up by a couple of gals from N. Y. and Pennsy respectively? "Leo the Wolfe'' is quite a publicity hound, in fact he was so pleased by his initial appearance that your correspondent has received dire hints of an untimely demise. Then too, there's a little item of a grass watering detail. Remember, Leo? Why, oh why, is our one and only "Little MGC" Pvt. Hugh M. Beckett, Jr., "bucking" for Corporal. Now, Hughie, don't get excited on Furey, how does it feel your first cruise.

to ask for a "72" and get 30 days mess duty? (Sorry, folks, but the answer was censored).

Flash! Pfc. Reaves just made his second stripe today. Congratulations, "Babe," and when are you going to "wet 'em down?" Sgt. Edward A. Madden and Cpl. Eldon F. (Hank) Henry are being transferred on the 8th of October to Lakehurst and Indianhead respectively. We are more than sorry to see you go gentlemen and it's been a pleasure to do duty with you both. Good Hunting.

### FIRST TANK COMPANY By Lambert

This is the First Tank Company breaking into print for the first time, just to give the boys of the Corps a little dope on the outfit. The company was organized on 1 March, 1937, with a total strength of one officer and twenty enlisted men.

Since the organization of the company Captain Withers (our Commanding Officer) has kept everyone on his toes, between trying to learn electricity and radio code. Some of the boys of the outfit tried to draw pictures of motors and its wiring till

they were blue in the face.

Technical Sergeant Cagle has charge of the mechanical end of the outfit and seems to be doing a swell job of it. The company participated in the "Battle of the at Petersburg, Virginia, even Crater. though they did make us leave the tanks behind and go as infantry. All the Non-Coms of this outfit went to school at the plant of Marmon-Herrington & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, prior to joining us. About all that we have heard from them is when they are going back to spend a few more months up there, they received the sad news a couple of days ago that none of them are going back. You should have seen the look on Corporal Martin's (The Goat's) face, I don't know what he had up there but from the way he sounded off around here it must have been pretty nice, he even took a furlough to go back up there a couple of months ago and rumors has it around here that the door was closed in his face, at least he came back before his leave was up.

During the maneuvers at Brentsville this company had to furnish seven tractor drivers, including Pappy Ashley. Pappy sure does get around, you can see him and Sergeant (Joe) Schwab taking off for places unknown. Joe is sure one likeable fellow, everybody seems to like him including the girls. Pappy almost lost his girl a few weeks ago, Holub found out where his hangout was and spent three nights trying to get back to Quantico be-fore reveille; in fact he didn't get back a couple of mornings and when he did he would sit around in a daze for hours at a time. He even proposed to the girl and she turned him down flat, so Pappy still has the wheel.

The company struggled along without a topkick for six months and then they got big hearted and gave us one in the person of 1st Sergeant Alfred Sylvester who has been with the reserves for the past few years. He seems to have everything in hand now and is trying to learn

all about tanks.

1st Lieutenant deZayas recently joined (Continued on page 58)



Company Street, First Engineers

Photo by Daltor

# Miscellany

### MARINES TRIUMPH IN POLICE PISTOL MATCH

By Leo

The Marines of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., covered themselves with glory and medals and also won a plaque in the Service men's division of the Police Pistol Matches for the Eastern Division, held at Camp Simms, in the District of Columbia, October 4th and 5th. The Marines swamped the Army (5th Engineers) and also put to rout the picked shooters of Quantico by using up all the black stickers. 5 after 5 went on the score board and the result sheet looked like a Woolworth inventory.

The Washington Police Team won the Tri-State Match, but only with the assistance of Ex-Marine McCormack. Other Ex-Marines holding up the Police Teams were: Tingle, Moore, Pumphrey, and Fondahl. The last named, "Lieut. Fondahl," is an Officer in the Marine Corps Reserve and was the most popular man at the Match. The best shots here at the Barracks just coasted to win and did not even extend themselves. Poor Army, try again next

Team No. 1: Sgt. Pluge, Sgt. Linfoot,

Cpl. Hassig, Cpl. Pope. Team No. 2: Sgt. McMahill, Sgt. Orr,

Cpl. Slack, Cpl. Hanneford.
Team No. 3: Capt. Thompson, Lt. Hudson, Sgt. Skowronek, T.Sgt. Ahern.

Team No. 4: Lt. Earle, Sgt. Barnes, T.Sgt. Kapanke, Cpl. Butler.

\*Team No. 2 won the gold medals and the plaque. Good work.

P.S. Come to Camp Simms next year and see the cream of the crop, i.e., Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

### COMMENDATION

Letters have been received by Marine Corps Headquarters from the Assistant Secretary of War for delivery to the below listed officers and men commending their achievements as Team Captains or Shooting Members of the Marine Corps teams at Camp Perry during the National Matches held the early part of September, 1937:

Captain M. L. Shively, USMC, Captain of Marine Corps Team winning the National Match and the Enlisted Men's Trophy Match.

Captain J. F. Hankins, USMCR. tain of Marine Corps Reserve Team No. 1 for winning the Hilton Trophy and the A.E.F. Roumanian Team Match.

2nd Lt. J. G. Frazer, USMC, winner of the Individual Rifle Match.

1st Lt. D. S. McDougal, USMC, winner of the Crowell Trophy Match.

Gunnery Sergeant John Blakeley. USMC, winner of the Navy Trophy

Sergeant E. U. Seeser, USMC, winner of the Gold Medal in the Wimbledon Cup

Platoon Sergeant C. J. Anderson, USMC, winner of the Appreciation Cup in the President's Match.

Corporal M. J. Holland, winner of the

Wright Memorial Trophy in the Wright

Memorial Grand Aggregate Match.
Corporal V. F. Brown, winner of the
Leech Cup Match and the Pershing Trophy in the National Rifle Team Match.

### HOME OF JOHN PAUL JONES

Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N., retired, secretary of the Naval Historical Foundation states that a drive for \$50,000 is now under way and the general public is invited to participate to aid in saving the famous old home of Commodore John Paul Jones, American naval hero, at Lafayette Boulevard and Caroline Street in Fredericksburg, Virginia, threatened with demolition to make way for a gasoline filling station. The foundation has an option on the house until next February,

and the purchase price is \$14,500.

Officials of the foundation estimate the cost of restoration will be \$8,000. In order to give the house a proper setting, it will necessary, Captain Knox said, to purchase and demolish the adjoining house, at a cost of \$6,000. An endowment fund of \$22,000 for repairs, etc., will be raised

to insure its future.

Rear Admiral Harold R. Stark, until a few days ago chief of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance, contributed \$500 to launch the movement, before he left Washington sea duty. The public may send contributions toward purchasing and restoring the John Paul Jones home at Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Captain Dudley W. Knox, seeretary of the Naval Historical Foundation, Room 2728, Navy Department, Washington,

### POLAR BEARS

Formal organization of an East Coast-Middle West society of veterans of the Siberian Expedition, A. E. F., was recently accomplished at New York, with Major General William S. Graves, A. (Ret.), who was in command of the American forces in Siberia, named as Honorary Life Commander and Colonel O. P. Robinson, Infantry, now on duty with the ROTC unit at City College, New York, named Commander. Staff Sergeant Herbert E. Smith, of the Army Publicity Bureau at Governors Island, New York, was named publicity director, and is seekthe names, addresses, and former AEFS affiliation of all Eastern and Midwest individuals who served in Siberia with the American expedition during the World War period. A banquet and union party is planned for early in 1938, the get-together to be held in an Eastern city to be chosen by the executive com-



UR Marines of the Literati appear to be content with holding the line in a defensive position, very few have assaulted the field of letters, and most of those attacks have been from the

H. DEV. KIER, from the seclusion of his Nebraska compound, rates the palm for quantity this month. In the Nov.-December edition of Operator No. 5, his "Flag of Fury" tells of Marines in the Philippines, a mystery of dead sentries on the suicide watch. In the Nov. December Ace G-Man, his "F.B.I. Renegade" is the story of a federal dick detailed to bring in his own brother on a snatch charge. Kier also checks into the November Ohio Guardsman with "Semper Fidelis," obvi-

ously a Marine yarn.

ARTHUR J. BURKS is welcomed back after too long an absence from this pillar The Nov.-December issue of Terror Tales prints his "Canyon of Missing Brides," a wild and woolly mystery. "Courage by the Stars" is the former Marine officer's contribution to the December Lone Eagle. Let's have some more, skipper.

L. RON HUBBARD, our red-headed inkspiller, collected a pair of checks for as many yarns this month. In Five Novels for November you may read his tale of a white flyer fighting for China, "The Devil -With Wings;" and the November All Western carries his "Gunman's Tally."

DON KEYHOE also cashed in on the China situation, authoring "Hell Over China" in Flying Aces for November. COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, in the "Hell Over

November Cosmopolitan features J. Edgar Hoover as the "Cosmopolite of the Month." Perhaps no one is better equipped to write on G-Man Hoover than this former Marine

LAURENCE STALLINGS, in the October edition of Stage contributes something on lighting effects, entitled, "Let

MAJOR JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., still reviews for the erudite American Mercury, writing in the October volume on John D. Rockefeller.

WILLIAM MARCH (Bill Campbell), who ate at the 5th Marines' galleys in France, wrote a novel about four years ago that threatened to develop into a major best-seller. It was called Company K; remember? It has recently been re-published in the two-bit, paper-backed edition of the Mercury Book Company.

EMMETT GOWEN went a bit sour during his cruise in the Marine Corps a few years back and upon his discharge turned his hand to fiction. His latest, book-length, put out by the Modern Age Books, Inc., is "Old Hell," a tale of the Tennessee back country.





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### PHOTOGRAPHS OF SHOOTING STARS

All Pictures by L. Tager

1: Major General Commandant Thomas Holcomb, always interested in marksand himself a former rifleman, manship, watches the matches through a scope.

2: Sgt. Edward V. Seeser, with Leech Cup which he won by establishing a new world's record at Camp Perry with of 105 possible, 14 Vs, against 1533 competitors. He placed first with the service rifle in the Wimbledon Cup match, score 99; third in the President's Hundred, 147; thirty-seventh in the National Individual Rifle Match, 285, four points below the winner, and was a member of the team winning the National Rifle Team Match. He was also 8th in the Wright Memorial.

3: Lt. James G. Frazer with the Daniel Boone trophy, emblematic of his winning the National Individual Rifle match against 1922 contestants, with a score of 289.

Lt. David S. McDougal, winner of Crowell Trophy, outshooting 1608 competitors and establishing a new record, 15Vs for a perfect score of 50. The lieutenant was 24th in the National Individual Rifle Match.

5: Pfc. Malcom J. Holland, winner of the Wright Memorial Trophy, also set a new world's record with a 639 out of a possible 650. This is an aggregate match of the total scores of the Navy Cup Match, the Leech Cup Match; the Coast Guard Cup Match; the Marine Corps Cup Match; the Wimbledon Cup Match and the President's Match. Member of Marine Corps Rifle Team.

6: Platoon Sergeant Clarence J. Anderson equaled the record to win the President's Match with a score of 147, against 1913 shooters. Anderson placed 16th in the National Individual Rifle; third in the Leech Cup; third in the Wright Memorial.

7: Gunnery Sergeant John Blakley, the veteran rifleman transferred to the Reserves since the Perry Matches, holds the Navy Cup which he won by outshooting 1814 riflemen, with a score of 98. Blakley finished ninth in the Wimbledon Match, and 26th in the National Rifle Matches.

8: Marine Corps Rifle Team, winners of the National Rifle Team Match. Seated. left to right: Capt. William W. Davidson; Capt. Maurice L. Shively; Major William J. Whaling; Major General Commandant Thomas Holcomb; Chief Marine Gunner Calvin Lloyd; Lt. David S. McDougal; Gunnery Sgt. Thomas J. Jones. Standing: Edward V. Seeser; Raymond D. Chaney; William D. Linfoot; James R. Tucker; Valentine I. Kravitz; Claude N. Harris; Malcolm J. Holland; William L. Jessup, and Victor F. Brown.

9: Not all the firing was done on the rifle range. Some of it was done in the galley range, and the Mess Steward. M.T-Sgt. Emile P. Jouanillou, kept the Marine Corps shooters well fed throughout the

matches.

### PROFESSONAL TEXTBOOK

THE MARINE'S HANDBOOK, By Captain L. A. Brown, U.S.M.C. (Annapolis, Md.: U. S. Naval Institute, 1937. Pp. xi, 178. \$.75, less 10% for 50 to 100 copies, less 20% for 100 or over, all prices postpaid.)

The Marine's Handbook which has already proved its worth as the most valu able single volume covering the training prescribed by Marine Corps Order No. 113 for all Marines, has been republished, this time in regular book form by the U. S. Naval Institute of Annapolis, Md. The little work is well known in its previous form to many Marines as it has already gone through four editions with a total sales of approximately ten thousand copies. previous editions have, however, either been mimeographed or multigraphed. The current edition is printed on high grade paper, and is profusely illustrated by diagrams and cuts. The scope and purpose of the book is well stated in the author's introduction:

Scope, The Marine's Handbook comprises a complete set of questions and answers on all subjects of training for Marine Corps enlisted personnel, as enumerated under Marine Corps Order Num ber 113, with the exception of "Combat principles, the rifle platoon" and "Com bat principles, the rifle company." compliance with numerous requests and recommendations by both commissioned and enlisted personnel, the following sub jects not included in Marine Corps Order 113, have been added:

Individual instruction without arms. Rifle marksmanship.

Pistol marksmanship.

Display of equipment and clothing.

Purpose. This book, in its direct and form, may be used advantage ously by all grades of enlisted personnel in preparation for examinations to higher rank and as a text book in post schools. The questions and answers, by their form and construction, accomplish three desirable effects, namely: (1) Cause the subject matter to stand clearer in the reader's mind than ordinary manuscript. (2) Enable an instructor to conduct written examination for any number of men in a short period of time due to the fact that the majority of the questions are answered in but a few words. Eliminate all guess-work "yes or no" answers are avoided.

The book is arranged in a progressive course of study beginning with the in-struction of the individual without arms and proceeding through the prescribed training with the several infantry weapons which the Marine Corps uses and on through the different close order to extended order movements of the rifle company and its subdivisions. The essential principles of infantry combat of the squad

WHEN YOU ARE TRANSFERRED BE SURE TO FURNISH THE LEATHERNECK WITH YOUR NEW **ADDRESS** 

and section are covered in two chapters. Special chapters devoted to the description, mechanics and care of the rifle, automatic rifle, automatic pistol, the Thompson submachine gun, the V.B. rifle grenade and to hand grenades supply the essential knowledge on the basic weapons of the Marine Corps. A new chapter has been added on rifle marksmanship which is especially valuable since Colonel Harllee's scorebook which has for so many years supplied the basic data for rifle shooting is no longer available. The essentials of pistol shooting are likewise covered in a brief chapter. The chapter on the pack and display of clothing is particularly well illustrated with drawings and cuts and no marine who possesses this manual could ever go wrong in his inspection layout. Short chapters containing the basic principles of tent pitching, first aid and personal hygiene present the essential knowledge which should be known by every well trained Marine about those subjects. The necessary knowledge which every well-instructed Marine should know about guard duty is contained in two brief chapters. The closing chapters are devoted to scouting and patroling and to musketry.

The text of the book obviously covers the whole field of military training of a Marine in all except the higher non-commissioned grades. It is especially valuable for men preparing for examination for promotion. Colonel W. P. Upshur, U.S.M.C., comments very appropriately on the book as follows: "It is not only useful for instruction during school periods, but permits anyone, by individual study to gain first hand knowledge of basic principles that enlisted men should know. He also recommended it for use of Marine Reservists in the following statement: "The Marine's Handbook should be of particular value to officers and men of the Marine Corps Reserve, whose time for drill and instruction is limited. practical drill and instruction, coupled with conscientious study, all concerned can meet a high standard of knowledge and efficiency in the subjects herein treated." Its usefulness to the Marine Corps Reserve is further evidenced by fact that during the last eighteen months Marine Reservists have purchased upward to one thousand copies of the Handbook.

The Marine's Handbook should be similarly valuable to Marine Corps recruits whose training could be greatly facilitated by individual reading and study either during or outside of their regular instruction hours.

Since the Naval Institute has taken over the publication and sale of Captain Brown's basic book of instruction for Marines it has become a regular and it is hoped "permanent" part of military literature and readily available to all persons in need of such information. All sales hereafter will be handled by the publisher. The distribution of the book may be carried on by all post exchanges not located in a navy yard or station. At other posts it will be necessary for the distribution of the book to be made by some other agency or person in order to comply with existing restrictions impersons in the regular naval service.

> C. H. METCALF, Lieut. Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps.

# SPORIS

# EX-MARINE LEADS ST. MARY'S TO 7-0 VICTORY OVER BASE GRIDDERS

By Ken Bojens

If he never earned a medal for his rifle marksmanship, Jim Franklin can consider himself eligible for honors for his accuracy With a football. The 190-pound ex-Marine beat the San Diego Marines September 26 in the stadium while 4,500 spectators marvelled at his precision in rifling a ball down the field. In the uniform of St. Mary's college of San Antonio, he fired the shot which defeated his former Devil Dog team mates, 7 to 0, in the second annual meeting between the inter-sectional rivals.

Just a year ago Franklin quarterbacked for the Marines as they dropped a 12 to 7 decision to the Rattlers. His enlistment completed a few months later, the sturdy athlete enrolled at St. Mary's, made the squad for the current barnstorming tour and returned to San Diego under new colors to break up a scoreless deadlock with a successful barrage of passes in the closing stages of yesterday's engagement.

It was his straight-firing right arm which hurled the ball to Burron Brown as the latter stood on the Marine four-yard line. And, after Brown had sliced over tackle for the game's only touchdown on the next play, it was Franklin's right toe which planted the oval through the uprights for the extra point.

Until yesterday, Franklin had been unable to make the first string, but, possibly to give him a chance against his former mates, Coach Frank Bridges started him at fullback. His performance was good, but not spectacular, until the fag end of the fourth quarter when he called into action his throwing wing and one needed to look at the scoreboard to see what resulted.

Through the first half, the tustle had settled down into a furious battle between lines, with the Marines, principally because of the work of Steve Sabol, Rex Harris, Dave Devore and Willie Devore, getting a bit the best of it. Midway in the opening quarter a pass, Hal Baricau to Cliff Griffin, put the Devil Dogs on the St. Mary's 16-yard line where the drive stopped when Guy Todd intercepted a subsequent toss on the 13 and put the Rattlers in command of the situation temporarily.

mand of the situation temporarily.

From then on up to the half-time intermission the collegians made all the threats. Three times in the second quarter they advanced toward the promised land, but each time they were stopped either by fumbles or penalties. Once, when Paul Buchanan, as fine an end as you'd care to see, recovered a Marine penalty deep in

the sea soldiers' territory, the Rattlers got as far as the 12-yard stripe only to be thwarted.

With almost all of the action taking place on the line of serimmage, the clubs moved through a limpid third session during which their running attacks bogged down and the kickers were called on to take over the burden. If either side had a good punter the break might have oc-



His educated toe beat his former Marine mates.

curred then, but the booting was mediocre on both teams,

Through the fourth chukker they fought as the Marines, with fresh men on the field, twice moved inside the 20-yard line to be stopped with pay soil almost within reach. Then, as the big time clock at the north end of the greensward tolled off the final minutes, the waited-for break popped up.

Franklin, back on the gridiron after a sojourn on the bench, began to hurl the ball around the premises. One pass sailed 50 yards into the waiting arms of H. Wendorf deep in Marine territory, but the play was nullified by an off-side penalty. Following a punt exchange, the Rattlers recovered a Devil Dog fumble on the Marine 31 and Franklin was short with an attempted field goal. Less than half a

dozen plays later St. Mary's pounced on another Leatherneck fumble on the servicemen's 28 and again Franklin was called upon.

Dropping well back, he threw the hoghide to Halfback Brown down on the fouryard line where he was thrown out of bounds. On first down, Brown clasped the ball and drove off tackle for a touchdown and six points. Franklin bowed out of the picture after he had converted with a perfect placement.

It was a tough one for Capt. C. McL. Lott's men to lose, but it undoubtedly will benefit them. They looked good at times and sluggish at others, but, at least, they showed they can display both offensive and defensive ability when they start rolling.

the summary;						
St. Mary's (7)	Pos.		(0)	M	ari	nes
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Williams	rh	Webb				
Roy	lh	Gibson				
		fb Roundtree				
Score by quarter	'S:				_	_
St. Mary's						
Marines		0	0	0	0-	-0

Scoring: St. Mary's—touchdown, Brown; point after touchdown, Franklin. Officials: Referec, Morris Gross; umpire, Harold Neidermeyer; head linesman, Charles Smith; field judge, Cletus Gardner.

-San Diego Union.

# PEARL HARBOR SPORTS By J. W. G.

Baseball is all over for the 1937 season, and the Marines did themselves quite proud by finishing in third place. Of course, some of the Wolves still say the Marines should have won the Sector-Navy Championship, but we still have to be contented with third. The hard fighting lads of the Leatherneck squad have one consolation in the fact that they whipped the Submarine Base team two out of three games. The Sub's won the League Championship and went on to beat the Army lads for the Service Championship, so that some of the boys are saying, over their morning coffee in the Post Exchange, "makes the Marines really the top team on the island this season." How about it Wolves?

All kidding aside, the lads played mighty fine ball, and everyone was back of them all the time. That is, most all the time. Sgt. Raymond Sadler is to be commended on his fine work as Coach and Captain of the team. Coach Sadler handled the team well, and also did a lot of ground covering around that old first sack. Hats off

(Continued on page 46)

# MARINE CORPS RESERVE

# THIRTEENTH BATTALION PUSHES FALL TRAINING SCHEDULE WITH THREE PUBLIC EVENTS

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, F.M.C.R.

HROUGH the initiative of Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, Inspector-Instructor and Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, battalion commander, a training program designed to emphasize field

training in a practical manner, rather than ceremonial, close order drill and "dress parade" training has been instituted and is proving very popular with officers and enlisted men in general.

Three events in which members of the battalion will participate in during October include the quarterly drill competition for the Battalion Commanders Cup which will be held at the Victor McLaglen Stadium on Sunday afternoon, October 31, 1937. Two bands will furnish music, a WPA concert band will provide music before the competition and "between halves." A band, not as yet selected, will provide the march music for the battalion parade and review to follow the drill competition. Probably the Los Angeles Police Band will be se-lected. The general public has been in-vited and it is anticipated that about a thousand people will witness the ceremony and competition.

On a later date, not yet selected, the presentation of the Joseph P. Sproul indi-vidual marksmanship medals will be made to Privates A. J. Klepl of A Co. and John J. Doyle of B Company. These medals were donated by Major Joseph P. Sproul, USMC, former company commander of A

A third event will be the Navy Day celebration on Navy Day, October 27, on the steps of Los Angeles City Hall, Major Sproul is a member of the Executive Committee in charge of the day's ceremonies which will feature an address by an admiral of the Navy. Plans are under way for the celebration of the birthday of the Marine Corps on November 10, which will be followed by participation in the Armistice Day parades in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Inglewood and Glendale, home cities of the companies in the 13th Battalion.

Recruiting campaigns are under way among the various companies, with teams in each company vying for honors in bringing in the most and best recruits.

Through the initiative of Captain A. J. hite, USNR, Captain Wm. J. Fox, White, USNR, Captain Wm. J. Fox, FMCR, who is commanding officer of the Long Beach Marine Corps Reserve Aviation Squadron and aso Chief Engineer and Public Works Co-ordinating officer for Los Angeles County, Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, Inspector-Instructor of the 13th Battalion, Major Steele, USMC, OIC, Recruiting District of Los Angeles, Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, commanding officer of the 13th Battalion and other Navy and Marine Corps Reserve officers.

the County of Los Angeles, through its Board of Supervisors recently approved the allocation of \$300,000.00 to match federal WPA funds for the construction of a Naval and Marine Corps Reserve Armory to be located in Elysian Park, Los Angeles.

Although the project is only in its formative stages and there are many problems to be solved before actual construction can begin, such as the legal allocation of city property by the Los Angeles City Council as a site for the proposed armory, it is felt that a forward step has been taken.

# 5TH BATTALION RESERVES TO TRY FOR NAVAL ACADEMY

Eight reservists of the Fifth Battalion, FMCR, from Washington and nearby vicinity have made application for next year's Midshipmen class at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. They are: George Oliver Atkinson, Francis W. Augustine, Gordon Fisk Blood, Stewart L. Bosl, Arthur G. Hamilton, Robert Edward Smith, Ned M. Thorne and Robert Viner.

The Fifth Battalion has always stood at the head of the list in the number of applicants and appointments to the Naval

Academy from the various reserve units. As the law permits the appointment of only twenty-five Naval or Marine Corps reservists each year, it has repeatedly been recommended to Congress to increase this number to fifty, as the number of desirable applicants seems to increase yearly. The Fifth Battalion is represented at the present time, in every class

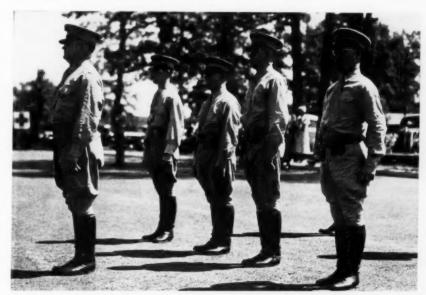
at the Naval Academy.
First call for the "Discoverer's Day" parade, will again bring out the Fifth Battalion and their band to take part in the Knights of Columbus parade.

1st Lt. John E. Fondahl, the Battalion's ordnance and range officer, was awarded a gold marksmanship medal as a member of the reserve team which won both the Hilton and Rumanian trophies at the National match at Camp Perry, Ohio. This team, though beaten by the regular Marine team, Army and Coast Guard, came out on the top of all other National Guard or Reserve teams.

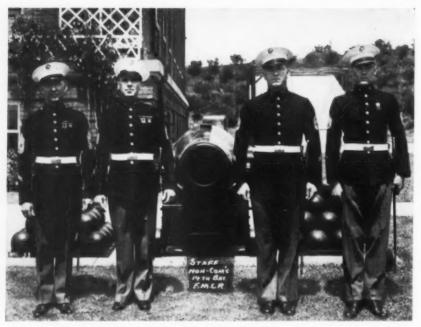
## MAJ. MILLER ELECTED V. P. **BOXING COMMISSION**

At the 18th Annual Convention of the National Boxing Association, held at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Major Harvey L. Miller, FMCR, of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission and Boxing Coach at the University of Maryland, was elected second vice president of the National Boxing Association.

Major Miller, who commands the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, was also re-appointed to the Chairmanship of the Championship Ratings Committee which has charge of the quarterly rating of the ten leading contenders in each class of fistiana,



Battalion Commander Major Harvey L. Miller and staff, left to right, First Lieutenant William J. Burrows, Adjutant; Captain William W. Stickney, Battalion Executive Officer; Lieutenant Commander Don S. Knowlton, Battalion Surgeon; First Lieutenant Rex R. Hill,
Battalion Quartermaster.



Some of the staff sergeants of the 14th Battalion are shown here. From left to right they are: Sergeant Major W. V. Sheldon, Supply Sergeant W. H. Fields, (both just reenlisted); Platoon Sergeants James Clark and Loren Hafner.

## COMPANY A, SIXTH BAT-TALION, FMCR

Company A, is now preparing for the win-The small bore range has been ter senson. opened and the men are receiving instruction with the .22 calibre rifle before firing for record. Cold weather also brings basket-ball, and with the excellent facilities present, Company A is sure to make a bid for the battalion trophy.

All the men from the company that went on the battalion boat ride August 20, en-joyed it very much as it was a welcome relief from the heat. This statement may be confirmed by asking any of the men who

wore dress uniform.

The enlisted men of Company A, were treated to a keg of beer on September 1st, after drill, by Lts. Waybright and Tracy. This party took place in "Armory Bar, which is below deck in the armory.

Some of the men of this company have been engaging in outside events which have gained notice in the papers. Ralph Mann, who in cooperation with the Linden Model Airplane Club, built and flew a gas model plane that established a flying record at the Union County gas-model meet. Pvt. Lester Wesighan, who aspires to big time motorcycle racing, entered the 100 mile national championship race at Langhorne, Pa., on Labor Day. Wesighan and his Indian-Savannah Sport Scout were forced out of both trials due to spark-plug trouble. entire company is following both of these men with sharp eyes because time will no doubt see Mann and Wesighan high in their respective fields of airplanes and motoreyeles.

# 14TH BATTALION, FMCR Spokane, Washington By L. M. Norris

Fall work has started off with a bang here in Spokane, many of the members who were away on vacations or working in other localities, have again returned Spokane and to the regular Monday night drills. We are very glad to have them back again.

The old "go-down" doesn't look the same now. We recently received a shipment of lockers and they have all been installed, numbered and issued. It takes some space out of the corner of our drill but we are glad to spare the space the convenience which they afford. We'll have the place looking like a barracks yet.

We had a big bean feed during the last month. It was held in the Hunter's Room of a local hotel. I don't know if there any connection with a bean feed and the name, "Hunter's Room," or not. Lt. Partridge, our commanding officer, gave a resume of the fall work that is being planned. A membership drive is now on and those who bring in new members, will be treated to a chicken dinner. Others

We all watched with interest, the record set up by Cpl. Don C. Brewer, of the 14th Bn., in the Camp Perry matches. Our corporal walked away with some nice prize money and five awards-wait until you see

his record next year.

Just to show you how well the boys like the 14th Battalion, here is a list of the men who either extended or shipped over: Sgt. Maj. W. V. Sheldon, Supply Sgt. W. H. Fields, Sgt. Kelly, Sgt. Hillman, Cpl. Bergman, Pfc. Deatherage and Pvt. Bren-

Major Anderson, Inspector-Instructor, has some big plans for the future of this unit. Other reserve battalions might just as well get used to the idea of being an "also ran" for we are just beginning to get our

# SIXTH BATTALION F.M.C.R. Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

It has been a sort of moral obligation to see that news from the Sixth Battalion appears in each issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

Since taking over the job of correspondent some eighteen months or so ago, we have been able to break into print via this magazine each month. The only question is as to whether what we have had to say could really be classed as "news."

However, the main object has been accomplished and that is that we want our readers to know that the Sixth is still in existence and doing business at the old

On September 18 this battalion turned out "en masse" and took part in the exercises held in Philadelphia in commemoration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Constitution of the United States. A mammoth parade was staged on that date in which many military A mammoth parade was organizations took part. Our battalion was one of the first to pass the reviewing stand, the only ones ahead of us being the detail sent from the local Navy Yard. The parade ended at one of the Municipal piers along the Delaware River where a buffet luncheon was served, including the proper beverage for such a luncheon. I might add, that our battalion took a leading part in this as well as in the parade. After the parade, they were transported in busses to Philadelphia Stadium where they witnessed a competition by drum and bugle corps from the city and nearby towns.

On Tuesday evening, October 5, Admiral Cluverius made his first inspection of this outfit since he took over command of the local Navy Yard. In spite of the terrific downpour of rain, the attendance was very good and from what we have been able to learn, the Admiral was exceptionally pleased

with what he saw.

And now a few words in closing about our band. In comparison to the other members of this battalion, the band members are veterans. They have more active service to their credit than their brothers who handle the rifle. On September 21, by orders of the Major General Commandant, members of the band who volunteered for the duty were ordered on active duty to participate in the American Legion parade held in connection with the convention of that organization held in New York City. The band accomheld in New York City. The band accom-panied the post from this city, known as Marine Post, and had the distinction of being the only band in the entire parade that wore the uniform of the U. S. Marines.

### MARINES WIN AGAIN

In the parade held in Philadelphia on October 7 in connection with the Fire-men's Convention, the band with the Capitol View Fire Company of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, was awarded first prize as the best appearing band. band accompanying this organization along the line of march was none other than the Sixth Battalion Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, First Sergeant William B. Crap, Bandmaster.
It was through the efforts of Captain

Charles Cox, USMCR, that this band took part in the parade. Captain Cox was formerly connected with the Sixth Battalion in the days when it was known as the Third Battalion of the Nineteenth

Reserve Regiment.

# COMPANY A, 15TH BATTALION Galveston, Texas

Galveston, Iexas

By Henry Wm. Nichols, Jr.

Company A, 15th Batt., F.M.C.R. of
Galveston, Texas, gave its first dance on
the night of September twenty-fifth, from 10:00 p.m. until 2:00 a.m.

The event took place in the pavilion of Kempner Park. The Hall was beautifully decorated with bunting, which, together with the cool breeze and charming surroundings of lawns, and trees and shrubbery combined to add to the pleasure

of those present.

A splendid orchestra from Fort Crockett provided the dance music, and started off promptly at the stroke of 10 with a right zippy number. The music was alluring, but somehow, whether it was due to shyness, or just good old fashioned respect for the Officers, the boys stuck to the punch-bowl or just stood around until the "Superior" and their ladies started the dancing off-but after that, ha-ha-the immaculate white uniforms and the snappy blue ones could hardly be discerned on the floor among the khakies! No sir, we didn't let any of that good music go to waste!

Officers who were present: Lt. Col. and Mrs. Clark W. Thompson. Adjutant Capt. and Mrs. Max Clark, Major and Mrs. J. E. Pearce.

Co. A. Commander Capt. and Mrs. W.

Co. B. Commander Capt. and Mrs. Gold-

Lt. and Mrs. Ward.

1st Sgt. and Mrs. H. P. Crouch.

Sgt. and Mrs. Watson.
Sgt. and Mrs. Paul W. Fuhrhop.

1st Sgt. and Mrs. I. Smith.

Company B of Texas City has been bragging about their beer team, and keep bringing out the "slop sheet" showing they drank nearly twice as much beer at camp than did A Company of Galveston. However, let them get to their holes when it comes to gin. Of course the B Company boys came over and soon after the dance started the marathon started. For a while it was nip and tuck, but the Galveston boys walked away with the prize from about 11:00 o'clock on. In fact the punch bowl was emptied about five times before midnight, and at that time the gin gave out. The punch was half and half—half gin and half gingerale, with just a little fruit juice in it to "cut" the gin.

Hastily digging in pockets produced enough cash for 1st Sgt. Fraiser, Sgt. Fuhrhop and Cpl. Goldberg to be off on a very important mission. A thorough reconnaissance of the town produced only three and a half quarts of gin. happened the committee in charge did not figure on A Company drinking so much, and had an adequate supply for a normal dance, but of course this was abnormal. The dance took place on Saturday, and it was early Sunday morning when the scouting party left the pavilion, and nat-urally all the liquor shops close at midnight Saturday. However through some good friends we were able to manage.

The dance broke up at 2:00 A.M., and most everybody took their girls (and wives) to the Tremont Sandwich Shop for something to eat, and another dance or two at the Tavern.

### 19TH BATTALION, FMCR Augusta, Georgia By Novatney

The 19th Battalion was authorized by the Major General Commandant on the 29 October, 1936, to consist of two rifle companies and a Headquarters Company. On the 20 September, 1937, an additional Company was authorized. At this writing the third Company is being recruited.

We have as our Inspector-Instructor, Captain Donald Spicer who has been with

us from the start, is well liked by all members of the Battalion both Regular and Reserve and is constantly working for the betterment of the organization.

Our Battalion Officer's roster is as follows: Captain Walter W. Barr, Battalion

Commander. First Lieutenant Hayden Freeman, Exec-

utive Officer and Commanding Officer Headquarters Company. First Lieutenant Aquilla J. Dyess, Bat-

talion Adjutant and Officer in Charge of Recruiting.

First Lieutenant Charles D. Sylvester,

Battalion Quartermaster. First Lieutenant William D. Harden, Commanding Officer "A" Company. Second Lieutenant William O. Wall, Jr.,

Company Officer "A" Company. First Lieutenant Curtis E. Smith, Jr.,

Commanding Officer "B" Company.

Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Stafford, Jr., Company Officer "B" Company.

From the 13th to the 27th of June we held our annual field training which proved to be a great success. Officers and men were commended in the manner in which they settled down to two weeks of hard work in training and field problems. The Board of Observers were Major C. M. Ruffner, senior member and 1st Lieut. Reineke, member and recorder. We wish to take this opportunity in thanking them for their cooperation and favorable reports forwarded in our behalf.

R. L. Wilson who has been 1st Sgt. with the Inspector-Instructor staff was transferred recently to the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. Good luck, Wilson.

1st Sgt. C. G. Schuler came to us as a replacement from Parris Island, S. C. Welcome Pop to this organization.

# SEASON UNDER WAY WITH **BROOKLYN RESERVES** AT NAVY YARD

ORE activity, both in training and athletic as well as social events, than ever before scheduled, is the

program of "Brooklyn's Own" Third Battalion of the Reserve, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Already well ahead with its armory training work, and the rifle range qualifications on its new range, the Third will really get into stride with the big house-warming for outsiders, in the new Reserve Building on Saturday night November 6th. The guest of honor Lt. Col. James Roosevelt FMCR, and many notables of the Army, Navy, rine Corps, National Guard and veterans groups will be present. Inspection of the new building, and a dance, will be the main features of the evening's program.

Announcement that Col. Thomas B. Gale USMC, the Battalion's popular inspectorinstructor, would be with the outfit for another year was received with enthusiasm by officers and men alike. His professional and personal interest in each unit has won him the admiration and personal co-operation of every officer and man in the organization. The work of Sgts. Dowd and Holmes of the regulars, assigned to the Battalion, also has been an inspiration to the reservists to set even better records than they have in the Sgt. Holmes' work on the rifle past. range should result in the Third surpassing even their past records at camp, when they carried first place among the battalions in camp at Quantico last summer.

On Saturday, October 9th, the Battalion played host to the officers and men of the regular Corps at the Navy Yard, with a dance and reception in the new build-The close co-operation between regular and reserve troops in the Navy Yard has resulted in a fine spirit of friendship, and the party was one of series which the reservists have arranged for their regular service comrades.

Motion pictures, both black and white and in color, taken by Captains Howard Houck and M. V. O'Connell FNCR at Quantico last summer, have been shown to the various units, and are now in the

film library which the Battalion has built up in the few years since it was formed. Maneuver films, training camp and other military subjects including World War signal corps films, are included in this library which is used for instruction and training purposes.

With the resumption of the winter field uniforms, an inspection of all units was conducted by Col. Gale recently, and all outfits were in fine shape and their equipment in excellent condition. The storeroom of A Company, set up by Cpl. Zigmunt Boroski, received special commendation and was set as a model upon which all other storerooms of the organization will be operated and laid out.

Company A, incidentally, has suffered from Cupid's darts rather heavily during the past months, with four of its memhaving become benedicts. The grooms are 1st Sgt. Herbert Levins, Pfcs. Arthur Brennan and Frederick Casper, and Pvt. John Chamberlain. These "blushing grooms" were so coy as to withhold all details so the facts are given as obtain-

B Company likewise registered an important nuptial when its company commander 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw deserted the thinning bachelor ranks of the commissioned personnel and was wed in Septem-In his absence 2nd Lt. Edgar F. Persky carried on manfully as acting commanding officer.

Company's skipper, Capt. Howard Houck, displayed his strategy and tactical ability, when, though all the Police Department were ordered to special duty during the American Legion national convention, was able to get away on his annual vacation during that hectic week. Lt. Mark Neville, his second in command, carried on in his absence, and the company is working hard to protect the numerous battalion trophies which they captured during the past year and at Quan-Lt. Neville assumed the post of tico. Battalion Baseball officer vacated by the newly-wed Lt. Lindlaw, and did a fine job for his first year team work. Capt. John J. Dolan of A Company



THE BEER TEAM OF COMPANY B, 15TH BATTALION, FMCR, TEXAS CITY, TEXAS

These lads challenge the field, with losers to pay for the beer. Your editors haven't been informed as to whether it must be a shoulder-to-shoulder match, or if we can shoot it out on the postal basis.

was thrilled no end by the sight of his returning second in command, Lt. Andre Charbonier, who had been away aiding in business situations for his firm in various parts of the country.

D Company, with the Battalion rifle championship in its possession for the second consecutive season, has been sharpening its sights on the range, and is determined to take the honors again this season with both .22 and .30 calibre weapons. Capt. O'Connell and 2nd Lt. John Goodwin, played hosts to the entire company at a "Sands Street Soiree" to reward the lads for their winning ways with the rifle, and the foamed nectar ran free and fully. Individual high score medals were awarded to Pfe. Augusta, and Diamond and Cpl. (Co. Clerk) Paul Wield, and to Gy-Sgt. Harry Seplowe and 1st Sgt. Eddie Anderson.

Headquarters Company and the Band

Headquarters Company and the Band are setting new high records for drill attendance, and Captains Wm. (Adjutant) Carey and John V. D. (QM) Young are beaming their pleasure at the way their boys are doing. The band, and a color guard from D Company, performed with credit at the Atlantic City beauty pageant in September.

Athletics are well under way, and the basketball squad, under the coaching of Capt. O'Connell as in the past, is an all-veteran outfit. Practise is already under way, and a longer schedule than ever before attempted has been arranged by Sgt. James Niosi, of Headquarters, the team manager. Games with Philadelphin, Washington, New Jersey and other Marine Reserve quintets are being arranged, and also with the leading army, navy and national guard units in and around New York City. Formation of an all-military basketball league is also under consideration.

Many new candidates for enlistment have appeared, and are under consideration for admission. A new system of recruiting, whereby interested local Legion posts select, recommend and then "sponsor" a recruit through his entire enlistment is being adopted and should produce some good material. The Battalion usually has a waiting list of candidates, who are selected to fill any vacancies as they may occur. Due to this situation the annual turnover of the outfit is remarkably low. Competition for drill attendance by units and individuals also has kept this record at a high point in the Battalion.

The entire Battalion was happy to learn that 1st Sgt. Kenneth Everhart, formerly of D Company, and well known and liked throughout the organization, has been discharged from Long Island Hospital, where he had been a patient since early last Spring.

Major B. S. Barron, commanding the organization, extends a cordial invitation to all Reservists from other units, officers and men, to visit the Reserve Building at the Yard whenever they come to New York City. Drill nights are on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, and basketball games on Sunday afternoons.

### NOTES FROM THE HUB 2nd Bn., FMCR. NYd.. Boston, Mass. By R. I. N

By R. L. N. Who said the Second Battalion wasn't seagoing? Anybody desiring the proof of the pudding need just drop over to Bos-Yard any Saturday afternoon Navy and see for themselves. Or in other words to make a long story short our resourceful Battalion CO, Captain Joseph T. Crowley, FMCR, negotiated with the Boston Division of the U. S. Coast Guard to the end that we are allowed to use of the whaleboats from a cutter berthed at the yard. A crew from the battalion is being formed with the very generous assistance of a Coast Guardsman acting as instructor and 2nd Lt. S. W. Meredith FMCR, and 1st Sgt. Williams USMC, taking turns as coxswain. So don't be a bit surprised if you hear of our "hearties" trimming one of the crews from some of the wagons that slip into the yard off and on. Progress is being reported all along the line in this new endeavor along with the spirit shown by the men in turning to on the week-end holiday. Many thanks Coast Guard, for your generosity.

Your correspondent was given a report of progress by Lieutenant "Mike" Sodano VMCR, coach of the Battalion football team. Many challenges are being received, the latest one from the State Prison Colony at Norfolk, Mass. Have no fears, boys, 'tis nothing like the "Castle" out there. The only thing holding our embryo players from hitting the line at the present time is lack of proper equipment, the men being required to furnish their own.

Many favorable comments are being received upon the creditable appearance made by the battalion in the Constitution Day parade on Friday, 17 September. Every man turned out spick and span, and along with gratifying remarks by Captain Crowley, 1st Sgt. Williams who observed the line of march at several different points declared that we marched like veterans. The men marched in & Pershing square preceded by officers, colors and staff NCO's. The battalion marched in the first division directly behind a massed formation of U. S. Army Reserve officers attached to the 1st Corps Area. Transportation was furnished in the form of busses, Captain Crowley having made arrangements for their from the parade committee at the State House. This along with the fact that we just missed a heavy downpour of rain made a very successful and momentous day in the history of the 2nd Battalion.

Our rifle teams are firing three nights a week at the indoor range at the yard. being coached by 1st Sgt. Williams, Platoon Sgt. Trahan and Cpl. Edwards. Edwards is back in town after six weeks with the Marine Corps Reserve Rifle Team at Quantico, Va., and Camp Perry, Ohio. He returned with enough medals to make a Panamanian general's heart Edwards also turn green with envy. placed in the President's Hundred while at Perry, in other words being one of the best hundred shots in the U. S. with a .30 calibre rifle. He is also the recipient of a letter of congratulations from the Major General Commandant for his shooting on the reserve team that won the Hilton Match. Edwards also is a pilot holding a transport license and any weekend will find him at one of the airports in the vicinity of Boston instructing students and getting in his time in the air.

Many members of the battalion took advantage of the chance to hear the U. S. Marine Band, Captain Taylor Branson, leader, which gave two concerts in the city this past Sunday and to have heard them play is to feel proud that we are in close association with them through our service in the FMCR. Quite a few of the men were present with the local detachment of the Marine Corps League which along with a local newspaper sponsored the two concerts.

That the battalion is becoming better known of late by the favorable publicity it is receiving is testified to by the number of applicants that are to be seen flocking to the recruiting office each Wednesday night, along with the large number of inquiries being received by mail requesting information. 2nd Lieutenant Irn J. Irwin FMCR, is OIC of recruiting in addition to his regular duties as CO of Company D. All in all things are looking up here at Boston and the morale was never higher, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

We are pleased to announce at this time the promotion of 1st Sergeant Frank-lin J. Weeman FMCR, to Marine Gunner. The gunner has long acted in the capacity of NCO in Charge of Company B at Portland, Maine, in an extremely capable and efficient manner, and after a long lapse of time we now have a Commanding Officer at Portland. All members of the command join in congratulating Gunner Weeman on his well deserved promo-Word has also come through from tion. the hills that his acting 1st Sgt. and property Sgt. Cpl. Wesley H. Stewart has been recommended for promotion to the rank of 1st Sergeant. Stewart is the holder in this battalion of the Jennie Fox Wiedmann Medal for being the best all around reservist in the outfit and he will be a worthy successor to Gunner Weeman's old billet.

Our I&I, Lt. Col. Marshall USMC, is back with us after an enjoyable and extended tour of England and the Continent. The colonel reports a pleasant trip and is ready to embark and coach us on an intensive schooling and training program for the coming winter months.

We are pleased to report at this time that 1st Lieutenant James J. Dugan FMCR, exec of Company A has been signally honored in being re-elected to serve a second term as president of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association composed of all Marine reserve officers within the 1st Naval District. Lieutenant Dugan has a weather eye peeled for recruits at all times and gives the battalion publicity through his write-ups which he inserts in local papers.

The battalion's high priced enlisted help, that is the NCO's, posed for their picture last night on the drill-floor and we are now shaking in our boots awaiting the arrival of a bill to be proportioned evenly among us for 1 perfectly good camera. Never mind fellows it may not be that bad and if not we will have our mugs on display in the newspapers, perhaps.

Company C is boasting of the fact that they have the largest number of exmembers now in the regular Marine Corps. Guess it must be Lieutenant "Les" Dickson's "Stony Craig" that is doing it or something or other. May I take the privilege of inserting a note to Technical Sergeant Rentfrow of The Leatherneck staff and Lieutenant Dickson's collaborator, to the effect that it is the concensus of opinion up here that he bit off the wrong end of the job, i.e., with "Les" trekking to the Naval Hospital here to interview nurses as to the curriculum and so forth of the Navy Nurse's Corps. Never mind, Sergeant, be consoled with the fact that you have a Naval Hospital in Washington also, notwithstanding the fact that the Lieutenant has already "dug in." (Thanks, but I saw enough of that hospital last year, with a Thanksgiving Dinner consisting of one glass of milk, Rentfrow.)

Names make news, to copy the wording in TIME if I may, and the following names made news in the 2nd Battalion

this past month: 1st Sgt. Wallace and Sgt. Fall still studying up on memo receipts; 1st Sgt. Williams still looking seaward with a wistful eye and perhaps dreaming of a spot somewhere "East of Suez." It's tough being a beachcomber, isn't it Top? Sgt, "Rusty" Innes trying to turn out a corporal's guard for a big parade in Brookline, with tears in his eyes, mind you; Cpl. Edwards is still going back in the regulars; Pfc. Smith, Hq. Co., is conspicuous by his continued absence—too many dates in Winthrop, Smitty, or is it that Oklahoma gal? Cpls. Murphy, P., and Morris observed with their one and only's taking in the Marine Band, but where was Benny? Pvt. Jack Mc-Clory transferring out and settling down in the big city; Cpl. Seelig catching crabs out in mid-harbor of a Saturday p.m., in a whaleboat of all places; and to end it all, when do we leave for China?

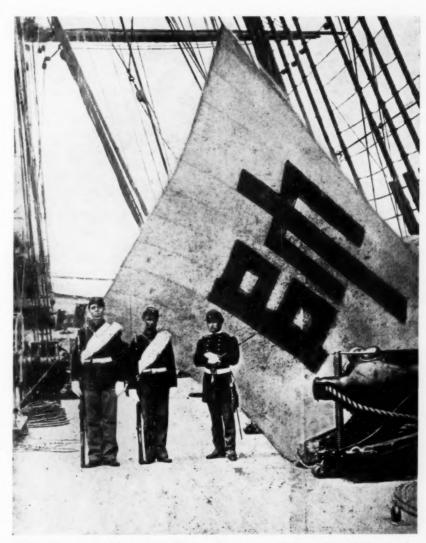
## HEADQUARTERS, FOURTH BATTALION

Newark, N. J.

Many items of interest concerning activities of the Fourth Battalion must be mentioned and probably the most efficient manner of reporting them will be to do so chronologically.

First of all we take great pleasure in welcoming Lieutenant Edward G. Losch into the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. He saw service in the Marine Corps during the World War, afterwards received a commission in the Army Reserve Corps, and recently was again bitten by the old bug which compelled him to again join up with the Marine Corps. He heads his own Contracting firm in North Bergen, N. J., and has been assigned to Company B as Company Officer.

The different Companies of the Bat-



Sixty-six years ago this immense Korean flag was captured at Fort McKee in the attacks on the Salee River forts, Korea, June 10 and 11, 1871, by Private Purvis (center) of the U.S.S. Alaska, assisted by Corporal Brown of the U.S.S. Colorado, both awarded Medals of Honor. On right, Capt. McLane Tilton, commanding Marines. Photograph taken on board U. S. Steam Frigate Colorado, Capt. George Cooper, Commanding, Flagship of Rear Admiral John Rodgers, Commanding U. S. Asiatic Fleet.



Depot Detachment, Port au Prince, Haiti, 1916

talion partook with other military organizations in Constitution Day ceremonies. Company B paraded in West New York, and C and D Companies paraded in Newark on Friday night, September 17. Company A was less fortunate, as the parade was held in Elizabeth at 2 p.m. instead of at night as in the other cities, and, as most of its members are employed by such concerns as Standard Oil, Singers, Simmons, General Motors, etc., not enough could be mustered to make a good showing.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Corporal Moskowitz of Company D, the Battalion Band is taking shape. At the first organization meeting, 13 musicians reported from the various Companies, and in addition, there were 25 other prospective band members who are apparently

anxious to join the Battalion.
On the weekend of September 18th, 26 members of the Battalion took advantage of the very kind offer of Lt. Col. W. H. T. Galliford, USMC, to use the range at Lakehurst Naval Air Station and to spend the weekend there. Nine men of the Battalion who didn't have an opportunity to shoot at Quantico last summer fired the practice round on Saturday afternoon and for record Sunday morning. The remainder of the group were also given the opportunity to fire the course and use up the Battalion ammunition allowance. Among those firing for record, 2nd Lt. Byron Thornton qualified as an expert rifleman, 2nd Lt. John J. Waybright, Sergeant Donald E. Wright, and Private George Boettger qualified as Sharpshooters, and Major Otto Lessing, 2nd Lts. H. C. Drewes and Charles S. Tracy, and Privates Albert F. Maddox and Joseph J. (Jo-Jo) De Lorka qualified as Marksmen.

The Battalion very much appreciated the hospitality and many courtesies shown them by Col. Galliford and the other Ma-The ably conducted rines on the post. tour through the large hangar was one of the memorable occasions of the weekend. It is to be hoped that athletic contests including basketball, bowling, and baseball may be entered into with the Marine Corps personnel of Lakehurst this winter and spring to continue the contacts made with them on this weekend.

On Wednesday evening, September 29th, 13 officers of the Battalion were hosts at a dinner given at the Hotel Winfield Scott in Elizabeth, N. J., in honor of Captain Taylor Branson, USMC, leader of the U. S. Marine Band. Later all attended the excellent concert given by the Band at the National Guard Armory in Elizabeth, which was also attended by 51 members of Company A, who were scheduled to drill in the Armory that night.

The Battalion Bowling League has been organized under the direction of Medical Sergeant Donald E. Wright, who, incidentally, is one of the outstanding bowlers in this section of New Jersey. The remainder of the winter athletic programs are now being formulated and will

be under way shortly.

### 13TH BATT. F.M.C.R. Glendale, Calif. By R. Hedden

This issue of THE LEATHERNECK hails the birth of a new and budding journalist (heh! heh! that's me). Well, anyway, C Company, the pride of Sunny California, is going to be heard of or else yours truly will walk right up and kiss the Admiral.

Oh, well, enuf of that. .

Last drill night brought to a close a recruiting contest in which the Company was divided into two teams, the "odds" and the "evens." The losing side to buy the winning side a dinner. The "odds" won hands down and there was a lot of weeping and gnashing of teeth among the boys on the losing end of the deal. However, the purpose of the contest, that of bringing the outfit up to full strength, was quite satisfactory and there are only a few vacancies left to fill.

Some of the new men whom we are very happy to welcome into C Company include: Pvt. L. M. Bowman, Pvt. Alfred F. George, Pvt. J. A. Hughes, Pvt. L. P. Kearney, and Pvt. M. B. Shotwell.

We are very sorry to have lost from our ranks one of the old-timers of the Company, Cpl. Charles Churchill, who left to go to the University of Idaho and also Pvt. Richard Whetmore who likewise left to get some higher "book-larnin"." Pvt. Harris is being discharged in order that he may "jine" up with the Navy (poor boy, imagine having to shine brass all day).

At the present time the drill team, under the able leadership of 2nd Lt. Morgan, is preparing for the next drill Cup com-petition which begins Oct. 31. We are looking forward to this with keen interest as A, B and D Companies are out to hang our hides on the wall for the trimming we gave them in the last Cup contest. I'm sure of one thing, however, the Company that wins the next Cup is going to have some awfully tough competition to overcome.

At this time I think it would be altogether fitting to tell this month's prize bonehead, overheard in the hall of Armory: It seems that Pvt. C. B. Freeberg was admiring Instructor Sgt. Cathey's georgeous medals when he spied a bar which read, "AUTO RIFLE." He looked rather puzzled for a minute, then said, "did you get that medal for shooting at targets from an automobile?" . . . Oh, well, I laughed anyway.

I guess that about winds up the news and stuff for this issue, and so I'll C you

later.

## CO. D, 13TH BN., FMCR Inglewood, Calif. By the Stooge

We start off this month by giving you the names of those enlisting in this outfit since our return from camp. They are: Pvts. Allsop, Bennette, Hines, Thompson, Tenneson, Tinsman, and Stansbury, who rates a hash-mark from the VMCR. welcome you and wish you success.

The following promotions have been made among the men of the company: Cpl. Card, our able recruit instructor, is now a sergeant. Pfc. Beamer can now be addressed as corporal, and Pvts. Bonnell, Brinkman, Marling, Rider and Warner as

Pfe. Frank was discharged to enlist in the Navy. It is understood that he is to take a six months prep course for admittance to the Naval Academy. Pvt. Benne was discharged to enlist in the Marine Corps and is now at San Diego. We wish both of these men the very best of luck and a pleasant cruise.

Pvt. Barrett, who travels nearly forty miles to attend drill each week, pulled in late the other night complaining of blisters on his feet. It sounds as though he makes that distance on "shanks-mare" but he's a conductor and not a track-walker.

Four members of the pistol team who were disappointed because they couldn't go to Camp Perry, have challenged the Santa Monica Police Pistol Team. Our teams consists of 1st Sgt. Soper, Sgt. Card, Cpl. Harrison and Cpl. Dodge. The fifth mem-

ber is yet to be selected.

Our regular training both in the field and the classroom, has been progressing by leaps and bounds; thanks to the efficient tutelage of Maj. Bleasdale and Sgt. Cathey. With all this instruction and the complete cooperation of the men, we should make a presentable showing in the forthcoming, competitive drill.

### FOURTH BATTALION, FMCR Headquarters Company Newark, New Jersey By R. C. Keck

As every one has heard at one time or another, a slogan that the Marine Corps is "The best educated military service

(Continued on page 45)



# HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Hudson County, N. J.

HINGS have been pretty quiet in this detachment since last report-ing but this is only a lull before our fall and winter activities get under way. As you may have heard the American Legion held a convention in the little town across the river from us and made so much noise that all our guns The bunch that were were silenced. traveling "On To France" kidnapped our own Charles Patrick Angelo and took him and his wife with them. During the convention I was fortunate enough to be able to get together with 13 other mem-bers of the old 79th Company ("Pop" Phelan of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment please note) some of whom I had not seen since we were paid off in August 1919. Incidentally I am the only one of the 14 who is a member of the League, a deplorable fact, but one which demonstrates that the league has great potential strength if we can only get the boys in

At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to select a gift to be presented to Comrade Jack Brennan when he is installed as Commander of the Gen. Jos. Wheeler Post V.F.W. One uncouth comrade in the back of the room suggests that we buy him a one way ticket as far as the appropriation would take him. The committee has it under advisement.

JOHN O'CONNELL, Chief of Staff.

# TROY DETACHMENT

The September meeting of Troy Detachment, Inc., of the U. S. Marine Corps League, Inc., was held in the rooms of The Veterans of Foreign Wars in Cohoes, N. Y. Chaplain Thomas F. Killian of Troy Detachment extended the invitation to Troy Detachment to hold the September meeting in the new quarters of the Cohoes Post V.F.W.'s. Marine Killian is Senior Vice Commander and also number one candidate for the office of Commander of the Cohoes Vets.

At this assembly two sets of officials were scheduled to be elected. Troy Det., Inc., had a Board of Directors to elect and choose the following for a term of three (3) years each. Judge Adv. Stanley S. Conway, Heary P. Murray and Frank McLaughlin; for a term of two (2) years each, Detachment Historian John D. Haley and John McCallen; for a term of one (1) year each, Chaplain Thos. F. Killian and Peter Casey. In the nominations of Detachment officers, Detachment Commandant Dr. Francis S. Schwarz declined a unanimous nomination for the office of Commandant, to devote his time to the office of State Commandant Dept. of N. Y. to which he was elected unanimously at the N. Y. State Convention of the League which was held in Troy, N. Y.

# COPY FOR LEATHERNECK

All Chiefs-of-Staffs are again urged to submit their copy for The Leathern Make it as interesting as possible and mail to Ira S. Wade, 21 Lambert Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts, to reach him on or before the 2nd day of each month. Every Detachment should be represented on these pages. Make notes of any important or interesting proceedings of your detachment and submit to me at the above address.

IRA S. WADE,
Asst. National Chief-of-Staff,
Marine Corps League.

in June. Senior Vice Commandant John F. Quinn was elected Detachment Commandant. Junior Vice Commandant Frank M. McGarney was chosen to succeed Marine Quinn as Senior Vice, and Frank Wood (knows as Jerry to you guys) was elected to succeed Marine McGarry as Junior Vice Commandant. Marine Wood is a past member of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment and a charter member of Troy Detachment. The remainder of the officers were re-elected consisting of Chaplain Thomas F. Killian, Judge Advocate Stanley S. Conway and Sergeant-at-Arms Arthur LaBoissiere of Green Island, N. Y.

The newly elected Commandant will appoint the following: Detachment Paymaster, Detachment Adjutant, Historian, Welfare Officer and a Chief-of-Staff. These appointments will be announced when De-





# Ask for Merchandise Advertised in The Leatherneck

This magazine is your magazine. It is published by Marines for Marines and their families and friends, and it has been the decided "Esprit de Corps" of all Marines that has built your magazine to the high position it now holds in the field of service publications.

It is a magazine to be proud of, as we are proud of the traditions of our Corps and the illustrious deeds of those men who have served with it.

THE LEATHERNECK goes into every state in the

Union, into 17 Foreign Countries, aboard every ship in the Navy where Marines are stationed, into every Marine Barracks, and many Navy Yards and Naval Operating Bases. Wherever Marines do duty—so does THE LEATHERNECK.

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# "CALL YOUR SHOTS" FOR YOUR ADVERTISERS



5th Regiment, U. S. Marines, headquarters near Sommedieu, Verdun, France, 1917

tachment Commandant Quinn is installed. State Commandant Dr. Francis S. Schwarz will head the installing officers.

William J. Conway was voted into membership at this meeting. Marine Conway's discharge states that he offered his services to his country at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and that he served on USS Brooklyn in '99. Bill Conway as we know him holds the oldest discharge in Troy Detachment leading Bill Regester by five years. Marine Conway is the daddy of Troy Detachment and Troy Detachment salutes Bill Conway.

The installation of the newly elected staff will take place in a few days and all National and State Officials will be invited to attend so until the December issue of your magazine arrives, this office remains Semper Fidelis.

J. A. ROURKE, Det. Chief of Staff.

### NATIONAL AUXILIARY NOTES

As this issue of THE LEATHERNECK is released, we have not yet received the data pertaining to the meetings held during the National Convention of the Marine Corps League, held at Akron, Ohio, on September 3-4-5, hence our Auxiliary news must be brief. However, we do have a list of our National Officers.

President, Marian L. Harper, Boston,

Sr. Vice President, Mrs. Lillian Gilbertson, Oakland, California.

Jr. Vice President Mrs. Mary Cappel, Akron, Ohio.

Chaplain, Mrs. Gene Lee (corrected) San Francisco, California.

Chief-of-Staff, Mrs. Violette Eastman (Member at large), Akron, Ohio.

Judge Advocate, Mrs. Theresa Robison, Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Mrs. Olive Spencer,
Akron, Ohio.

Sec. & Treas., Mrs. Lucille Blacketter, Akron, Ohio. (Appointed.)

Asst. Sec. & Treas., Mrs. Isabelle Mellin, Boston, Mass. (Appointed.)

Musician, Mrs. Maude Rogerson, Santa Cruz, California. (Corrected.) (Appointed.) Historian, Mrs. Verne Kohl, Oakland, California. (Corrected.). (Appointed.)

California. (Corrected.) (Appointed.)
Aide, Mrs. Alta M. Brown, San Francisco, California. (Appointed.)

Aide, Mrs. Elsie Thigpen, Akron, Ohio. (Appointed.)

Aide, Mrs. Catherine Norris, Boston, Mass. (Appointed.)

It is our sincere wish that the above mentioned officers carry out the duties of their office during this our first year as a National Auxiliary, and it is the earnest hope of every one, that every single member of the Marine Corps League and the Auxiliary feel that we are open to suggestions and questions.

MARIAN L. HARPER, National President. MRS. LUCILLE BLACKETTER,

Secretary and Treasurer.

# RESERVE NEWS Fourth Battalion, FMCR

(Continued from page 42)

in the world," and so it is with no dis-There are unlimited opportunities putes. in this branch of the service for every one with enough ambition and vision. There is a preparatory course for the career or profession you may follow later in your life. By making your plans now and beginning training for your life work, you are building a successful and secure There are very few in this batfuture. talion who at the present time are availing themselves of the wonderful opportunities the Marine Corps Institute makes possible to every mothers' son of you, whether a buck private or a sergeant major. Why not get the list of courses and sit down and think it over and make plans for enrolling in the one best suited for your interest and future? Then go to your first sergeant, he will be only too glad to help you with the necessary form of letter, etc.; and you are off to a good start for tomorrow.

We also have here at headquarters, for the information of those who have not taken the time to read the letters that were sent out by this headquarters, in regard to the battalion library, which has some very good reading material; including fletion, novels, and technical books, also a number of worth while periodicals. So why not make the most of your opportunities, visit the library and help yourself to a little more knowledge. We would also appreciate any contributions that any one would care to make, either fiction or technical books, also any worth while periodicals.

Last week a number of the boys spent the week end at the Lakehurst Air Base, for a week end of rifle practice on the range. The men and officers of this battalion received the finest cooperation from the personnel of the base, and were indeed appreciative of the fine cooperation that they received. Starting from Newark, I have been informed that Lieutenant Forrester was all set to go, even had his ear all packed, when he discovered to his utter amazement and horror that he had lost his wallet with two weeks pay in it; but we understand that he found it the next day to his joy. The next morning at Lakehurst, Lieutenant Drewes was so anxious to be up and out in the air that he was up at 5:30 in the morning, had a tough job getting every one else up. And then he went for a swift early morning flight with a weather observation plane from the base, and I understand he got rather cool during the course of the flight; if only more boys had the ambition and wide awake spirit of Lieutenant Drewes, boy what a man.

# COMPANY D, 4TH BN. Newark, N. J.

The fall shooting season has started, and the members of Company D are engaging in the various matches held in this section of the country. Pfcs. Hedman and Mollenhauer and Pvt. Crump entered the N. J. State Rifle Matches at Ramapo, N. Y., and Mollenhauer came back with high score for the Marines.

Arrangements have been made with the regulars stationed at Lakehurst for members of this battalion to use the .30 Cal, range at the hangar. To date several men have availed themselves of the opportunity to fire for record for the target year, and Pfc. Pescatore holds high score for members of this company with a mark of 327. Very cordial relations are being established with the regulars, and there are several athletic contests in prospect.

Several men from the company have fired their small bore qualification course at the 102nd Cavalry Armory. Firing for this course is proceeding apace, and the whole company should be finished well before camp time, thus avoiding the last minute haste that is so detrimental to good scores, especially to rookies. The men are receiving some excellent coaching from Sgt. Grunder of the regulars.

Athletics are getting much attention this season. The battalion bowling league is already organized, and with cash prizes as the incentive, there should be some keen competition. Company D's team, holding the trophy for last year's bowling victory, expects to repeat this year, and asks for support and "rooters" from the rest of the company.

The basketball uniforms are being dusted off, and team candidates are out limbering up. Last year saw some terrific games, with the scores so close and excitement so keen that the basketball trophy was withdrawn to save armories being torn down and ships scuttled. Talk about enthusiastic fans—they nearly raised the roof with their cheers and yells.

Most of the members of last year's team are still with us, and this year promises bigger and better basketball games. To date no trophy award has been announced, but one will soon be offered for the winning team, no doubt. The games are played in the armories immediately after the drill period, and most of the men stay to watch the "root." Thus, big audiences are always assured.

The boxing gloves have again made their appearance, and soon every drill night will see jabbing, feinting, and footwork. "Professor" Moskowitz is busy with the band organization, and somebody will have to be found to replace him as boxing coach.

The social activities of the company are picking up speed also. We had our second company party at the Roseville Armory, with plenty of beer and sandwiches, and songs led by Cpl. Gorski. We have received permission to hold our Military Ball sometime in January, and this will be great news to our many friends who have asked us to repeat the highly successful and entertaining affair we held two years ago. More about this later.

Several members of the company journeyed to Elizabeth to attend a concert by the Marine Corps Band, now on tour, and greatly enjoyed seeing as well as hearing this sterling group of musicians.

Company D had quite a turnout for the Constitution Day Parade in Newark, sponsored by American Legion Post No. 10. The appearance of the Marines was cheered several times during the line of march.

We are happy to announce the marriage of Pvt. Kondreck during the last month, and to extend the congratulations and best wishes of the whole company for the happiness and success of the couple.

These wedding announcements seem to be becoming a monthly feature. Cupid is doing some ER shooting among members of the company. He has plenty of targets left. Everybody in the company knows about Pfc. Bozzay and Pvt. Smyth, whose girls visit our armory frequently, but a little scouting about has brought forth the fact that several others are "on the verge." Prominent among these are: Pfc. Frappier, Pvt. Thauer, Cpl. Kearney, Pvt. May, and Cpl. Masi.

Among the confirmed bachelors of the company, for whom hope has been given up by everyone, are: Pvt. Biglin—since "Mousie" married someone else; Sgt. Felber—who would have him?; Cpl. Leach—nuf sed; Cpl. Gorski—"Gad, she was beautiful" after that trip to Reno.

See you all next month with more dirt.

# SPORTS NEWS Pearl Harbor

(Continued from page 36)

to you, Ray, and may you have a better season next year. The Marines will miss such players as "Gracie" Donneley and Hank "Swede" Elvestad, our star battery for this season. There are others who will be missed also, such as "Cheesy" Neil, "Muscles" Harden, "Sammy" West, and last but not least is "Boss" Boess. The best of luck to you guys wherever you go.

# U.S.S. NEW MEXICO SPORTS

Again Navy football honors are about due to fall on another Marine. This one a powerful 185 pound Leatherneck hailing from the vicinity of Collins, Georgia. Corporal "Roeky" Way Holland is now on his third year of keeping his six foot one inch frame from banging the overhead of the USS New Mexico and was the proud representative of that ship as a runner-up for the star tackle in the Fleet championship last year. As a tackle, our estimate is that he is due to down what he barely missed last year.

to down what he barely missed last year.

In the offense, "Rocky" had the outstanding ability and power to open garagedoor holes in the opposing line for his own backs to lope through, and on the defensive he was impregnable. He had everything a tackle should have in his intuitiveness, amazing speed and devastating power. Until further hostilities give additional evidence of his prowess in the padded suit, we leave him with the well-befitting label of "the fifth man in the opponents backfield."

### JIMMY PEARRE

# Marine Detachment, U.S.S. Reina Mercedes

Once again the Marines have blotched the limelight of the squared-circle in the form of Pvt. James E. Pearre, an amazingly smoothe little charge of welterweight dynamite from the Reina Mercedes. He packed a wallop into the roped arena of the Hearst Diamond Belt fistic contest that set Baltimore back on its heels as he flattened his first two opponents of the amateur boxing world in a matter of seconds.

world in a matter of seconds.

Many civilian fight fans who have seen



Who remembers this place?

his dazzling display of gloves and are waiting goggle-eyed for more, are wondering where he has been during the previous bouts in the Maryland city, but readers of The Leatherneck don't have to ask the question. Evidently the string of watches guarding the Midshipmen's pay-office and the Yard supply-office, have put additional dynamite into the already mighty wallop of the welterweight. He proved the sensation of the tournament in spite of the little training the monotonous road work that No. 3 and No. 4 post can offer to a coming fighter.

With the short-timers' indecision regarding another cruise plying in his brain, Jimmy Pearre climbed into the ring of his first fight and ended it in such short order—55 seconds, that the fans demanded to see him again the same evening. Again he stepped onto the canvas and laid his opponent low after seventy seconds of the first round. His amazing exhibition of savage, and completely disarming ability aroused the interest of every fight-fan in the locality and they in turn demanded his picture and a write-up

in the paper. Undoubtedly, this picture and write-up did a great deal in drawing the nice crowd who again saw the Marine start twice and win easily both times. Jimmy had tough oppo-sition in the first three-round elimination bout, but showed his willingness to fight all comers by meeting an entirely different battler than the one the card called for. Nevertheless, he stepped in and dropped his op-ponent twice for the nine count but the bell prevented him from adding another knockout to his string of impressive victories. The Marine was the complete master in the second bout and with little difficulty and no

danger, he took the decision. danger, he took the decision.

We are sorry he is leaving the Reina Mercedes for the "outside" but memories of Cavite's Navy Yard and the ring in Tsingtao will bring him back in spite of the sports writer's prophecy "they never come back." We know they do—to the Maries Corps. Marine Corps.

# SEA-GOING LOG

U.S.S. Ranger (Continued from page 18)

to be a shellback." The heavy diving shoes were next fitted on and were told to dance. We danced. The cruel shellbacks cut our hair, and slopped us up with gooey. They dumped us over backward head first into the tank and let go with a paddle when our southern end was uppermost. We hit the bottom of the tank in a power dive and inhaled gallons of They shoved us down a sliding board amid further applications of the paddle. At last we ran the gauntlet for the final whipping. Now we were crusty shellbacks. Thank goodness that's over.

About noon Wednesday the shore line of South America was sighted and we soon reached Callao. The "mud hook" was released about 1400. It seemed that we either had full guard or guard of the day on the quarterdeck presenting arms altogether too frequently for the duration of time we were at anchor there in Peru. During our stay we received as visitors the President of Peru, American Ambassador to Peru, and high ranking military and government officials of Peru. Our officers were busy attending recep-tions, banquets, conferences and other affairs of like nature. On Friday, 17 September, and again on Thursday 23rd. the Ranger's planes took to the air in flights over Callao and Lima.

A large number of the crew partici-



CREW OF FIVE-INCH GUN CREW, GUN NO. 1, WINNERS OF NAVY "E," U.S.S. ASTORIA

Sitting, left to right: Pvt. J. B. Armstrong, Cpl. A. Q. Hagan, Sgt. C. W. Lumley (Gun Captain), Pvt. A. E. Godek, Pvt. F. R. Jasutis. Standing: Pfc. H. G. Warfield, Pvt. C. Thompson, Pvt. R. W. Patton, Pvt. S. B. Knutson, Pvt. W. K. Cowie, Pvt. W. L. Rood, Pfc. J. A. Le Blanc.

pated in two all day sight-seeing trips to a point 40 miles back up in the Andes Mountains, and reaching 11,500 ft. in ele-We traveled in chartered railway coaches, following the course of the Rimae river. The trip was one never to forgotten. Gorgeous scenery be rugged mountains were plentiful. We saw Inca ruins, mines, Indians, American made automobiles and in sharp contrast we saw pack trains composed of llamas, the South American beast of burden in the Andes. A book could be written about the stay of the Ranger in Peru, but since space is limited we will make this short.

On Friday, 24 September, the anchor was hoisted and we were underway for the United States. All hands thoroughly enjoyed the stay in Peru, but one does appreciate the United States until one has remained away for some time, and such is true in this case. Our ship has visited a foreign country, but we all long for San Diego to appear once more.

Rambling on the Ranger at Random Captain Farrell, a pollywog, was certainly an outstanding "Sergeant of the Guard" during the Neptune ceremony. His "shorts" should have drawn prize money. . . . Pfc. Wahrer was just darling as the Royal Princess. . . . Those private initiations held in the Marine Compartments were plenty thorough. Sgt. Curry can certainly wield a mean paddle. . . . Pfc. Lilley reiterates that the full guards came altogether too frequently in Peru. His Castilian Spanish went over great with the dark eyed ones down there. . . . Pfc. Brannon's Peruvian true love presented him with a bow and arrow set made by the Indians. Watch your step, fellow, Dan Cupid also has a bow and arrow. . . Several of the Marines tried Peruvian style coffee-three drops of coffee in a cup of milk, but the stuff was still plenty strong. . . . Cpl. Rezek longs for San Diego and his current heart throb. . . . Pvt. Britton wanted to bring back the mummy of Pizarro as a souvenir. . . According to all reports that Peruvian beer "ain't what it's cracked up to be." . . . FLASH—Seabag drill has been delayed until November according to resolution adopted at the last meeting of the gumbeaters association. . . . So adios senores and we'll see you in Bremerton Navy Yard in November.

# **QUINCY LANCERS**

bird salesman had explained that this parrot was not a very talkative one, but instead, was more of a thinker. As this was O.K. with the buyer, a sale was made.

The magician took the parrot on all his travels and never did he hear the bird say a word. The most dexterous tricks were eyed by the parrot with attention but with-This went on for years, until out speech. one time the magician, whose fame had reached Europe, decided to tour the continent, as ever accompanied by the parrot. On the ship a benefit performance was given in which the passengers were all asked to perform in whatever branch of entertain-ment they could. There were the usual sopranos and pianists, but the star of the evening was our magician. He pulled off a few of the usual stunts and as a windup he explained that he would now attempt a trick which had never been done before and which he was not sure of himself.

The center of the performance was a small black box-shaped object over which the conjurer passed many magic words, incanta-tions and motions. The parrot watching it as if transfixed. Suddenly, just as the climax of the act was reached the ship rammed an iceberg and started to sink. Hell broke loose and in the confusion the parrot flew and made his way to a plank floating in the cold waters. A terrible catastrophe had occurred and nobody was able to launch a life-boat, all hands went down. The parrot, still floating on the plank saw only one man swimming in the gloom. His Master!!!

As the magician approached the plank he went down. As he came up he hollered "Help", and went down again. He came up once more and cried "Help", and then sank for the last time. After about ten min-utes the parrot looked around and saw noth-After serious thought came the first two words he had spoken in as many years, "Marvellous, marvellous."!!!!!



Sergeant Plummer W. King and His Assistants at the Pearl Harbor Main Gate

# NEW MEXICO SALVOS

(Continued from page 21)

Corporal Alford was promoted to Sergeant in September.

Pvt. Edward Kendrick joined us recently from Mare Island.

We sent a detail to the rifle range at La Jolla in September. This was the first group to go to the range from our ship since April, 1936. They all left with hopes of coming back with qualifications enabling them to add a little extra eash to the "pay

We'll have completed our night battle practice by the end of October. Sgts. Wood, Hancock and Alford were the gun captains.

Present dope has it we'll be getting the November issue of The Leatherneck in Frisco, We will go into drydock for a few days and the usual "over the side" rou-tine will be in effect. A few of the old timers claim there are quite a few places near Hunters Point. Sipes knows them all from our last visit there. All in all we'll

be there around Frisco for ten days or so, Second Lieutenant Pickup and Platoon Sergeant Haynes attended chine Gun School on the USS Utah for two

weeks in September.
"Frenchy" Leger was operated on for appendicitis on the USS Relief last month. "Mississippi" Smith relieved him in the galley, "Sippi" then proceeded to dislo-cate his shoulder, "Texas" Roberts was handling the chow when this article was written.

The raceboat crew is slowly forming.

Among those who will probably make up our crew are: Hankins, Ferris, Hancock,

Duke, Stidham, Roberts, Ukmar, King, Alford and Fackett, Many other fellows are trying out but Sgt. Hancock hasn't made his final crew up as yet. I hope to be in there croaking at them as the coxswain. If I get thrown in Frieso Bay I hope the tide is headed towards Redwood City.

Perhaps other ships have had Landing forces in the recent months but I don't believe that those that made ours on September 24 will ever forget their preparation for it. "Heavies" were rolled and unrolled so often that memories of training at Parris Island and San Diego came back all too readily. (Those on leave and at the range don't know what they missed according to "Fieldscarf" -Oh Yeah!!) Once the Land-

ing Force got underway all "singing" ceased and we put another one of our Ma-rine duties on our list of experience. We proved to all that we were ready to carry out this duty one of the most important phases in any Marine Detachments activities.

Wollcott tells this one on Joseph M. Orfi-telli, (M is for Michael) Caesar and Casanova are among Orfitelli's many nicknames. One of his girl friends asked him what they stood for. He spoke proudly according to Wollcott and said "Caesar was a CON-QUEROR and Casanova was a great LOV-ER." I guess that sums up the potentiali-ties of our "Little Caesar." . . . "Schoolboy" White our football prognosticator is calling them off again. Some take his tips lightly though. . . "Breezy" Turner is Sports Editor of our ship's paper. He is also organizer of the amateur hours held quite frequently the past few months aboard ship. . . . August thinks "our Harry" had something to do with his being stuck holding a wrench during Short Range. August can be approached for straight dope. . . . Bob Ugar went by the famous slogan "I have for a while in September. think he liked Captain's Orderly. With that remark I'll probably be thrown all over the compartment. . . . Anderson claims he'll have a wind or sand blown bob when he returns from leave. . . . Gruber got his civies one day from home. That nite they said he like a retired business man walking up the Pike. . . . Candid Cameramen are in a great minority in the guard. . . . "Daisy" Ritchey wishes to state he pulls a mean whaleboat oar. . . . We've passed Catalina many times but Hagedorn (having spent an interesting 72 there) pointed out the scenic spots to us all from the boat deek. I can't figure out how he did it as good sources say he took only the moonlight trips. . . . better end now before Ugar clamps down on me.

# MARYLAND MURMURS

(Continued from page 20)

Some showed an admirable resistance to it, while Fhode appeared to be practically immune. "Cassa" was nearly as afflicted as William—but strange to say, overnight every evidence of it disappeared from "Cassa's" strikingly hand-Then William procured the same remedy-whatever it may have been

—and we were able to say with certainty:
"That's William." In less than three days
they were all cured. We're glad, because we like to be able to recognize our friends when we see 'em!

From the Navy Yard Detachment Cpl. Polakowski, Pvts. Brown, DuBurg, were transferred to this ship. Cpl. Dessler and Pvts. Wernick and Yaple were transferred

to this Detachment from San Diego.
Plt. Sgt. Taylor came aboard last
month. According to the ship's paper, the C.P.O.'s are still waiting for his answer to their cheerful (1) hello when he came aboard! (That's what this outfit needs-less noise!)

Which is good advice for me, also. Oh, if only the chipping-gang believed in

Zzzzz!! Zzzzzzz!! Clang-Clank!!

### PEARL HARBOR Company A

(Continued from page 26)

dred men leave this Post on or about September 25th, 1937, to fill in the vacancies left by the men transferred from Asiatic Stations. On September 20th, there will also be a detail leave this Post for duty on the Mainland. The tentative list is as follows: Sgt. Chesser, Cpls. Cadonau, Charette, Durand, Stanley, Tolan, and Wilson, Pfc. Fain, Pvts. Griffiths, Merrill, Phillips. Prather, Spencer, Stamelos, Thomas, and Walton; also Dmr. Downing. We have enjoyed the company of these men and wish them all a fond farewell, and a pleasant tour of duty at their new stations.

In the last few weeks there have been quite a number of softball games between the two line companies, and Barracks Detachment. Each Company having won one game. For our company we have in the box, Sgt. "Peep Sight" Harris, and on the receiving end we have "Pop" Par-tridge, and Benny "Goodman" Marshall. At the initial sack we have "Slick" Betz, keystone sack Jackie Rawls, on the hot corner we have "Little Joe" Jojo, at short, Kupp, short center, Wm. "Snatch" Miller, left field, Barney Purches, Center field, Bob Mauzey, right field, Jim Hearn, and in these men we have a very promising Soft-Ball team and expect to go places in the Inter-Company Tournament. There is only one man we have to keep an eve on in the Barracks detachment team and he is none other than "Swede" Old Folks Johnsen. He tries to hold down the initial sack for them and does a pretty good job at it, every once in a while the Old Folks steps into the box. Then it wouldn't be right to leave out Sgt. "Jesse James" Klein. He is the only man in the Post who can keep an argument going back and forth, and according to him, a game isn't a game unless there are a couple of arguments. So more power to you Jesse, and don't let Neil get you down.

Any afternoon one can go down to the Post Bowling alley and see Paymaster-Sgt. Hall, standing at the entrance to warn all new-comers that they are entering at their own risk. And to their inquiries, Thar's a war in them thar alley's. Two hundred and ten average Jojo, and one hundred and eighty-nine average Kupp are in there a fightin' to the finish. Of course everyone in the Post knows that neither one can bowl over one hundred and twenty. But in about an hour they both come walking out arm-in-arm, laughing and joking. Someone asked one day who won the match

and then comes this reply, "We won the match." No one could understand this and so Jojo explained it all to them. Well, we keep on bowling until we are both even and then there is no more dis-

cussion until the next day.

With the arrival of the USS Chaumont, enroute to China, many old faces were seen. They arrived early in the morning seen. They arrived early in the morning and left late the same afternoon. Among the old faces were Cpl. Terrell, our former Ed Wynn, Pfc. Whiteside, our former Quartermaster Clerk, and Pvt. "Casanova" Lewis, former engineer on the Pearl Harbor-Rifle Range boat erew. We all join hands in wishing our former shipmates and "bunkies" Aloha, and a fine trip to the far East, and take care of things for a few days and some of us will soon be seeing you out there. The following is a tentative list of the men to go to Asiatic Stations via the USS Henderson, on or about 25 September: Cpls. Harrison, Pfeifle, Packard, and Purches. Pvts. Allen, Baugher, Brake, Blacketer, Ballinger, Betz, Blondin, Campbell, Cockrum, Colby, Connell, Criley, Damon, Damrow, Esteb, Fitzsimmons, Gaston, Hearn, Jojo, Keranen, Lacey, Lee, Littlewood, Mainz, Marsall, McCarthy, Miller, Nichols, Ridge, Truax, Vereen, Ver-mouth, Wagley, and Westphal. We wish these men a happy trip to the Orient, and at the same time bid them a fond Aloha, and hope that we shall meet again.

Now it is time to bid all our kind readers a fair farewell, we'll be seeing you all again very soon.

# COMPANY B

(Continued from page 26)

shores of Hawaii Nei again. So as the old saying goes: Bunkmates come and bunk mates go but bunks go on forever.

Well, here we are with a bunch of new faces around us and those of the old gang that are left are going around and getting acquainted with their new bunkies wishing them Aloha and telling them all about the place and letting them know what their new duties are going to be like. Those to join Co. "B" are: Cpl. Bickart, Pvts. Ames, Armstrong, G., Armstrong, L. R., Ashby, Barnes, Beauvais, Becker, Bomack, Burkett, Carrow, Clapp, Clements, Dalton, Dawson, Ellzey, Harbeston, Hopper, Koenig, Krider, Kress, Lejeune, Magee, Martin, Prather, Truckey, and Wood.

I guess I have said enough for this time so I will say Aloha until next month when I hope to have more news for you.

### PEARL HARBOR BAND

(Continued from page 26)

was not as big as a horse, just a large

The Water Carnival, staged by the American Legion, recently provided an excellent vehicle for the vocal and histrionical ability of Clarinetist Everett Bogart. He, as a formidable if slightly oversized "Pop-Eye," was a member of the Scuttle Butt This sweet voiced foursome proved to be one of the main attractions of the Carnival and received many compliments during the three day frolic.

Pfc. J. J. Griffith, resting from his ef-forts as a member of the post tennis team, is looking forward to being east in the forthcoming presentation of the Honolulu Players. If he is successful, this will be his fifty third play. Not bad

for a young fellar, eh?



# A new FRESH note in the Old Quartet

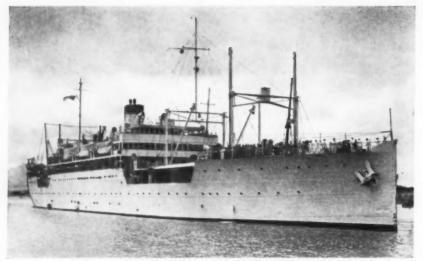
LL THE OTHER leading cigarette A brands sing the praises of their finer tobaccos. So does Old Gold! No finer tobaccos grow than those used in Old Golds.

But that's only one verse in Old Gold's song.

Old Gold renders an extra service to you of the Service . . . by giving you guaranteed freshness wherever you may be stationed. Those enemies to freshness-steam heat, salt air and Winter dryness-can't penetrate the armor of Old Gold's double Cellophane protection.

See how the outer jacket of Cellophane opens from the bottom of the pack . . . how the inner jacket opens from the top . . . how both together double-seal the Old Gold pack top and bottom : . . bringing you a new FRESH note in cigarette enjoyment!





The Chaumont Clears Pearl Harbor

Poor "Pappy" Strickland is quite downcast over the fact that he is no longer allowed to play his Dixieland drum solos when marching the Guard off the field. They claimed it was not in keeping with the military dignity of the ceremony. In-stead of a martial step, he had the boys doing the "Big Apple."

Pfe. H. Arendt, from Islip, Long Island, says "When I picked up my new Conn 22B trumpet, they all laughed. They didn't know I was going to play chow call."

Well this seems to be as good a place for the Coda as any, so here goes for the Bird's Eye (with apologies to Bill Huebner). Aloha.

# **DETACHMENTS** Wardenigs

(Continued from page 23)

nolds and Pvts. Clark, Sales, and Christopher. Two men received ratings: Pfc. Meddick to Corporal, and Pvt. Brown to Corporal. We all extend our congratulations to these two men. During the month several new men joined the Detachment and to them we extend a hearty welcome. They are Pvts. Kwelty and Powell from the Marine Detachment, Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass.; Pvt. Taylor from the S.D.H.S., Washington, D. C.; Pvts. Schmidt and Copeland from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; Cpl. Holland, Pfc. Mullen, and Pvts. Penna and Poole from the Marine Corps Pistol and Rifle Detachment, Camp Perry, Ohio; and Pfes. Amac-ker, George, Nassbaum, and White from Battery "A," 1st Bn., 10th Marines, Fleet Marine Force, Marine Base, Quantico, Vir-

### RECEIVING STATION MARINES Philadelphia Navy Yard By J. P. Gale

Our hard working Skipper, Captain Murl Corbett, USMC, has gone on a well earned leave of absence beginning this month and we all hope that he will have a pleasant as well as a happy vacation during that interval.

It seems that the appeal of this Detachment for men who desired duty at such, has been heeded by quite a few of the FMF personnel, so much so that within a short time we will have our full quota of men which will make the present personnel very happy, because along with the crop of newcomers our range details are over for the present time and upon a combination of the two the guard roster will run as all hands like to see it. A few of the new arrivals have come in and we have the staff returns of a few more who at present are on furlough. Corporal George M. joined this Detachment from the Krigas Rifle Range Detachment at Wakefield, Mass., and Corporal Robert W. Gates joined from the 1st Marine Brigade, Quantico, Va. Two Privates First Class joined by staff returns, Pfc. Stanley W. Kramnyczny and Pfe. Fred L. Tanner, both from Quantico, Va. Pfe. Clarence O. Woolsey finally received his transfer and is now at the Barracks in Washington,

Former Pfc. James J. Thompson was promoted to the rank of Corporal as of the first of October and blushingly accepted his warrant with the congratula-

tion of all hands.

Last month Platoon Sergeant Wayne K. Miller, Cpl. Clarence R. Etheridge and Private Branislave Dumbrovsky escorted two prisoners who were listed on our social register as witnesses in a general court back to Portsmouth Naval Prison, and this time they were their flannel unionsuits so as not to have a repetition of the last trip if you remember my article of last month concerning a similar trip, (What! you don't remember). If things keep going as they have been Miller won't know whether he is stationed here or at Portsmouth, or on one of the trains. He has been seriously considering putting in a request to have a special compartment put on one of the trains so as he won't have to worry about finding seats for his charges. To hear him talk you would think that he disliked taking these trips. While on the subject of Miller, we are all wondering what that telephone call about a truck load of furniture is all about, as well as the one about a frigidaire arriving down at the main gate. I also noticed that someone put a placard up in his room the other day that read: "Why don't you marry the girl?" If you do not hear from me next month send roses.

"La Simone" Roller seems to be reclining in the arms of Morpheus these days and has nothing to report from our Fire Department. Seeing as yours truly was out to the Rifle Range this month it is not possible to say just what has been going on over there so this will have to do until next time. Goom bye pleese.

# RECEIVING SHIP

Navy Yard-New York By "Von Hindy"

Now that summer and the former authors of this column have faded into obscurity, as it were, I will boldly take pen in hand and come to the front for the old Corps.

Congratulations to our new Corporals "Seabag" Rudd and Joe Talap; and salutations to our latest arrivals, Privates first class Abbott and Zorn, and Privates

Crannell, Baker, and Gonzales. We had an idea that the Legionaires' parade was held in Manhattan, but after peering into the empty chow lockers we came to the conclusion that it was around

the first tier of the Brig.

Sgt. Torbert seems pretty blue these days. Upon inquiry, your newshawk discovered that his bosom friend is going to be absent for thirty days soon. Cpl. "I-don't-feel-well" Payne must be feeling better now, since he has been seen practicing hand salute in the solitude of the d-by room. We wonder why Pvt. stand-by room. Braunstein has taken up radio work in his spare time.

We regret the departure, in the near future, of Pvt. Keough. Bon Voyage, Edmund. Looks like "Red" Walker is going to get those greatly talked of butter beans

fried chicken after all.

This column wonders just how long "Bo" Baker's Twenty Dollar allotment will last on his extension. "Twelve reasons" Robinson is baffled at the intricacies of the Eight Avenue Subway and New York in general.

Thanks to the brawn of one Corporal, one Private first class, and one Private, First Sergeant Harris had a grandstand seat at the Legion Parade. We wonder what the attraction up the Hudson was for Private Cure. Good old Walkewicz led with his chin again. "Gotta Man" Martin thinks he's fooling your reporter. What do you think?

Things I never know, and never hope

to know:

What happens to the pennies invested in the numbers racket?

2. Where does Martin go on these 10 o'clock liberties?

Where does "Tex" find room for 2 3. quarts of Ice Cream?

4. Why did Styers Hair turn red?
5. Why did Barborka give up his press-

Why does "Beer and a half" Webber insist on singing "Good morning" at 4 A. M.

# NAVAL PROVING GROUNDS Dahlgren, Va. By H. H. Pearl

On Sunday morning, Sept. 5, our gang of Leathernecks, with the redoubtable Pl. Sgt. Floyd D. Hudson in charge, several Naval Officers, and civilians with their wives and children as our guests, boarded the Sub-Chaser No. 185 at 0830. We headed for that lovely picnic and beach resort across the Potomac, at Chapel Pt., Md.

The Powder Jerkers from Indian Head had already arrived and taken command of the restaurant and galley. From the

time we arrived things began to buzz, and what a capacity that gang had by the way that never ending flow of good beer was put away. Next in line we had lunch, and what a chow, everything from soup to nuts. All kinds of sand-wiches, salads, pickles, olives, beer, coffee, lemonade, ice-cream, and 500 steamed

After chow was washed down, we had all kinds of games, with some valuable prizes to the winners. The three legged race, married women race, single girls race was won by Miss Lillian Buck or should I have said, "Miss Indian Head." The events that stood out were the shoe race and believe me, that mix-up got many a laugh. The cracker eating contest was won by Teddy Cartwright, Jr. By the way, Major, you got something there, we will have to add M. C. to Ted's mame, meaning Maryland cracker. Next we were introduced to Cpl. John Bananas, who seemed to be "hanging" around. This event was open to all the ladies. The object of the game was to try to hit the Cpl. with good old-fashioned roll-The speed and vim with which some of the married ladies threw those rolling pins looked like they were not

fooling, boy what an arm! Next all hands migrated down to the dance pavilion, and say, can our boys strut the light fantastic, I'll say. After a good supper of hot chili the gang was ready to depart. The smiling faces as we departed told of an enjoyable day.

Hats off and many thanks to Major T. H. Cartwright, Marine Gunner Henderson, Sgt. Swinson, and his Mess Staff, Mrs. Swinson, Mrs. Pike, and say Roscoe, you and your gang certainly did your stuff in that galley and many thanks from our pals and guests for that enjoyable treat you gave us over at Chapel Pt. Here's to the next shindig. Nuff Said, Cheerio, Matey.

# INDIAN HEAD TOM TOMS

By J. C. S.

At nine o'clock on September 5, 1937, all the members of this command, not on watch, packed up and left for Chapel Point, Md., to celebrate Labor Day, by at-tending a Picnic. By 11:30 everyone had arrived. Our guests from Dahlgren and Quantico came by boat, others came by private cars and bus.

In order to start the day in the right manner, a barrel of amber fluid was rolled in and put in motion, incidentally, this proved to be an interesting spot for some

reason or other.

At one o'clock lunch was served, and boy! what a lunch. Sandwiches, roast beef, ice cream, olives, salads, lemonade, beer, coffee, cakes, cookies, and steamed crabs. The way the gang disposed of the crabs is worth attention. After lunch various kinds of competitive games were held, games such as sack race, threelegged race, cracker-eating contest, rolling pin throwing, fat man's race, shoe race, and family relay. Of all the games held, the rolling-pin throwing seemed to be the most popular. Miss Mae Swann won this contest with ease. Maybe there is something in the old saying, "a home isn't complete without a rolling pin." The fat man's race was also very exciting-Sgt. Stace Shimboski proved he wasn't an old man as yet, by running the race in rec-ord time. "Pop" Neason was a close

second (of course Neason is getting to be quite an old man). When all the games were finished everyone migrated to the dance pavillion where a good orchestra was waiting for our arrival. If you are asking me, some of the boys must have been coached by Fred Astaire. The way they moved around, was something worth mentioning. Private First Class Brown seemed to draw the most attention with his acrobatic dancing. After three hours of dancing, everyone was ready to call it a day and go home.

Many thanks to our Commanding Officer, Major T. H. Cartwright, who made it possible for us to have such a grand picnic. Many thanks to Marine Gunner Henderson, Sgt. Swinson and his corps of cooks and messmen, also the committee, composed of 1st Sgt. Harris, Plat. Sgt. Street, Cpl. Hildebrand, and Pfc. Hueston. Mrs. Roscoe Swinson and Mrs. Ernest Pike are to be congratulated for their cooperation in assisting the galley force in the preparation and serving of such an excellent lunch.

A smiling command left for home after partaking of a real supper of chili con carne.

The following is an outline of events. held along with the winners of each event.

Married women race-Mrs. W. C. Hilderbrand.

Fat men's race-Sgt. Shimboski. Cracker-eating contest-Ted Cartwright. Shoe race-Pvt. Croce.

Family relay race-Cpl. and Mrs. Hilderbrand.

Single girl's race-Miss Lillian buck. Boy's race-Floyd D. Hudson, Jr. Rolling-pin throwing contest-Miss Mae Swann.

Sack race-Pvt. Somers. Three-legged race-unknown.

# MARINE CORPS BASE Recruit Depot

(Continued from page 17)

joined our organization a few weeks ago as assistants to the Officer in Charge of Drills and Instructions are really showing how football really ought to be played. First Lieutenant Brower was on the

range for Rifle and Pistol qualification the latter part of the month. Also Lt. Col. Smith has been on leave, studying for the promotion examination for Colonel. Captain Frisbie has been detached as Base Adjutant and Captain Brown is taking over his duties as Commanding Officer of Sea and Field Music School. Aside for these changes the Permanent Personnel of Recruit Depot remains about the same as heretofore.

This being all the dope that your correspondent can collect at present he will say "Au revoir" until next time.

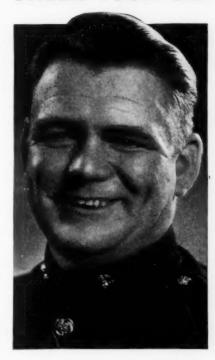
# PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 24)

for enlistment in the Marine Corps during the month of September, and have been assigned to Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C., for training: Albert A. Aichroth, Paul E. Armstrong, Elliot W. Austin, Willis J. Boone, Emory J. Burnett, William J. Burque, Charles E. Bombardier, James F. Brogdon, Alfred I. Bembridge, John W. Bloodworth, Julius C. Bates, Emory "J" Burnett, John J. Colgan, Jr., Albert B. Christoff, Russell E. Corey, Charles W.



# UNDER YOUR CAP



LEATHERNECK may be 1 decked out like the flagship on review-but the ladies still won't go for him if his hair's not wellgroomed. Keep your hair goodlooking, Buddy, by using Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

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Cecil, Ivan Collins, William Chaikoff, Ernest C. Collier, Andrew J. Davis, Thomas E. Doggett, Charles J. Davis, Francis L. Downing, James W. Edmonds, Kell R. Anderson, Aron C. Aldridge, Judson R. Boleman, Harry F. Bulloch, Jr., Clyde W. Burnham, Charles F. Buseh, Frank E. Boteler, Joseph J. Babyak, Ventura C. Blanco, Joseph E. Buffurine, William W. Beggs, Earl W. Brannon, Edward E. Campbell, Virgil D. Collins, Woodrow R. Canterberry, Joseph C. Coulter, James H. Cooke, Elton L. Clegg, Scott H. Demastus, John W. Delpuget, James F. Duckworth, Charles A. Dowd, Jr., Robert M. Emerson, George R. Egan, Joseph E. English, Walter B. Fox, Charles A. Goodwin, Leon A. Graves, "L'" "Z" Guy, Alton J. Gros, Russell G. Harrison, Thornie Harrelson, Albert F. Hoffman, William J. Hammer, Jr., Louis J. Hasse, Joseph J. Huron, Julian B. Hunter, Robert M. Jernigan, John R. Joiner, Haskell S. Joye, Joseph M. Keegan, Stanley I. Kulik, Charles N. Koulias, Marion L. Little, James L. Lyons, Neal H. Leftwich, Richard G. Maxwell, James F. Misenheimer, William H. Mullen, Salvatore J. Martello, Harvey "H" Mason, James J. McCarron, George Farmer, Walter L. Gibson, Roy S. Goolsby, John A. Garezyn-ski, Albert L. Grainger, John E. Halliwill, Robert L. Higginbotham, Aubrey S. Henagan, Robert L. Howard, Lewis H. Han-cock, James L. Houck, James P. Hollingworth, Raymond C. Illingsworth, George W Jackson, Laurence T. Jones, Rufus C. Jones, Jr., Harry B. Knapp, Jr., Michael S. Kolonik, Warren C. Lopez, Ralph Livingston, James T. Lancaster, Thad Q. Lewis, Clifford F. Meade, Winston S. Mobley, John J. Mann, Alphones E. Marus-zak, Quinton Maxey, Arthur A. Melanson, Paul J. Miller, Roy Musgrove, James A. McDevitt, Woodford T. Moore, Roy D. Munday, George H. McMillan, Harold C. Miller, Charles L. Norris, Michael J. Narmi, Corry R. Owens, Albert E. Pace, Wil liam T. Prater, Joe E. Pritchard, Patsy Postiglione, Henry G. Price, Adolph A. Rocheleau, Eugene F. Rice, Jr., Joe G. Redmond, James E. Robinson, Sam C. Ramey, Homer C. Smith, Jr., Stonewall

Sellars, Perey C. Smith, Merle Smith, John R. Speciale, William J. Stewart, George F. Staleup, Henry F. Savoy, Woodrow C. Suit, John F. Morrill, Robert L. Martin, Vance "J' Miller, Ralph G. Morse, Jr., Homer L. McCoy, Darrell L. Miller, Harry C. Minnier, William M. Neeper, Edwin J. Orgeron, Matthew B. Ott, Jr., James M. Perry, Jennings Phillips, John B. Purcell, Albin H. Primus, Donald E. Rushlow, Joseph C. Ridenti, Delphy T. Regalia, Ethan S. Reavis, James R. Redwine, George A. Seeley,

# WHEN YOU ARE TRANSFERRED BE SURE TO FURNISH THE LEATHERNECK WITH YOUR NEW ADDRESS

Osear Sandlin, Elwood J. Smith, William J. Stephens, Willis O. Smith, Joseph C. Spinner, Daniel B. Sloan, Sam E. Swinney, Grover C. Shedd, Irving J. Tompkins, Tilden H. Tabor, George G. Thompson, John M. Vanderscoff, Walter J. Watts, John J. Whalen, Henry E. Willis, Franklin C. Watson, Ray E. Witt, George H. Ward, George B. York, Jr., John Zubalik, Jr., Robert L. Turner, Joseph C. Usifer, Michael Warvesyn, John P. Welch, McClure V. Whittington, James M. Wood, Jr., John W. Waters, Houston Webster, Samuel B. Whitaker, Lee A. Yoemans, Joseph F. Zvirblis.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES

The photograph of the Parris Island Sunday School reveals a fine group of young people netively interested in facing this generation's moral and religious problems in a sane and forceful manner. Parris Island trains for leadership and her output of young men destined for service in the Marine Corps furnishes ample testimony to the effectiveness of the training which is received on the island. And the training of the youth of the island in their religious life is receiving the same vigorous atten-

tion in Sunday School as is received by the young men on the drill field.

The group of nearly one hundred pupils meets regularly every Sunday at 9:30 A.M., in the Post Chapel where instruction in Christian Living is carried on in graded classes for an hour period. One of the newest and most enthusiastic groups is the High School Class which has organized this year under the leadership of Mrs. Bell. This class has grown from an original half dozen pupils to an enlarged group of nearly two dozen and it is not yet full grown. It plans various social activities to supplement its Sunday sessions and Parris Island may expect real social and religious leadership from this wide-awake and well organized class of young people. The entire Sunday School is looking forward to a year of accomplishments-not only in things religious but also in building a finer social solidarity on our island home,

## QUANTICO The Fifth Marines

(Continued from page 27)

so many weekends and holidays?" John son—"Now what do you want? Can't you see I'm busy, I can't find the keys, and now look what you made me do." Lansford—"Sign this receipt for one tack, thumb." You guys are almost as bad as that Communication bunch. By the way, who was the young man pulling his hair out while listening to the first World Series game? It seems that one of the radiomen was snapping in at the radio shack, and now and then, mostly now, we'd get a few "de da da's" while the announcer was describing a crucial play. But really, Irving, you shouldn't have said such bad things about him. After all that's part of his job.

Would someone please inform Sergeant Johnny (Sex Appeal) Waddick that his little rocky mountain canary at Jimmy's has been sporting a string of qualification badges that would even put "Julie" Barefoot's collection to shame. I wonder where she got them Waddick, and so will



Platoon 13, Parris Island. Instructed by Plat. Sgt. Walston, Cpl. Marcofsky and Cpl. Metzger



# AVIATION DEPARTMENT

OF

# **GULF OIL CORPORATION**

• EXTENDS TO THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS CON-GRATULATIONS ON ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-TWO YEARS OF HIGH ACHIEVEMENT AND EVERY GOOD WISH FOR CONTINUED SUC-CESS IN THE SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY.

> Major Al Williams, USMCR, Manager.

you the next time you stop in. But after all she is really a popular girl. And to think you told us she calls you her wild prairie flower. Tsk Tsk! But we all wonder how she missed the string of decorations adorning your chest.

tions adorning your chest.

I wonder if my bunky has mentioned a certain incident that took place at the "Swanee" in Richmond on our last visit. As I recall you danced with her practically the whole evening, and for a while, thought you had something there, until you and your lady friend bumped into her husband on your way out. Did you shrink to the size of an atom, or did you pop up in all your might and glory, puff up your chest, and defend the damsel. As you remember she wasn't very willing to leave with the old man. Your excuse was something like, she pleaded with me not to cause a disturbance.

I can't very well call my three assistants "stooges," so I'll refer to them as henchmen. But nevertheless they unearthed an extra. Frankly, Rigg, wasn't "Flash-ina-Pan" Sloan, "Lady Killer" Greene, and yourself found in one of the more exclusive night spots, namely "Sloppy Joe's" in Washington, on the night of Saturday, October 2nd? Or were they three other guys? In formal dress, too. Were these three Marines a couple of sheets to the wind, or were they just putting on an act for the benefit of the girls? And did the girls give you that "Oh, I'm so tired, I tank I go home" act when they found out your pockets weren't overloaded with bank notes? We all wonder. I hardly see how it could have been you three, because the next morning I understand, you mentioned the fact that you spent the evening dining, wining, and daneing at the Mayflower with three very nice, refined, and dignified young ladies.

I take back a few of the cracks I made now and then, about Southerners. Because if I knew then, what I know now, about how much sweeter the Southern gals are than our Northern contributions, I'd never had expressed my opinion so freely. I'm practically inclined to believe I'll give up my U. S. citizenship and become a South-

After administering the third degree and punishing my assistants with old Chinese tortures, my capable henchmen still insist there just ain't no more dirt, but they promise a heap more next time. So if I live long enough to get this promised dope, The Leatherneck will be represented by us once again, and in the meantime "Hang on."

# FIRST BATTALION, 5th RGT.

(Continued from page 29)

Incidentally, Dame Rumor hath been that when ye ole first soldier doth shaveth off'n his'n then shalt you-all others whack off'n your'n. Amen.

Personal note: Company headquarters and runners wish to thank the two musies for their kind help . . . they took a great load off of our feet.

Some of the things that might happen if the Marine Corps was run for our benefit: the government wouldn't refuse to recognize the inventive genius of Sgt. Glass; Mister McLeod wouldn't have to play ball to beat his fellow officers out of beer; Bacon (Music, I introduce you) wouldn't feel like an egg after losing, as usual, an argument with the first sergeant—pun, get it?; Gunny Spart and Plat-Sgt. McCloskey would never have to rob the cradle; our Boots wouldn't

have to explain that by "two beers, please" they mean root beer; and we wouldn't have to put out this column.

Each month we shall publish questions that we would like to have answered. Send in your questions, we won't pay any attention to them. Here goes . . where will we be this time next month, Quantico, San Diego, China, etc.? What did the mess sergeant do with all the chow he didn't put out? How does the "brains" of the company earn its living in the field, if it does? Why did that Corporal of the Home Guards, William (Bill) Williams ever leave the mines? Why does the Gunnery Sergeant's car stall every time it passes a manure pile? Why do you read this column? Why?. . . . .

# C COMPANY

No war news now. This is just the news of C Company, First Battalion. Many new fellows have joined since last month, twenty-six to be exact. Most of the men of old C Company of last year have been transferred. In fact there are less than a dozen of the "old timers" left. Private First Class Ferguson was transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., and Private First Class Walters was transferred to Marine Barracks, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. Corporal Pennington, our Company clerk, left us on 21 August. He went to New London, Connecticut, for a tour of duty at the Submarine Base. We can only wish you the best of luck, Pennington. Privates Barb and Travis were transferred to Naval Operating Base, South Charleston, West Virginia. Privates Roark and Hec left us to do guard duty at New London, Connec-



ticut this winter. Perhaps they will be back here on their second cruise. Private Mitsch was transferred to the First Engineer Company on the Post.

Corporals Fountain and Odom were discharged but the very next day they signed their "John Henry" for four more full years. Not bad after all is it, boys?

Corporal Mitchell came back from Camp Perry, Ohio, on September the thirteenth (unlucky day? Why no, just right for Brentsville maneuvers). He was firing the rifle in competition in the National Rifle Matches. He placed high in several of the matches. He might have been rearred with "shooting irons" down in the cattle country of Texas, who knows?

First Lieutenant Samuel R. Shaw on completion of duties with the Marine Rifle Team at Camp Perry went to school at the Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, New Jersey.

Many of the new fellows came in after their first week end off all excited and with, plenty to tell. Yes, they put on their quartermaster new uniform and really went to town. One of the fellows insisted on telling Corporal Farmer all about a fight he got into. The corporal made no comment but listened with a serene and understanding look on his face. Perhaps he remembered one night at Port Clinton, Ohio, last year.

On Monday morning the twentieth of September we packed our seabags and left for Camp R. P. Williams at Brentsville, Virginia. When we arrived the camp was completed. Everybody seemed pleased because the little "canvas city" was completed. There would be no working parties, see.

The next morning we put on combat equipment and left for a hike. We were

really out in the country. There was nothing unusual to see. We passed pastures with small herds of cattle, large red barns, wide fields and more red barns. Early in the morning school children would be standing along the roadside at mail boxes waiting for the school bus. We ate dinner in the field and returned to camp early in the afternoon. From then on every day we were playing war in the hills and farms near Brentsville.

The night before we started breaking camp to return we had a smoker and beer party.

Many civilians from the countryside attended. Privates Snyder and Langlois took part in the boxing. Snyder lost the decision but put up a good fight. He said the other fellow was just a little fast or something. Langlois won the heavyweight bout and really did some good fighting. We are looking forward to seeing him live up to the fight he fought in the future. Private Bricker, we are sorry to say, lost the pie eating contest. We cannot understand how he managed to lose, though. Where was Jandura?

We came back to Quantico today and all the boys are in a hurry in order to get off on their seventy-two. We will be with you next month.

# D COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Promotions for the company have been at a standstill during the past month, even though we have quite a few vacancies in most grades. By the way, in talking about the promotion question, Platoon Sergeant John W. Hull has made the list for gunnery sergeant, and orders have already been received for his examination prelimi-

nary to his promotion. We know his many friends will be glad to hear that.

Second Lieutenant Ormond R. Simpson has just returned from twenty-eight days' leave in Corpus Christi, Texas, and has submitted his resignation from the Corps, in view of the fact that he has been of fered an excellent position with the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. He has asked that he be commissioned in the Reserves in event his resignation is He is an outstanding young accepted. officer and we hate to see him leave us, but, as long as he feels that he is bettering himself, our good wishes will go with him. We are sure that he would have gone a long way towards the top of the officers' list should he have stayed in the regular establishment. Two other officers who have left the company are Second Licutenants Chevey S. White and Robert E. Stannah. They are now in Shanghai, China, with the Fourth Marines. Second Lieutenant Noel O. Castle joined us from the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, and we are glad to welcome him to our company.

Captain August Larson, Platoon Sergeant Kenneth E. Harker and Corporals A. E. Johnson and Valentine J. Kravitz returned from temporary duty with the Marine Corps Rifie and Pistol Team Detachment. However, since then, Captain Larson has been detached to the Second Battalion and now commands H Company, and Harker has been transferred to Post troops and, we understand, will be with the Rifie Range Detachment, as will Kravitz. Drummer first-class Leo H. Richardson has also been transferred back to us from the Second Battalion, Fifth, upon their return from Camp Perry, and was discharged on October first. He enlisted in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve though, so now is Drum Corporal Richardson, and says he will be staying at Aynor, South Carolina, for the next few months.

Others that joined during the past month are Privates "A" "M" Dalton, Olney Doggett, Rubin Gladstein and Charles F. Grimes, from the Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Bernard Marcus was transferred to C Company, Private first-class Raymond Tallman to the Navy Yard at Washington, D. C., Private Rayford B. Burch to the Naval Ammunition Depot at Dover, N. J., W. R. Johnson to the Post Service Battalion, here at Quantico, and Earl R. Moss to the Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Ill.

During the early part of the month, we managed to fire the qualification course with both Machine Gun Platoons and the Howitzer Platoon. Quite a large percentage of the men had just joined us a few weeks before from the Parris Island Recruit Depot, and had consequently never seen a machine gun or 37 mm, howitzer before, much less a Stokes Brandt mortar. Imagine our surprise then on record day when we found that we had four expert, eleven first-class and twelve second-class gunners in the Howitzer Platoon, with none unqualified, and eight expert, twenty-one first-class, and thirty-one second-class gunners in our two machine gun platoons. The high score in the Howitzer Platoon went to Private Uriel C. Nash, who enlisted on May 25th of this year, and who made one hundred per cent in the Expert Test. Another youngster, Private Frank Corso, who enlisted on April 29th of this year, made the high score with the machine gun, with a total score of 384. In view of the very

short period of service of the men firing, and the fact that much of the time they have spent in the service was on duty other than training with the weapons fired, not too much praise can be given to our officers and nos for excellent record obtained.

Immediately after record day we hurriedly packed and on September 20th, were on our way to Camp R. P. Williams at Brentsville, Virginia. We remained there, under canvas going out every day on various maneuvers for the students of the Marine Corps Schools until October 2nd, and are now back in good old Quantico. You know, it always seems good to get back to Quantico after we have been away from here on any of the maneuvers that we are continually participating in each year.

By the way, a few of our men are under orders to leave us within the next few days. Private first-class Stanley W. Kramnyczny has been ordered to the Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship, at Philadelphia, and Private Michael W. Sallick (one of Quantico's leading football players) to the Norfolk Navy Yard. Sallick, by the way, says he would rather play football than eat. However, he doesn't look the least bit starved.

### SECOND BATTALION, 5th RGT.

(Continued from page 30)

civilian life while "Curly" Bass has resolved to take his place as far as the "thirty year" part goes, having recently been promoted to Corporal. For the benefit of our readers, "Curly" is our "iron man," meaning that Nowak will now have more than enough competition in the art of lifting weights.

in the art of lifting weights.

Due to the request for a company article this month we are taken a little unawares as to the happenings of the company on the whole but will endeavor to make good in subsequent articles.

# COMPANY E, 5TH MARINES By Joe

The last place we were heard from was Camp Perry, Ohio. Since that time our Battalion has returned to Quantico, and off again to the woods and hills in the area of Brentsville, Virginia, for our annual "local" maneuvers.

These maneuvers were started with what should have been a bad handicap. A great percentage of our company and other companies in the Battalion were filled with boys fresh from training camp, but they reacted to the hardships of two weeks of combat problems like veteran FMF Marines and all went well. Under Captain H. C. Waterman, our company commander, the morale of this organization was kept as high as if under ideal conditions.

The old weather man was very good to us in that there was very little rain during the two weeks, but there were plenty of the boys looking for a couple of extra blankets when the sun went down and there was nothing else to do but sleep.

When problems were secured for the day and there were still a few hours before nightfall, the air was filled with footballs, volley balls, soft balls and stories of how far we must have hiked on the assignment for that day.

There are a few highlights during the maneuvers that won't come to light in the critiques which always follow. For instance, how many would know that:— Corporal DuBose, our prize "field soldier," spent two hours trying to contact the main body without knowing it was that mythical Third Battalion-Trumpet Corporal Patton and Drummer First Class Roselli spent most of their spare time with a song sheet, and sang with the gusto of Dick Powell-Simpson and Spencer Welch were sweating through their three pair of socks after agreeing to play the Gunderson-Turner combination auction bridge for a penny a point. First Sergeant Hynes would have been heartbroken if any other company had mustered for reveille roll call before this one-Les Welch had poison ivy rash from his eyes to his knees, and was still envied by some of the boys who had to make all formations—"Blub" Hudock was completely run down by Lieutenant Clark just passing a football, and admitting that his "office muscles" are getting the better of him—Carroll Wright was swamped with requests for a couple of bucks after winning first money in his fight in the smoker—Charlie Dodd led his fight against a larger opponent only to lose a decision which seemed unpopular-"'Murphy" javsky, our police sergeant, finally got stuck for a formation on our last day in camp-Platoon Sergeant Cote, Sergeant Cardin and Corporal Hopkins finally agreed that they hadn't agreed on any topic of conversation during the entire encampment-Gunnery Sergeant Wilkinson could never manage to get on the winning volley ball team—And every man in the company is wondering if they will have enough money to take advantage of the seventytwo hour pass we have coming to us.

# CO. F, 2D BN, 5TH MARINES

The author of the song made famous by Dick Powell in the picture "The Singing Marine" sure knew his Marines, at least he must have had a pretty good conception of the many "sudden jumps" of the Fleet Marine Force—for it's been a case of shoving right off again and again—and again, particularly so these past few months (we could go back even further, but we're writing of the present).

Speaking of Company F, 2d Battalion, we left Quantico, Vn., bag and baggage for the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, August 15th and put in a solid month there marking and pulling targets until, to use an old time expression, we were blue in the face. On the line we were the guys with the score card and the pencil and it was up to us to answer all questions, over and over again. This job, we were in many words informed, was a very particular one, for the reason that mistakes on the line in scoring involved many complications, and needless to say many a dirty word heaped upon the head of the poor unfortunate who dared to be the reason for any controversy over John Doe's final score.

After a job well done, so we were told, we departed for Quantico, Va., at which port, which by the way is almost foreign to us, we arrived September 13th. It sure felt good to get into the old bunk again and best of all to have honest to goodness hot water for shaving and bathing purposes—and too, old mess-gear was getting rather badly dented from constant banging on the sides of the "hot" water containers used at Camp Perry for dish washing.

However, everything said and done, our tour of duty at Camp Perry was quite pleasant: We had an excellent camp and

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with the exception of one or two days, par excellent weather for Ohio. Many made side trips to Toledo, Port Clinton and to the Exposition at Cleveland, while many others preferred to just loaf over the week ends or fish—in private pools.
(All right! If the cap fits, wear it).

But-causes on Webster for ever inventing such a word-our stay at Quantico was short lived and on September 18th-without even a chance to see the "goil" friend this Company loaded its personnel and baggage onto trucks and bright and early that morning journeyed over the Red Roads of Virginia to Brentsville, Va., where, upon arrival, mallets, shovels, picks, sledges and a thousand and one other articles of Quartermaster equipment were issued to all present and the cornerstone of Camp R. P. Williams was laid and by nightfall the Second Battalion section was all but completed (speak for yourself, First Battalien).

Monday morning the balance of the Battalion arrived and were assigned to their particular company area. (Isn't it nice, fellows, to just drop in like that?)

We have been here two weeks-to-morrow we go home again to the old bunk, a real honest to-goodness mess table, hot water, a soothing shower bath and last but not least to a barber and a laundry.

While at Brentsville we maneuvered all over the country side. Try and tell us something about Bull Run and Stonewall Jackson now. It's been tough, well, sometimes, then again we've had the blessing of perfect weather which has done all us insiders a world of good; and we believe the most of us have packed many helpful combat principles into our brain, which, though we all hope never have to be used in the real thing, will serve us well if the reality ever does arrive.

Such is life, such is the song-Quantico,

Brentsville, Bristow, Culebra, San Clemente and . . . . maybe, we're shoving right off, we're shoving right off again.

# CO. G, 5TH MARINES, 1ST BRIGADE

This outfit will make its debut in a splash of mud from Brentsville, Va. One of our boys, Tate, made his debut as fighter the smoker we had at Camp R. P. Iliams. Tate looked pretty good and Williams. is a hard hitter. We all wish him luck in the future.

Gy-Sgt. Cain laid his teeth on a box in his tent one night and during the night the weather turned cold. When Cain reached for a eigarette his teeth were cold and chatting and bit Tippy on the hand. Tippy went to see the doctor to see if he had gotten Hydrophobia.

The company stayed behind to tear down the camp at Brentsville and they did a fast job of it. We got back to Quantico about 8:35 P. M. on the 2nd. We are all getting settled down to routine now and getting everything straightened out.

The company will get with you in a big way next time. We will be telling you.

### COMPANY H By J. E. Aucoin

This summer has seen many changes in the roster of H Company. In September we said goodby to Captain James M. Mc-Hugh who has been the Skipper of the Company since May 29, 1936. Captain McHugh leaves for China this month. Bon Voyage, Captain McHugh, our loss is Chi-

na's gain. We were fortunate to get Captain August Larson for our new Company Commander and we wish our new Skipper a successful tour of duty with the Company. Captain Larson comes to us from the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team and we all know of his fine success with the Team.

Second Lieutenant Hoyt McMillan has left us to assume the duties of Battalion Adjutant. We wish him every success in his new position.

Back in Quantico again for a few months. The National Matches at Camp Perry and Field Maneuvers at Brentsville are behind us. Everybody enjoyed the stay in Ohio, and although the going was rather rough at times in Brentsville, the old H Company spirit pulled us through with a smile.

Last month we were lucky in getting Master Gunnery Sergeant Joseph E. Buckley, who goes to the Howitzer Platoon. Buck is well known throughout the Marine Corps and is a favorite with all. Welcome, Gunney!

Gunnery Sergeant Leland "Lou" Diamond has just shipped over for that last two long years to twenty-year retirement. Lou says the first four were the hardest. You're telling us, Lou!

We had a successful summer on the Range. The Company made the highest average of the Brigade with 99.2% qual-With the machine gun all the men of Headquarters Platoon and the Machine Gun Platoons qualified with the majority making Expert and First Class Gunner.

The Howitzer Platoon hung up a fine record with the 81 mm Mortar and the 37 mm. All qualified with the fine scores. Second Lieutenant Barnes made Expert which is no mean feat. Congratulations,

Lieutenant Barnes.

Seventy twos are the order of the day in the Second Battalion, and everyone is busy getting everything shipshape for the winter months with an eye to maneuvers. Furloughs are starting again and First Sergeant Sorensen is trying hard to make everyone happy. Cheer up, we'll all get a chance to leave Thanksgiving or Christ-

Trumpet Corporal Campbell is wearing a big smile these days. Just because he'll be seeing someone in California soon. Is she as anxious to see you, Bob?

Lots of luck to all the old members

of H Company in China now. We wouldn't mind being there ourselves.

Well, so long till next month, we'll be back with more news of H Company and the doings of the Second Battalion.

## FIRST BATTALION. 10th RGT.

(Continued from page 31)

roads in Massachusetts and Louisiana, First Sergeant Larsen expressing his opinions of crops and farm life in general, he being an accepted authority on both subjects. Gunnery Sergeant Smith heating shaving water in an empty pork and bean can over two candles.

Changes in the battery have been numerous during the past month. Privates Roberts, Smith, and Sullivan joined from the 1st Signal Company; Private First Class White joined from the Post Service Battalion; Private First Class Sales joined from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Phila delphia, Pa.; Sergeant Fagley was trans ferred to Post Service Battalion; Platoon Sergeant Mitchell, ditto; Private First Class Ragland to Newport, R. I.; Corporal Jeffrey and Private First Class Grafton to

the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.; Private Crowell to Lakehurst, N. J.; and Sergeant Diaz is slated to leave us very soon for Parris Island.

During the next couple of days we hope to have our equipment and uniforms back in bucking condition and soon thereafter we can begin stowing it all in the old seabags again for Culebra or China or St. Thomas or Guam or wherever the place will be that good Marines are wanted, or ordered.

. In the short time between now and the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK we'll be trying to get that furlough and keep our ears clean. So long.

### BATTERY A By "Wincy"

Heighho to you again from the cannoneers of Battery A, and here is a little riddle. What is taking place when such sounds as rattle, rattle, crack crack; or the observation that "they are rolling out again!"; mingled with a few curses and a laugh or two, are heard coming from a group of gyrenes? No, mes amigos, you are wrong. It is not that popular indoor sport, which decides the size of so many liberties around payday. It is the sounds coming from the battery when it is preparing to take to the road again for another problem during a maneuver like the one held recently at Brentsville, Va. Perhaps you will say that I tricked you because I failed to mention the sound of the roaring tractors, but who ever heard the sound of roaring tractors coming from a crap game!

We were encamped for two weeks in a field just outside of Brentsville, and for the time it seemed that Patrick Henry had shouted his immortal words in vain. few who had come into contact with a local product known as "white lighten-ing," went as far as to wish for course every one wanted liberty, and a Though only a mile from the Town, it seemed as if we were almost completely isolated; the only other living things around being a few sheep grazing in a nearby meadow.

The weather was clear most of the time; it having rained only two days while we were there. The column would move out at dawn and proceed along the road to some spot selected for a gun position, where the guns would be quickly set up and put into action. While moving along the road the cannoncers would have one eye open for the enemy air eraft, and the other one open for the farmer's daughter. The maneuvers came very close to actual battle conditions. Some times we would be advancing and sometimes we would be retreating. One night we had a night problem which came off very smoothly and with hardly any noise. The loudest noise heard, I believe, was when Sgt. Blount came upon an engineer lying across a gun cart. The dim moonlight played a trick on his eyes, no doubt, for he demanded in no uncertain terms. "What-what's this?"

The signal section got a well earned commendation from the commanding officer for its efficiency. I say "Well earned" because it was handicapped somewhat as over half its personnel were new men.

The noon chow was eaten on the march almost every day, but this had little effect on the excellence of the food served. The Tenth Marines' chow is becoming justly famous as is Joe Newland, our mess sgt., who is responsible for it. Sgt. Newland is

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office chairs for all the hikes. We trust the exercise agreed with their dispositions

and constitutions!

'Scrawney'' set up his battery telephone in a cleared wheat field once, the location of which is known only to himself and the farmer that owns it. No doubt he figured the battery executive officer was hiding behind the stub of one of the wheat straws for the time being.

The men recently transferred to other stations have made their loss felt by us who remain behind because of their absence from the various activities in which they participated. They even missed "Nus who used to sing in the choir over at the Post Chapel. Now that he is gone every one thinks that they have had the organ tuned. How's come you never signed your name to the last article you wrote for The Leatherneck, Nussy? We all knew who it was anyway, because only a four thousand dollar a year man would use those super perogatives.

And so we are back at Quantico, with nothing having disturbed us yet but a sudden eleven o'clock police call. They say it will last till Wednesday. Hope so.

### BATTERY "BEE" By Mortimer

Whew! At last we're back from Brentsville, rain soaked and covered with mud, also molasses sprayed by the planes as a substitute for Mustard Gas. Some of the boys wouldn't have minded the molasses so much if in turn they had dropped a few hot cakes here and there. After the good chow the 10th Marines had out there, it seems a wonder the other outfits didn't break out their mess gear and try and catch

some of the flying molasses.

The sick-bay had their hands full tak ing care of the many cases of colds and poison ivy, but old Battery "BEE" came through without any casualties or Hospital patients except for a few stubbed toes probably gotten by the boys banging their feet on the tent pegs late at night.

After having no liberty out there for a few weeks, the boys certainly took off in grand fashion on our return from Brents ville, but they're all back now, and resigned to the old Quantico life.

Our No. 1 Wrestler in the Battery, and for that matter in the post, Pfc. Jack Coulter, threw a grunt and groan ex-ponent from the Fifth Marines named Spencer, twice in the short period of twenty minutes. This bone crushing artist from the Fifth was supposed to be a terror, he even said so himself. Coulter hasn't lost a match since he's been in the Marine Corps, and it doesn't look like there is anyone around these parts that can do the trick. Attaboy Jack, keep up the good work.

Since the last reading of our Battery news, we have lost quite a few of our old men, Sgt. Tully, Cpl. Lavoie, Pvts. Dennis and Korn all have been transferred to the Washington Navy Yard. Pvt. Faulk has been transferred to Pensacola, Fla. Well. Faulk, we hope you like your new Post, but we don't believe it can compare with old Battery B. We expect to lose a few more of our Non-Coms to the Post Service Battalion this week. This three year FMF order is certainly decreasing our Non-Com personnel, well, anyway boys, lots of luck.

The Battery is going to Annapolis this week-end to put on a landing party demonstration with the Pack-Howitzers, for the future admirals. We'll probably have many a critical eye watching us, so you can rest assured that the boys will put on a good show.

The men want to congratulate Cpl. Geiser on his great work as acting First Sergeant in the last few months. We also want to take this opportunity to wish our new Top, First Sergeant Waldrop, lots of luck. Our new First soldier doesn't need any introduction around these parts, for he's been acting Sergeant-Major in the Battalion for the past two years.

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The way the recruits have been coming into the Battery this last month, it seems as if they were unloading Parris Island on us. The Battery has more men at present than we've had for quite a long while. Keep your chin up, eyes open, and you'll find out that you have a pretty nice home here.

Well, Gyrenes, as you all know, everything must sometimes come to an end, so it's time to say "Au Revoir," Pleasant Dreams, Etc., and to all you Readers the Battery wishes to extend its heartiest wishes for the Thanksgiving holidays and "Good Turkey" on Thanksgiving Day, and we'll be seeing you all presently.

# 2nd ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN.

(Continued from page 32)

inch Antiaireraft Guns. Comprised mostly of men fresh from boot-camp with the dust of Parris Island still in their hair, they, by dint of hard work and diligent application, are fast rounding into shape and promise to be very efficient Antiaireraft Artillery Men. So friends, this being the first news of our newly organized battery to be edited in The Leatherneck, we wish to say "Hello" to all the Leatherneck readers. We are here to stay and going places.

Battery E, was organized on the 10th of August, 1937. Marine Gunner Olin L. Beall was the first commanding officer. The other Charter members were Gy-Sgt. Henry E. Klappholz, Plt. Sgt. Clarence B. McKinstry, Sgt. Forest S. Baugh, Cpls. Talmage C. Dill, Vandiver R. L. Locke and Robert E. Wright and Pvts. Charles A. Holmes and William S. Rayborn. Almost daily the battery was augmented by the arrival of additional personnel until now our strength is 4 commissioned officers and 76 enlisted men.

We are very fortunate in having Captain Alfred R. Pefley as our battery Commander. Captain Pefley is a recent graduate of the Coast Artillery School. Second Lieutenant George A. Roll is our battery executive officer and has charge of the

range section. Second Lieutenant Frank L. Kilmartin is our firing battery executive. Marine Gunner Olin L. Beall has charge of the maintenance section. A well known Marine Corps character of long service, Mr. Beall started the battery off from scratch and has been in many respects its guiding spirit since.

Privates William S. Rayborn and Charles A. Holmes, two of the first men to be assigned to this battery, have this past summer graduated from the Coast Artillery School, after having completed the electrical course. These two studious men are attending to the electrical end of the battery. From the West Coast comes Private Harold L. Mayfield a very able mechanic who has been assigned to the battery as its motor mechanic. Private Thomas Skocdopole (That boy who won the Van Dykes Trophy at San Diego, Calif.) joined us from the West Coast and since has completed a course in Stereoscopics, and been assigned to the (Stereo)

Height Finders.
Corporal Vandiver R. L. Locke and Privates Duard H. McAbee, Allen J. Miller and Shelby Mcl. Pou at present are at the Navy Optical School, Washington, D. C., and on completion of their studies there will return to the battery.

The rest of the non-commissioned officers

consist of Plt. Sgt. Dorn E. Arnold who is

chief of the Range Section. Plt. Sgt. Arnold joined us from Bty. G, 2nd Marine Brig., FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Gy-Sgt. Henry E. Klappholz came to us from H&S Battery, 2nd AA, Bn. FMF, Post. Gy-Sgt. Rufus W. McKinley from Bty. B, 1st AA, Bn, FMF, Post. Sgt. Clarence B. McKinstry joined us from H&S Bty., 2nd AA, Bn, FMF, Post. Sgt. James B. Bunch from Co. G, 2nd Bn, FMF, Post. Sgt. Sanuel G. Gilbert from Co. D, 1st Bn, FMF, Post. Sgt. Sanuel G. Gilbert from Co. D, 1st Bn, FMF, Post. Sgt. Joseph J. Vlach from MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C. Cpl. James L. Buchanan from MB. NAD, St. Juliens

MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C. Cpl. James L. Buchanan from MB, NAD, St. Juliens Creek, Portsmouth, Va. Corporal Talmage C. Dill from MBNY, Portsmouth, Va. Cpl. Clement C. Cross from Bks, Det, MB, Norfolk, Va. Cpl. John J. Griffin from Bks, Det, NBNY, New York, N. Y. Cpl. Wil-

liam J. Setlock from MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

As the months roll by we intend to organize various athletic teams. Keep in trim fellows—lay off the beer and late hours for we intend to make things hum when we get going. As a starter "High Pocket" Le Mons has been elected Cap-

tain of the soft ball team.

We just eannot sign off without putting out a little battery scandal. Private "Big Feet'" Norris, that boy from way down Waycross, Ga., is still wondering why Mr. Beall calls him "Big Feet." Norris says that he is not the only one that wears twelve and half shoe. My! My! "Big Feet" that is rather large! Do all Georgia boys have feet like that? I see "Bu-Gie" Wrigley, another Ga. boy wears only an eight. "Pete" one of the Smith boys, has the boys wondering how he gets along with the women so well. You need a special mailman "Pete" Pvt. "Haymaker" Derrington would like to know where his fifteen (15.—) bucks went. He lost it the night he was out until morning with "HER." Have you seen her lately "Haymaker"? Private Herriotts still thinks that the fairest flowers grow in Pa. What about the "Southern Girls," "Shorty"? "Wild Bill" Crouse, "The Maryland Wonder," says that he still loves the girls he left behind. Is that why you go home so often "Wild Bill"? Private Tuggle seems to be homesick—he never misses "The Corbin Daily Tribune." Say Tug, how are things down in "Ole Kentuck." We are sorry to say that "Chow Hound" Sammons has been transferred to Norfolk for Sea School. I believe you are another "Corbin" Kentuck boy. Any relation to Tug?

Well friends, as this completes all the information I can give you at the present I must sign off and say, "Keep an eye on us for with such able instructors as the officers and non-coms mentioned is it a wonder that we are going places? Here's a toast to our success, and when you hear the next growl of the Police sergeant it will be exactly 10.15 p.m. This completes the first broadcast of station B-T-Y-, E.

# BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS

(Continued from page 32)

us from the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, and started right in to try to help the boys out. When he starts in to do something he never stops until it is finished. Captain Withers is leaving for Indianapolis again on the 9th and we hope he has a pleasant stay up there, he spent a good deal of time up there during the construction of the five tanks we now have and he should be pretty well acquainted. Lieutenant deZayas will be in command during his absence.

Well, I think I am taking up too much space as it is so will knock off and give somebody else a chance. See you next month.

# FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY Amanuensis

Taking you back a few months—to April—we'll make some attempt to present a resume of the various activities in which this company has played no minor role, and which have been of paramount interest to the company because of its interest in the many problems, and each problem means perfection, the very thing we strive for.

On schedule for the month was the par-

ticipation of the First Marine Brigade in the reenactment of the "Battle of the Crater" at Petersburg, Va. In the early morning hours of 22 April (and cold it was) we found ourselves enroute to Petersburg, arriving there at the camp site about noon of that date. In no time at all men had donned dungarees and work was begun, working details everywhere. I mean it was work too. Trucks were relieved of all equipment and materials needed in the construction of camp. Soon galleys were under construction, tents were being pitched -tents for officers' row, living quarters, company offices, supplies, mess, canteen, and message center. Heads were con-structed on short notice. Aside from food and shelter, from observance I would judge they were one of our real necessities in Too, the showers, but why go further 'bout those-didn't I say it was cold? The camp completed, it was christened Camp LeJeune, in honor of Major Gen. John A. LeJeune, U. S. Marine Corps, now retired. A fine looking camp it was And worthy of all the praise it received. The stay there was an enjoyable one, our only regret being the continual downpour of rain. The "Battle of the Crater" proved most successful and we are proud to have been able to play a part in the reenactment.

Next we find ourselves "snapping in" on the Post Rifle Range. Luckily, weather conditions during the two weeks proved to be of the best so we had no reason for grumbles or complaints in that respect. Record day arrived, the company completing their annual target practice with an average of 87%, a 4% gain over that of last year.

During the summer we practiced in many athletic events. Not to be boasting, we do have some A-1 athletes—once they let themselves go. Our pride is "skipper" Leonard N. Brown, who with his two "deck hands," Sgt. Earl Izard and Pvt. Ralph W. Ayres, won first place for Brigade Special Troops in the sail boat races held here recently. Yes sir, they can sail my boat in any old storm.

It isn't all work and no play for us though. September 4 we closed shop, and via two of the motor launches from the Post Dock took off across the Potomac to parts unknown in search of a secluded and shady spot. Finding such we settled down for a company picnic. Chow and re-freshments? Well, we had more than our share. Food couldn't have tasted better anywhere. Much time was devoted to aquatic sports and while the opportunity afforded we took advantage of every minute. Riding the surf board was the main interest of the day, each having his share of rides and spills. Our Commanding Officer, First Lieutenant Nelson K. Brown, and First Sergeant Bernard G. Betke excelled in that event. They really "went to town'' on that surf board and we think, must have done some rehearsing en the side-unbeknown to the rest of us. Their dexterity in this sport left us with our heads bowed—in shame. The day passed much too quickly, but was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire company. Bigger and better picnies is our slogan from now on.

Now to work again. Another camp was in the making at Brentsville, Va., where the First Marine Brigade are to participate in field exercises and maneuvers. Several days prior to departure for Brentsville, Pfe. Lawrence G. Glockler, company topographer, accompanied by his surveyors—Pvts. Shelby R. Burch, Howard H. Mercer

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and Paul M. Reese completed laying out of the camp site. To say the least, they made an excellent job of it-and why not? Gloekler always sacrifices speed for accu-Departure of the First Marine Brigade for Brentsville began the morning of September 17. On arrival at the camp work was immediately site construction underway, and with the dawn of another day a camp was nearing its final stages of perfection. Completed, it was christened Camp R. P. Williams, in honor of Brigadier General R. P. Williams-Commanding General of the First Marine Brigade. The remaining days in camp were busy onesparticipation of companies in field exercises and the carrying out of various problems as scheduled afforded excellent training and a new experience for many of the Our ex-Commanding Officer, Captain Francis M. McAllister now on duty at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C., was a visitor in camp for one day. His appearance was a welcome one, and needless to say, it was a real pleasure to have him with us again. The striking of camp was begun on 2 October, and on 3 October the last of personnel returned to the barracks arriving about 0115-a happy and noisy gang-glad to be home again.

Our two dashing photographers, Pfc. James F. Dalton and Pvt. Charles W. Berger, report some very good pictures of the

camp and maneuvers. We hope that at least one or two of these pictures will appear in this issue of The Leatherneck—if so, use your own judgment, but we know you will see the camp as we did, one to be proud of—a tribute to all who shared in making it the success it was.

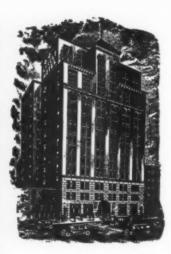
Won't keep you any longer folks, but want you to know we are a part of this U. S. Marine Corps, making every effort to do our part toward the preservation of all it so honorably represents.

## GARBLED IN TRANSMISSION

(Continued from page 9)

"Well, they've put me in a safe brig," he said, looking about him. "All secure. Couldn't break that door down with a seventy-five. And even if that window wasn't barred I'd break my fool neck trying to get out that way. What a mess I'm in! If the company attacks, that sour-faced Dutchman will have me shot. If it doesn't, and I ever get out of this jam, I'll probably get run up for . . . ."

He stopped abruptly. Someone just outside the door was whistling. It sent a shiver up and down the lieutenant's spine, for whoever it was, he was whistling the Marine's Hymn. It stopped. Lambert rushed to the door and placed his ear against it. He could hear nothing but the shifting feet of the sentry.



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"Can't be that guard whistling," he murmured. "I don't believe there's a Boche this side of hell that knows that song."

He began pacing the floor, his nimble mind checking off the possible identities of "Couldn't be that young the whistler. officer, although I've heard of spies in the service. But no, he wouldn't have taken me in the first place."

There was a slight commotion in the corridor, a half articulate gasp, the scraping of feet and a muffled thud. A key rasped in the lock and the door swung open to admit a German soldier. Lambert tottered back in surprise.

"Emery!" he gasped.

"Sh, not so loud," cautioned the ser-cant. "It would be better if they didn't geant. know I was aboard."

"I thought they got you, sure, out there

in those woods."

"Hell no. After I saw you get away I took off muy pronto. It weren't no trouble givin' them birds the slip, but I lost my course, I was usin' this steeple for dead reckonin', and I couldn't spot it when I was in that gully. I cruised about blind for a bit an' the first thing I know I fetched up alongside this town. I saw 'em bringin' you in under guard. I knowed Harris would have savvy enough to bring the company up if we didn't get back, so I says to myself, 'Emery, Mr. Lambert is in one hell of a jam; it's up to you to get him out.' So I sneaked along the street an' I almost got to this here church when I runs afoul of a Dutchman. I got my hand on his windpipe before he could sound off an' we settled our difference right there. I put on his clothes, pulled the same stunt on the orderly outside your door-an' here I am.

"Was that you whistling Montezuma?" inquired the surprised lieutenant.

I was around so's you wouldn't try to pull a fast one and get yourself shot up. Now here's the dope: I policed me a long rope; it's out there in the companionway. night all we got to do is pry the bars apart and slide down. That is, of course, if something happens that Harris don't bring up the outfit."

Lambert didn't reply, he was thinking hard. The sergeant opened the door, picked up a soil of clothes line, the sentry's rifle and a box of ammunition.

"The ammunition's all in belts for machine guns," he stated; "but I guess we can take 'em out an' they'll work in this rifle."

"You'd better haul your tail out of here, Emery,'' said Lambert. "I don't see how you can help me, and if they ever eatch you in that outfit they'll make you wish you joined the navy. As for me, the minute Harris is seen bringing up the company, I've been promised a lead message. There's no need of us both get-ting the same treatment. Take off while you can.

"Nothin' doin'! Here I am an' here I stays. I'm goin' to drag that orderly in

so's his body won't attract too much no-

The German's feet dragged heavily along the floor as the sergeant dumped him in a corner where he lay with wide open eyes staring reproachfully at the two Americans.

Emery crossed the room and locked the door from the inside and dropped the heavy cross-bar in its socket. "I door's metal-armored on the outside, broadside couldn't cave it in."

"What's the difference, Emery? We're trapped in this compartment like the crew of a submarine. You beat it, Old Man, and tell Harris to hit and hit hard.'

"Say," Emery burst in suddenly pointing to the German's body, "why you put on that bird's Sunday clothes? They'll fit you. We could walk right down the ladder and be over the side before they knew who we was. Together we goes or together we stays. Whatd'y say?' "Great! I'll try it."

There was a ripping roar from the machine gun above them. The ones on the roof-tops joined in like the yelping of a pack of wolves. The lieutenant rushed to the window.

Too late," he cried, "Harris is com-

ing.

He could see his men nicely deployed, crossing the road and advancing toward the town. Germans were rushing forward to man the barricade, and others were clambering to the roofs. Pressing his face against the bars he could see the muzzle of the gun protruding from the window above. It quivered and jerked, spraying tongues of flame like water from a hose. The Marines were out of sight in the woods now, but the machine guns continued firing. A knock on the door caused

Lambert to turn about,
"Yes?" he called.
"Herr Lieutenant, the major is angered by this attack, and he will be more angry when I tell him you have locked yourself in like a peevish schoolgirl. You can't hope to escape. If you come out now, sensibly, he might spare you-unless we are forced to evacuate. Are you coming?" "No thanks. Tell the major to go to

Lambert turned to Emery. The sergeant had his face pressed against the bars and was looking upward. He turned with a smile. "Look, sir," he said, dragging a grenade from his pocket. "I had sense He turned with a enough to save a couple of these pills. I'm going to put that gun on the next deck out of commission."

"How can you? You can't throw a curve from down here into the window

above.

"I don't have to throw it inside the turret. I can time it so's it'll bust right in their faces."

"That's too close figuring. It will go off in your hand."

"Naw; look here!" He pulled the pin and let the spoon slap over. "One!" he said.

Lambert's teeth clicked. He felt the blood leaving his face.

"Two!"

# A. M. BOLOGNESE Tailor and Haberdasher QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Above, the gun was still firing. sounded far, far away to the lieutenant.
"Three!" counted the sergeant. "Get

back against that bulkhead, Mr. Lambert. "Four." He thrust his arm between the bars of the window. Emery flicked his arm upward and leaped away. There was

a sharp, biting detonation, echoed by shricks of surprise and pain. The gun ceased firing.

"See?" gloated Emery. He stepped to the bars and looked upward.

clear!" "Stand warned Lambert "They'll get you from across the street."

The sergeant stepped back. A rifle bullet glanced off the bars and screamed into the room. "Wait a minute," said Emery, ignoring his narrow escape, "I've got me a bon idea."

ORE bullets poured in through the window. The sergeant crouched low as he crossed the room, but otherwise paid no attention to them. He picked up the coil of rope and made a slipknot in one end.

"What are you up to now?" Lambert asked.

"I'm goin' to salvage that gun out of the fightin' top before they get another I need it to set up shop an' start business."

He walked calmly to the window and shook the rope free between the bars. He tossed it upward. The loop missed its target. A hail of lead drummed toward him.

"Dammit, Emery, be careful! They can't miss you every time."

"Aw, those bozos couldn't hit a bull in the head with a tennis racket," growled the sergeant with a Marine's scorn for lesser marksmen.

At the third trial the noose encircled the muzzle. The Marine gave a heave and the weapon sailed through the air and clanked

against the side of the building.
"I hope that didn't knock it haywire," he said, pulling it up hand over hand. Lambert leaped to aid him. Cautiously he reached out and loosened the tripod so the legs collapsed enough to allow passage between the bars. In another moment Emery was setting up the gun. They heard harsh swearing from the room above.

"Get away from that window, Mr. Lambert, an' stand by for a grenade. They'll try the same stunt I pulled in a minute."

They did; but whoever threw it lacked the iron will power of the Marine. potato-masher didn't explode until it landed in the street below. There was a shrill ery of anguish and a dozen voices yelling excitedly.

"Well blow me down!" laughed the sergeant, "if they didn't drop that one on their own outfit. They won't try that again in a hurry." Still chuckling he bent They won't try that over the captured weapon. "Hope that water jacket ain't punctured. Nope, it's O.K."

The German fire began to increase in volume. The short, vicious bursts from the machine guns and the continual crackle of rifle fire blended into a solid ripple. was not all coming through the window. Some was directed against the woods where Lambert caught sight of shadowy forms flitting from tree to tree.

The sergeant gave profane but fervent thanks; the window was low enough to accommodate the gun. He poked it between the bars, clamped the cradle, pulled back and released the bolt.

"Come on, baby, let's show 'em some real competition.'

The weapon responded nobly. It spurted a stream of lead in the direction of a crew that was firing on the advancing company from concealment of a chimney, "One!" chuckled the Marine as a gunner slid down the sloping roof and flopped grotesquely in a puddle of mud. Another jerked himto his feet and then toppled over against the gun, carrying it with him to the street below. Emery released the traversing clamp and turned his attention to another crew.

Lambert picked up the rifle and stood above his sergeant. A sniper in an op-posite window was indiscreet enough to show himself. The lieutenant felt a thrill of exultation when he saw the man flop forward and pitch half out of the window, his arms dangling like two pendulums. A bullet bit at the officer's cheek. He staggered back, cursing. Carefully he aimed at the head and shoulders of a marksman lying behind a chimney. The rifle cracked. The sniper shuddered a little and his head dropped down on his arms.

Lambert could now see the leading men of his company advancing through woods slowly and methodically. mans behind the barricade opened fire and three or four Marines crumpled.

"Sergeant, sight in on that barricade!" Emery swung his weapon about and depressed the muzzle. He grabbed another belt from the box beside him. His teeth were clenched and his face was deathly white.

"Emery, are you hit?"

"Just a hole in the shoulder I got draggin' that damn thing in through the Nothin' to go to the chaplain window. about."

He reset his rear sight and trained his gun on the defenders of the barricade.

"This ain't nothin' to the pluggin' I got from a dum-dum down in San Domingo," he said, pouring a series of short bursts into the surprised Germans. "You should a seen that one. Damn near tore my back out.

He shifted his fire against a cluster of men that broke for the courtyard. Only two reached it. "I got shot up down in Vera Cruz, too," went on the sergeant softly and reminiscently. "Member the where Sammy Misenberg got his? beach I was right along side him."

Lambert was too busy to reply. roofs were cleared of machine gunners, but several well concealed snipers were still a serious menace. Their bullets were clipping uncomfortably close to the two Yanks.

"I got knifed, too, in a riot in Peking," continued the sergeant, swinging his fire along the barricade. The gun quivered beneath his control, mowing the Germans down like so much grain. For a moment they stood resolutely, then the leading files of the Marines burst through the woods and the defenders found themselves between two fires. They broke suddenly and ran down the street in wild panie. Emery deserted his gun and jerked the other grenade from his pocket.

"Sorry I ain't got more of 'em," he aid as the bomb exploded in the midst of

the fleeing mob.

With a rush the Marines scaled the barricade. Gleefully they fired into the re-treating Germans. Other panic-stricken men poured from the buildings, flinging weapons aside and scurrying like frightened rabbits to join their comrades. Only one or two paused long enough to





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return the fire of the Marines, who were surging forward with reckless abandon. Suddenly as if controlled by a single impulse the Germans stopped. Their arms shot skyward.

"Well, I'll be damned," grunted Emery, his face against the bars. "Harris brung a detachment up from the other end an' these Krauts run slap-bang into 'em.'' Lambert looked, "Yes," he confirmed;

"and they've got that fat, sloppy, bald-headed major. I'm going to scare hell out I'm going to scare hell out of him. I don't see that young officer, though. I'm afraid he's not the kind to surrender. Too bad, he seemed like a nice chap."

Later, when the prisoners were all se-cured, the men fed bountifully from captured rations, and the corpsmen had established a sickbay, a marine directed a weary, mud-splattered doughboy runner to Lam-

bert.
"You Company Commander, sir," he

Lambert nodded.

"Message from H.Q. transmitted through our outfit." He thrust an envelope toward the Marine.

Lambert took it. "My God!" he ejacu-

lated, laughing.

"What is it, sir?" asked Emery, poking at a bandaged shoulder, "sailin" orders?" "Hell no!" Lambert replied when he could speak. "It says that the orders we got this morning were all balled up. The doughboy outfit garbled them in trans-mission. It should have read that under no circumstances were we to advance on Bon Fontaine with the few men at our disposal. We were to secure our flanks and dig in, only to hold our position."

Emery grinned. "You can trust the army to gum up the detail every time. But, you know, if it wasn't for them dumb Johns we'd be out in them lousy woods instead of a nice comfortable town; an' it looks like rain."

### OUR FRIENDS, THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS

(Continued from page 6)

America during the World War) landed on June 21 at Tong-Ku and started for Tientsin by train. They and some additional Russians overtook Waller's Marines and the Russians on June 22. The allies then had approximately two thousand men, about half of whom were Russians. Waller joined his forces to Craddock's and the augmented forces again reached the outskirts of Tientsin on the 24th. formed for an advance to the attack in two columns with Waller's Marines leading the combined British American column on the left. They fought their way into the eastern part of the city pushing back the Boxers from various villages along the route. The Russians in the right column advanced to the northwest and reached the railway station where they relieved a be-leaguered garrison of Russians and Royal Waller lost one killed and three wounded during the day's fighting while the Fusiliers lost one killed and two wounded "probably owing to the color of their dress." Major Morris was wounded and later evacuated to Hong Kong leaving Captain J. H. Gwynne in command of the battalion.

The allied forces reorganized themselves and rested for a day and then set out to relieve Admiral Seymour's expedition which was being besieged in an arsenal about eight miles north of Tientsin. The relief

column had a strength of about 1,900 consisting of two companies of the Welch Fusiliers, a British naval brigate strong, Waller's Marines and about one thousand Russians. They effected a union with Seymour, without having encountered any considerable resistance, at about noon of the 24th and the combined forces returned to Tientsin the following day. On June 27 a force of about 1,800 allies, mostly Russians, reinforced by the Battalion of Royal Welch Fusiliers and forty U. S. Marines under Second Lieutenant W. L. Jolly, eaptured Pei-Yang Arsenal which had successfully repulsed Waller's battalion and the Russians on the 22nd. From then until July 13 desultory firing continued intermittently, but no major military operations were undertaken. On July 15 Waller took a combined mounted patrol of Marines and Royal Welch Fusiliers on a scouting expedition to the west of the walled city in search of the enemy. They They captured a fort without opposition and secured several guns, standards, arms, carts and ammunition.

The Boxers were in possession of most of the city of Tientsin with their principal center of resistance, the walled Chinese Their forces were continuing to grow rapidly while the allied forces facing them were being but slowly augmented. Ninth U. S. Infantry and the First Regi-ment of Marines, aggregating about one thousand men, arrived from the Philip-pines on July 12. The British forces had been somewhat strengthened, principally by colonial units. Reinforcements for the Russians also arrived and a detachment of Japanese and French joined the forces of the foreign powers. Sufficient strength was at last available for the long delayed plan to clear the Boxers out of the entire city of Tientsin before an advance could be

made to Peking.

A more or less coordinated attack was launched with a force of approximately 5,600 allies in the early morning of July 13 against the Boxers. The city was bombarded during the preceding night, principally by Russian artillery. The Ninth Infantry and First Regiment of Marines were brigaded with the Royal Welch Fusiliers and a British naval force of sailors and Marines all under the command of Brigadier General A. R. F. Dorward of the British Army. Dorward's brigade made up the left attacking column and advanced in the following order: two companies of Welch Fusiliers leading; regiment of U. S. Marines; British naval force; Ninth U. S. Infantry. The center column was Japanese and the right column Russian. The plans for the attack appear to have been very vague and the existing reports of what followed are by no means clear. It is difficult to reconstruct even an approximate account of the fighting which took place during the two succeeding days. Two columns advanced against the city from the east and the Russians attempted to encircle it to prevent the Chinese from sending in reinforcements from the west and to relieve the pressure against the left and center columns. The Russians failed in their part of the maneuver and the attacking columns were stopped at about 200 yards from the walls of the Chinese City. The U. S. Marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers on the left advanced against strong resistance by rushes across the swampy land south and southeast of the native city. But for the grave mounds and dikes which gave them occasional protection against artillery and infantry fire, their loss would have probably been great-

er than it was. The Chinese made a flanking attack against the Fusiliers and Marines, forcing them further to extend their lines to the left and rear. The Chinese were driven off and later made other attempts which also failed. Company F of the Marines under Captain B. H. Fuller was equipped with three 3-inch naval guns and three Colt guns. It furnished effec-tive fire support to the left throughout the first day's fight. Lieutenant Henry Leonard, serving with Fuller's company, lost his arm as the result of a wound received during the day's fighting. Company N of the First Marine Regiment and a detachment of Welch Fusiliers held a defensive position at the railroad station and successfully withstood an artillery bombardment and drove off an attack of Chinese infantry. The Fusiliers lost one killed and 22 wounded during this phase of the attack, while our Marines lost five killed and 22 wounded. The Ninth U. S. Infantry lost heavily including its commanding officer, Colonel E. H. Liseum. The following officers of the U.S. Marine Corps were killed or wounded in the Battle of Tientsin:

Captain A. R. Davis Killed
Captain W. B. Lemly Wounded
Captain G. G. Long Wounded
1st Lieut. H. Leonard Wounded
1st Lieut. S. D. Butler Wounded

General Dorward withdrew his brigade during the night and attempted a different maneuver the following day,

The South Gate of the walled city was blown in on the early morning of the 14th by the Japanese and Dorward's Brigade entered through it without resistance. The Chinese forces had retreated from the city during the night. The Royal Welch Fu-siliers crossed the Chinese city, passed beyond the North Gate and captured about two hundred imperial junks and a river steamer on the Grand Canal. The Marine steamer on the Grand Canal. The Marine Regiment under Colonel R. L. Meade entered the Walled City with the other troops and later withdrew to the British Concession. The foreign forces were in full control of Tientsin but still lacked the necessary troops to attempt an advance to relieve the belonguaged lagrations. to relieve the beleaguered legations at Peking. The regiment headquarters and Company H, five officers and 130 enlisted under Lieutenant Colonel Honorable R. H. Bertie joined the Royal Welch Fusiliers from Hong Kong on July 21. The U.S. Marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers served side by side in several battles be-tween June 23 and July 13, 1900. During the remainder of their stay in Tientsin the Welch Fusiliers continued to collect Chinese junks, performed outpost duty in outlying villages and prepared part of their troops to participate in the advance on Peking.

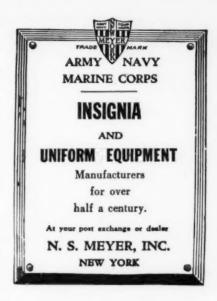
During the remainder of July and the first few days of August reinforcements continued to arrive for all of the nations represented. Three hundred of the Welch Fusiliers were made part of the British First Brigade in the China Expeditionary Force which took part in the advance to Peking while the United States Marine regiment which in the meantime had been joined by an additional battalion from the Philippines, furnished a total of 482 commanded by Major W. P. Biddle for the American force under Major General Adna R. Chaffee which also included a part of the Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry, one troop of the Sixth Cavalry and a battery of the Fifth Artillery. The

total strength of the relief column at the outset was approximately 18,600.

The relief column started its advance on Peking early in the morning of August 5. A fleet of junks transporting supplies and ammunition paralleled the advance up the Peiho River. The column led by the Japanese during the first day drove the Chinese from their position at Pei Tsang without the allies' supporting troops coming into action. During the second day the British and American contingents drove the Boxers from the village of Yang Tsun. Little further resistance was encountered until the column approached Peking on the 12th. The extremely hot weather proved as fatal to the allied forces as their enemy's resistance during the long and trying march.

It was agreed by all of the allies to rest during the 13th and attack Peking the following day. The Russians, however, slipped away from the column and attacked city during the early morning of the 13th in violation of their agreement and the remainder of the forces marched to the scene of the battle as soon as they heard the firing. Two companies of the Marines arrived in time to fight their way into the Tartar City with a detachment of Russians, reached the American Legation by 3:00 p.m. and helped to raise the siege. Apparently the Royal Welch Fusiliers remained in camp at Tung-Chow during that day. On the following day the U. S. Marines led an attack upon the Chein-Men Gate of the Imperial City. Two of their companies from firing positions in a pagoda delivered an effective rifle fire against the Chinese troops. The British column in the meantime advanced on the Southeast Gate which was found undefended-the guards having doubtless been drawn off by the Americans and Russians in their storming of the East Gate. The Royal Welch Fusiliers and the first Sikhs led the British advance, scaled the walls, opened the gates and entered the Tartar City by the water Gate. The Chinese were gradually driven from Peking and the Imperial Court fled. The city was given over to looting, first by the Chinese troops and then by the foreign armies who did a systematic job of it. Order was finally restored some weeks later. The U. S. Ma-rines occupied billets in the Tartar City and were evacuated to the Philippines on The Second Battalion, September 28. Royal Welch Fusiliers performed various duties in Peking until its withdrawal about October 18. Neither the original reports nor the accounts subsequently written indicate that the two organizations had any intimate field associations with each other during the march to or occupation of Peking.

Major Waller in one of his reports of the operations around Tientsin expressed his admiration for the British Allies as follows: "I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the officers of the Fusiliers. This battalion has been by our side since June 23. They have responded to my orders with the greatest alacrity and willingness, all the officers and men ready to go anywhere. Captain Gwynne and Lieutenant Flower have been thrown more with me than the others; the first, because he commanded the battalion, with the latter as his adjutant. I have thanked General Dorward officially for their services and invited his attention to their courage and fidelity. I hope they may receive the promotion they so richly deserve."





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# GENERAL LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 5)

respondence school. Today more than one third of the Marine Corps are taking advantage of this opportunity.

Shortly after entering the boarding school, John Lejeune saw his first Marine. A group of students had been invited aboard the U.S.S. Alliance, and during the exciting inspection, John observed one officer whose uniform differed from the others. This man, the guide explained, was the Marine officer, Lieutenant George F. Elliott. The boy was greatly impressed, but neither he nor the officer could foresee that each would one day serve as major general commandant of the Marine Corps.

After two years at boarding school, John was admitted to the Louisiana State University. There he learned the rudiments of military science and so distinguished himself that he was appointed a cadet lieutenant. The Academy at West Point was his goal, but he was never to reach it. There were no vacancies at the time, but through his sponsor he was offered an appointment to the Naval Academy, which he unhesitatingly accepted.

In May, 1884, John Lejeune entered the academy, where he early received the name of "Gabriel," usually abridged to "Gabe," by which he is still known to his classmates. His class, that of 1888, is famous for its illustrious names: Curtis D. Wilbur, Samuel J. Aiken, Admiral Henry A. Wiley and others who have achieved importance in our national affairs.

His four years of academy work finished, Naval Cadet Lejeune was ordered to the U.S.S. Mohican, at Mare Island, Calif., but was transferred to the Fandalia, which was preparing for a cruise to the Islands of Samon. Conditions there were bad. The Germans imposed control by the force of arms, and England was fearful lest her rival gain too secure a foothold; nor would such encroachment have been to the best of American interests.

On February 22, 1889, the Vandalia came to enchor in the crowded shipping of Apia Harbor. Among the vessels already moored were the U.S.S. Nipsic, the British cruiser Calliope and three German men-o'-war, the Olga, Adler and the Eber.

Ashore, the native king, recognized only by Germany, was besieged. Teuton bayonets were poking into the jungle fastness to rout out the puppet king's enemies. There was a tense, brooding atmosphere. The German officers associated with their Anglo-American colleagues only when duty required it. Even the young naval cadet could sense the seriousness of it all.

A few days later the American flagship Trenton arrived, bearing Rear Admiral Lewis A. Kimberly. Relations grew more strained. Actual clashes were narrowly averted. Then, abruptly, occurred the tragedy that acknowledged no faction and favored no people. But it was the one thing that wiped away the feeling of bitterness, and welded the belligerents together in the disaster they shared.

On March 14 the first storm warnings were issued. Awnings were unshipped and storm gaskets bent on the furled sails. A sudden squall came up and rain beat on the deck like the roll of a drum. Throughout the night the officers watched the tumbling glass apprehensively, consulting charts to determine the storm's center. A strong wind whipped in from the south. By

morning they knew they were in for a more than ordinary blow.

Aboard the Vandalia, Cadet Lejeune was busy with the rest of the crew. The lower yards were sent down, the topmasts housed, boats lashed, life lines rigged, and a thousand other things were done. They were preparing to ride out the gale. The wind veered, rolling giants waves in on the shipping.

At midnight Lejeune took over the watch on the forecastle. It was a black night, rain sheeted down and the gale lashed itself into a 90-mile fury. A great sea broke over the bow and nearly washed the cadet overboard. Clawing his way back to his post he lashed himself fast. At 4 in the morning he was relieved, but hardly had he gone below when the cry of "All hands!" sent him racing up the ladder to his station.

By dawn of the 16th the storm was worse. All ships seemed to be in difficulty, dragging their anchors. The German ship Eber had gone to pieces during the night and had disappeared. Of her crew of 71 only five were saved. Then the Adler grounded on a reef and 20 men were drowned. The Trenton was plunging about like a mad horse, her wheel rope and rudder carried away.

Aboard the Vandalia Cadet Lejeune was undergoing a horrible apprenticeship. He watched the Nipsic bear down on them. Closer she came. Then she reeled, swung past the Vandalia and grounded close inshore. Scarcely had Lejeune taken a breath when a new horror was upon them. The Calliope, with every ounce of steam pounding in her engines, was losing way. She rammed into the Vandalia and bounced back, both ships damaged.

Capt. Kane of the British ship decided upon a desperate expedient. He slipped his anchors and the chains sounded like a loud death rattle. "Full speed ahead" was the command. Throbbing and puffing she fought her way clear of the Vandalia. The helpless Trenton drifted down on her. They smashed together, the American's fore yard carrying away the other ship's halyards. By skillful maneuvering Capt. Kane avoided a fatal collision with the disabled Trenton. A cable length an hour the Calliope staggered toward the open sea, where she would have a fighting chance. Those Yankee seamen aboard the doomed Trenton lined the rails and cheered the British, three lusty cheers in the face of death. Then in a debonair gesture they ran their flag up to the forepeak and the wind whipped it to shreds.

The Vandalia was out of control. She dragged past the Olga and nearly fouled her tackle, finally going aground 200 yards from shore. She began to sink. The men took to the rigging, Lejeune among them. His arms and legs were bleeding, cut by the saber-sharp ratlines. By his side man after man was washed from the shrouds. A few jumped, attempting to swim to shore. Most of them didn't get very far. Higher and higher climbed the men.

From his perilous perch the young cadet watched through the hours that crept by. He saw the Olga, like a living mad thing, smash furiously into other ships. She rammed the Trenton, then the waves drove her onto the mud flats where she stuck

fast, the only ship that lost none of her crew.

The Vandalia had struck before noon. Now it was nearly 6 o'clock. Lejeune was growing weaker and weaker. Once as he was losing consciousness one of the seamen shook him violently, beating circulation back into chilled veins. Suddenly a cry went up in horror: "The Trenton!" Like some savage beast the ship was bearing down. This looked like the end. Lejeune clenched his teeth against the shock. It came with surprising gentleness, for the Trenton instead of destroying the surviv-ors, proved their salvation. She grounded inshore from the other stranded vessel, permitting such of the crew as lived to escape to the comparative safety of the Trenton's deck. Four officers and 39 of the Vandalia's crew perished.

The long nightmare was over; 150 sea men and countless natives had died, six warships and nine merchant craft wrecked

-but peace was preserved.

The following year, upon his return to Annapolis for graduation, Cadet Lejeune learned to his disappointment that he was to be commissioned in the Navy and not the Marine Corps. After no little difficulty he finally achieved his desire and was appointed a second lieutenant of Marines on July 1, 1890.

His first duty was at the barracks, New York, after which he served at Norfolk and aboard the Bennington. On April 7, 1892, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and for the next seven years served afloat and ashore. During the hostilities with Spain, Lieutenant Lejeune commanded the Marine Guard of the U.S.S. Cincinnati, operating in Cuban waters. Twice was he commended for gallantry.

His next promotion was to captain, April 4, 1899. A short period of duty on the examining board, then recruiting service and to Pensacola to command the Marines at that station. The captain had further assignments and was promoted to major on July 7, 1903.

After service aboard ship, Maj. Lejeune was dispatched to command an expeditionbattalion to Panama, where he re mained for a year. In January, 1905, Maj. Lejeune was ordered to command the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. The post was then undergoing modernization, and the now famous Marine Band Auditorium, from where their nation-wide radio programs are broadcast, was being built. Two months after his arrival, the major commanded a battalion of Marines in the inaugural parade of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Elections in Panama brought rioting, so Maj. Lejeune took a battalion to the Isthmus and stamped out the smoldering brands of disorder. He returned to his Washington post in the summer of 1906 and the following year saw him in the Philippines. In 1908 he was promoted to lieutenant colonel and ordered to San Fran-

The next four years were busy ones for Col. Lejeune. He served once more in the Philippines, Panama, Cuba and ashore at various stations in the States. In 1914 he

was promoted to colonel.

United States and Mexico were on the verge of war. Marines were landed on that bullet-swept beach of Vera Cruz. Snipers' fire bit into them as they advanced on the city, which they occupied after a bitter Col. Lejeune commanded the Mafight.

On January 2, 1915, Col. Lejeune be-

came assistant to the Commandant at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C. He stepped right into a load of trouble, for first Haiti and then Santo Domingo kicked over the traces in a flashing of bloody hoofs.

In the fall of 1916 a naval personnel bill was signed by President Wilson, which resulted in the re-creation of the rank of brigadier general. Col. Lejeune was one of three line officers promoted to that

grade.

On that memorable April day of 1917, when call to arms blared over the land, the Marine recruiting offices were jammed with adventurous youths. Shortly after ward a vastly inflated corps was gathered at Quantico, and Gen. Lejeune took command of the post on September 15, 1917. He suffered keenly as each succeeding battalion marched away and sailed for France. He feared he was doomed to remain behind. But on May 2, 1918, he was detached from his command and on the following month the U.S.S. Henderson bore him overseas.

Gen. Lejeune's brilliant record in the A. E. F. could not be detailed in so brief a story. He commanded the Sixty-fourth Brigade, Thirty-second Division (Army), for a short time before returning to his beloved Marines to take command of the Fourth Brigade, the immortal Fifth and Sixth Regiments. In July Gen. Pershing ordered him to assume command of the entire Second Division, A. E. F. Shortly afterward he was promoted to major gen

The Marine Brigade constituted only one of the many that made up the division. The rest were Army units. They ripped through the German defenses from one end to the other; and it is generally conceded that they saved Paris-but the price was high. The Second Division suffered 23,218 casualties, exceeding any other American division. But they also captured more prisoners and enemy field pieces than did any other outfit.

It was a proud general who led his troops over the Rhine into Germany, and an even prouder one when they marched triumphantly through the streets of New York. Gen. Lejeune was awarded the Dis-tinguished Service Medal (Army); the Distinguished Service Medal (Navy); Croix de Guerre (France); Cross of the Commander of the Legion of Honor (France), and countless commendations.

A brief tour of duty in Washington and in Quantico, and in June, 1920, he was appointed Major General Commandant of the United States Marines. In March, 1929, upon the expiration of his second appointment, Gen. Lejeune felt that he had served long enough, and he retired from the corps two years before he reached the

age for compulsory retirement.

But the general was mistaken. There's something about the military service that gets into a man's blood and holds him. Hardly had the news of his intended retirement been broadcast when he was offered the post of superintendent of the famous Virginia Military Institute, not far from Washington. He accepted the nomination and was unanimously elected. Shortly afterward he suffered a severe fall and lay between life and death for days on end. But his rugged constitution pulled him through. Today, hale and hearty, he is busy with the task of molding young America at V. M. I., and with Gen. Le-jeune as an example, it is small wonder that the institute is recognized as the best of its kind in the country.

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# THE GAZETTE



Total Strength Marine Corps on August 31.  COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—August 31.  Separations during September	18,378 1,344
Appointments during September	1,340
Total Strength on September 30  ENLISTED—Total Strength on September 30  Separations during September	1,344 17,034 627
Joinings during September	16,407
Total Strength on September 30 Total Strength Marine Corps on September 30	16,924 18,268



# THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant. Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Ad-jutant and Inspector. Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quarnaster. rig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Brig. G. Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little. Brig. Gen. James J. Meade. Col. Clarke H. Wells. Lt. Col. William A. Worton. Maj. Benjamin W. Atkinson. Capt. Robt. L. McKee. 1st Lt. John E. Weber.

Officers last to make numbers in grades

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little. Brig. Gen. James J. Meade. Col. Clarke H. Wells. Lt. Col. William A. Worton. Maj. Wm. L. Bales. Capt. Robt. L. McKee. 1st Lt. John E. Weber.

### MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARINE COL.

AUGUST 21, 1937.

Lt. Col. Pedro A. delValle, on 30 August, 1937, detached Hdgrs, USMC, Wash, D. C. Lt. Col. Thomas E. Watson, on 30 August, 1937 detached Naval Examining Board, MB. Wash, D. C., to Army War College, Wash, D. C., detailed an Assistant

gust, 1937 detached Navai Examining Board, MB, Wash., D. C., to Army War College, Wash., D. C., to Army War College, Wash., D. C., and Condon Hall, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, Capt. Willett Elmore, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., Capt. Francis J. McQuillen, orders dated 22 July, 1937, detaching this officer from duty with Fleet Marine Force, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as Chinese Language Student, AE, Peiping, China, revoked. Capt. Samuel S. Yeaton, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., 2nd Lt. Loren S. Fraser, orders dated 14 August, 1937, detaching this officer from duty with FMF, MCB. San Diego, Calif., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

revoked.

lst Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Black, about 31 August, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Auth. one month delay.

2nd Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey, about 31 August, 1937, detached NAS, Fensacola, Fla., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Auth. one month delay.

2nd Lt. John B. Heles, Jr., effective 14 August, 1937, the name of this officer was officially changed to John Baptist Heles.

2nd Lt. John B. Heles, Jr., effective 14 August, 1937, the name of this officer was officially changed to John Baptist Heles.

2nd Lt. Albert F. Metze, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to command MD, Reeves Field, Terminal Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Henry L. McConnell, resignation as 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps is accepted, to take effect on 3 October, 1937. SEPTEMBER 7, 1937.

Col. Gerard M. Kincade, det., MB, Wash., ordered home to retire Nov. 1.

Lt. Col. James F. Moriarity, detail as Assistant Paymaster revoked and ordered (Continued on page 67)

(Continued on page 67)

### U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

SEPTEMBER 1, 1937.
Supply Sgt. O. E. Rehm— D of S Philadelphia to FMF Quantico. Supply Sgt. O. E. Rehm— D of S Phila-delphia to FMF Quantico. Cpl. Leslie D. McCants—Pensacola to FMF Quantico

FMF Quantico
SEPTEMBER 2, 1937.

1st Sgt. Earl. R. Becklev—Newport to
New York for USS "Brooklyn."
Flat-Sgt. John E. O'Neil—Quantico to
Sea School for USS "Brooklyn."
Plat-Sgt. Otis M. Davis—Wakefield to
NTS Newport.
Cpl. Charles E. Roberts—MB Washington
to Hdqrs. QM.
SEPTEMBER 4, 1937

to Hadrs. QM.
SEPTEMBER 4, 1937.
Sgt. Michael Coyne—NYd, Washington
to Pensacola.
Plat-Sgt. Robert P. Mitchell—FMF Quantico to MB, Quantico.
Plat-Sgt. Charlie Oliver—FMF Quantico
to MB Quantico.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1937. Supply Sgt. Preston H. Robb—PI to Quantico. Supply Sgt. Henry A. Klefer-Quantico PI.

Supply Sgt. Henry A. Klefer—Quantico to PI.
Sgt. Charles T. White—FMF Quantico to Recruiting Savannah, Ga.
Plat-Sgt. George K. Burt—SRD to Charleston, S. C.
Cpl. Alex Chiginski—WC to Quantico.
Cpl. Alexander Glus—WC to New York.
Sgt. Robert A. McKee—FMF Quantico to MB Quantico.
Cpl. John M. Frazer—Philadelphia to D of S Philadelphia.
Cpl. Thomas F. Jennings—Philadelphia to D of S Philadelphia.
Cpl. Marion E. Thompson—Charleston to MB Quantico.
Flat-Sgt. Wilson S. Smith—Annapolis to Ft. Mifflin.

MB Quantics.

Plat-Sgt. Wilson S. Simin.

Plat-Sgt. Richard Duncan—Yorktown to St. Julien's Creek.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1937.

Plat-Sgt. Otis M. Davis—Wakefield to

New London.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1937.

Sgt. Wm. E. Presson—Quantico to PI.

Cpl. Michael Oczypek, Jr.—FMF Quantico to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. H. A. Arndt—NYd Washington to Norfolk for USS "Brooklyn."

Sgt. John Fagley—FMF Quantico to

Sgt. John MB Quantico.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1937.
Staff Sgt. Mace—San Diego to Cavite,
QM Sgt. Reuben Collins—Quantico to

PI. Cpl. Robert W. Gates-FMF Quantico Cpl. Robert W. Gates—FMF Quantico to RS Philadelphia, Cpl. Ford M. French—Norfolk to NP Portsmouth.

Portsmouth.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1937.

1st Sgt. Earl O. Carlson—Portsmouth to Norfolk.

1st Sgt. Claud A. Mudd—Wakefield to NYd Portsmouth.

Gy-Sgt. Carl F. Cain—FMF Quantico to USS "Wyoming."

SEPTEMBER 15, 1937. Sgt. Wm. G. Spragg—Quantico to Sea

SEPTEMBER 16, 1937.
Cpl. Ralph W. Morrow—Newport to Cpl. Ral PM Hdqts.

(Continued on page 68)

### RECENT ENLISTMENTS

BRACEWELL, Luther Freeman, 9-1-37,
Portsmouth for Portsmouth.
DICKERSON, Percy Johnston, 9-1-37, Mare
Island to Quantico.
GARRISON, Hobert Franklin, 8-30-37,
Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.
HAYNES, Alfred Milton, 8-30-37, Cape
May for Cape May. Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.
HAYNES, Alfred Milton, 8-30-37, Cape
May for Cape May.
LONG, Albert Hogue, 8-25-37, NAS San
Diego for NAS San Diego.
ZIEMS, Herbert Louis, 8-25-37, MCB San
Diego for MCB San Diego.
ODOM, Berryman Hill, Jr., 9-1-37, Quantico for Quantico
MUCKLEROY, Reginald, 9-1-37, Cincinnati,
Ohio, for Quantico.
POINTER, Albert Leroy, 9-1-37, Kansas
City for Mare Island.
BLANTON, Charles Sidney, 8-21-37, San
Diego for San Diego.
DAVIDSON, Ira, 9-1-37, Quantico for
Quantico.

Quantico

STONE. Donald Malcolm, 8-28-37, Seattle for Bremerton. SWAYNE, Edgar Edward, 8-28-37, Seattle

SWAYNE, Edgar Edward, 8-28-37, Seattle for Bremerton.
HAMPTON, Roy Harm, 9-1-37, San Francisco for Mare Island.
ABRAMS, George Henry, 9-4-37, New York for New York.
BURTON, William A., 8-31-37, Quantico for Quantico.
HILL, McGradey, 8-1-37, San Diego for San Diego.
JENKINS, Clyde Hundley, 8-28-37, San Diego for MCB San Diego.
RAYNES, Luther Van, 8-31-37, MCB San Diego for MCB San Diego.
GOARE, Henry Grady, 9-5-37, Philadelphia for D of S Philadelphia.
CROMWELL, John Charles, 9-2-37, San Francisco for San Diego.

for D of S Philadelphia.
CROMWELL, John Charles, 9-2-37, San Francisco for San Diego.
CELLUCCI, Constanzo, 7-26-37, NAS San Diego for NAS San Diego for NAS San Diego for SAS San Diego.
FOUNTAIN, James Lewis, 9-4-37, Quantico for FMF Quantico.
RUDD, Clyde E., 9-6-37, New York for Rec. Ship New York.
SCHUTTE, Robert Chanler, 9-6-37, Quantico for MCS Quantico.
SLUSSER, John Harvey, 9-5-37, Parris Island for Portsmouth, Va.
WILLETT, Archie, 9-5-37, Norfolk for Norfolk.

WILLETT, Archie, 9-5-37, Norfolk for Norfolk.
RUSSELL, Raymond J., 9-3-37, Chicago, Ill., for Mare Island.
MCKEON, Frank Christopher, 9-8-37, Phila. for D of S Phila.
FRAZIER, Edward Waddie, 9-8-37, New Orleans for Parris Island.
KRIEGER, Conrad, 9-3-37, San Francisco for Rectg. San Francisco.
JAMES, Nick, 9-10-37, Hingham for Hingham.

ham. OSTROM, Carl Otto, 9-3-37, Mare Island

OSTROM, Carl Otto, 9-3-37, Mare Island for Mare Island. THOMPSON, Lester Owen, 9-3-37, Bremer-ton for NYd Bremerton. WRIGHT, Edward Arthur, 9-7-37, Port-land for Bremerton. CHERO, Irving, 9-10-37, Iona for Iona Island. DYHR.

DYHR. Otto J., 9-11-37, Parris Island for Parris Island. HOWELL, Holden, 9-4-37, Bremerton for Bremerton.

(Continued on page 68)

### MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 66)

to temporary duty with Second Marine Brig., FMF, via "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Sept. 18.
Capt. William I. Phipps, det. MB, NYd, Wash., to MD, Philadelphia.
Capt. Stuart W. King, det. 8th Bn., FMCR, Detroit, to MB, NYd, Wash.
Capt. Ion M. Bethel, det. Depot of Supplies, Phila., to Lowell Textile Institute, delay 10 days in reporting.
Capt. Harold D. Harris, Oct. 8, det. Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., to Paris, to report Naval Attache for duty via steamer sailing Baltimore, Oct. 14.
Capt. Sherman L. Zea, det. MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., ordered home to retire Oct. 1.

Capt. Lewis L. Gover, Sept. 15, det. MB, Quantico, to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

N. H. Capt. Floyd A. Stephenson, Oct. 9, det. MB, NS, Guam to Dept. of Pacific, San

MB, NS, duam to Dept. of Facility, San Francisco. Capt. George Esau. Sept. 24, det. MD, RR, Wakefield, to MCB, NOB, San Diego. 1st Lt. Joseph P. Fuchs, 2nd Lt. Gordon E. Hendricks, det. NAS, Pensacola, to AC2, FMF, NAS, san Diego, delay one month re-

porting.
2nd Lt. Roy Robinton, det. MB, Quantico,

porting.

2nd Lt. Roy Robinton, det. MB, Quantico, to MD, Philadelphia.

2nd Lt. Frank W. Davis, appointed a 2nd Lt. and assigned to duty at NAS, Pensacola, det. NAS, Pensacola, to ACI, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico.

2nd Lt. George D. Rich, det. MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, San Diego, to report Sept. 15.

2nd Lt. Louis A. Ennis, det. MD. Reina Mercedes, NA, Annapolis, to MCB, San Diego, report Sept. 15.

2nd Lt. Jean W. Moreau, det. MB, Wash., to MD, Reina Mercedes, NA, Annapolis, 2nd Lt. Frank G. Umstead, appointed a 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd., Phila.

2nd Lt. Stephen V. Sabol, det. MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, to MCB, San Diego, report Sept. 15.

2nd Lt. Russell B. Warye, det. MB, NYd., Mare Island, to MD, NP, NYd., Mare Island, Ch. Mar. Gnr. Frank O. Lundt, orders July 14 revoked. Det. MD, NYd., Pearl Harbor, to MCB, San Diego,

The following-named officers relieved from duty at MCB, San Diego, and assigned to duty with Second Marine Brig., PMF.:

Maj. Evans O. Ames, Capt. Harry E.

from duty at MCB, San Diego, and assigned to duty with Second Marine Brig., FMF:

Maj. Evans O. Ames, Capt. Harry E. Leland. Capt. Nels H. Nelson, 2nd Lt. Clyde R. Huddleson, 2nd Lt. John C. Miller, Jr., Ch. QM. Clk. Oswald Brosseau. SEPTEMBER 13, 1937

Lt. Col. James F. Moriarity, det. MB, Quantico, to Hdqrs, Marine Corps, Washington, ordered on temporary duty with 2nd Marine Brig., FMF.
2nd Lt. Webster D. Smith, resignation accepted, effective Sept. 16.
Following-named officers were promoted to grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on Sept. 2, 1937, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:
Col. Clarke H. Wells, Sept. 1, 1937.
Lt. Col. William A. Worton—Sept. 1.
Maj. Benjamin W. Atkinson—Sept. 1.
Capt. James P. Berkeley—June 30, No. 5.
Capt. Norman Hussa—Sept. 1, No. 1.
Capt. Henry T. Elrod—Sept. 1, No. 2.
Capt. Edson L. Lyman—promoted to grade of captain, subject to confirmation, on Sept. 10, with rank from June 30, No. 8.
SEPTEMBER 26, 1937
Major James A. Misson, AQM. Orders 12 August, 1937, detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, revoked. On or about 15 Oct. 1937.
detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Hdgrs. Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, with delay in reporting to 8 Nov. 1937.

1937.
Capt. Randall M. Victory. Detached 1st Marine Brig.. FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to temporary duty at MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., to report not later than 20 Sept. 1937. About 29 Sept. 1937 About 29 Sept. 1937 ordered from temporary duty MB, Norfolk NYd., to duty with MD, USS BROOKLYN.

1st Lt. Harry S. Leon. Relieved from FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to 2nd Signal Co., that Base.

2nd Lt. Francis F. Griffiths. Appointed



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a second Lieutenant in Marine Corps and ordered to duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla. 2nd Lt. Charles N. Endweiss. Appoint-ed a second lieutenant in Marine Corps and ordered to duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

and ordered to duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Major John Kaluf, on 1 October, 1937, relieved from duty on Staff of Marine Corps School, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty as Secretary, Marine Corps Equipment Board, that post.

Major Merritt B. Curtis, on discharge from treatment Naval Hospital. Mare Island, Calif., detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB. Quantico, Va. Detailed an Assistant Paymaster, effective 1 October, 1937.

Capt. Raymond P. Coffman, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 November, 1937.

Capt. James M. McHugh, on 30 Sept., 1937, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

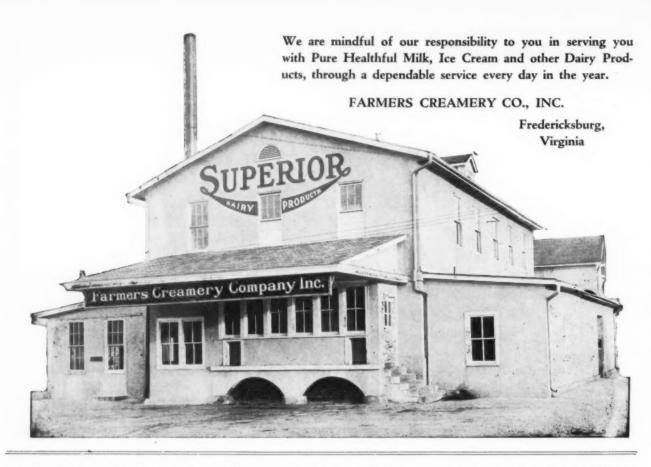
Capt. August Larson, relieved from duty as student in Junior Course, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty with 1st Marine Brig., that post. 2nd Lt. Walter N. Flournoy, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD, USS "Brooklyn."

Ch. QM. Clk. Amos E. Potts, about 10 Oct., 1937, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Har-

bor, T. H., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
Ch. QM. Clk. Ray O'Toole, on 25 Sept., 1937, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via SS "Malolo," sailing San Francisco, 30 Sept.

via SS "Malolo," sailing San Francisco, 30 Sept.
Ch. Mar. Gnr. Robert C.. Allan, on or about 1 Oct., 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.. to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.
OCTOBER 4, 1937.
Captain Will H. Lee, detached MB, NYd, Pear Harbor, T. H., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Pear Harbor, T. H., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
Captain George O. Van Orden, about 1
Nov., 1937, detached MD, RR, Cape May, N. J., to MB, NYd. New York, N. Y.
Captain James M. McHugh, on 3 Oct., 1937, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps. Wash., D.C., to duty as Assistant Naval Attache, attached to American Embassy, Peiping, China.
Captain George W. McHenry, on 2 Oct., 1937, relieved from duty at Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 5th Bn., FMCR, Wash., D. C. Captain William L. Harding, Jr., on 1 Nov., 1937, detached MD, NAS, Seattle, Wash., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 Jan., 1938.
Captain Hartnoll J. Withers, about 10 Oct., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Resident



Inspector, factory of Marmon-Herrington Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
Captain Wilburt S. Brown, relieved from duty in FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to duty at MCB, San Diego, Calif., lat Lt. Theodore C. Turnage, Jr., detached Dept. of Pacific to NAS, Pensacola, via USS "Antares," sailing NYd, Mare Island, Calif., 9 Oct., 1937, with authority to delay in reporting until 3 Jan., 1938.
1st Lt. Sidney S. Wade, detached Dept. of Pacific to NAS, Pensacola, via USS "Antares," sailing NYd, Mare Island, Calif., 9 Oct., 1937, with authority to delay in reporting until 3 Jan., 1938.
2nd Lt. William E. Boles, about 1 Oct., 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, NAS, Seattle, Wash.

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 66)

Cpl. Wm. J. Setlock—NOB to FMF Quantico. Cpl. Linwood C. Besemer—FMF Quan-tico to Philadelphia. SEPTEMBER 18, 1937. Cpl. Paul H. Mikkelsen—Quantico to Philadelphia.

PI.
SEPTEMBER 20, 1937.
Plat-Sgt. Kenneth E, Harker—FMF
Quantico to MB Quantico.
Sgt. Charlie Goff—Dover to Sea
School.

Sgt. Charle Gott—Dover to Sea School.
Cpl. Roy L. Peterman—FMF Quantico to Sea School.
SEPTEMBER 21, 1937,
Stf-Sgt. Stephen Lesko—2nd Sig to 1st Sig Quantico.
Sgt. Carl C. Jenkins—2nd Sig to 1st Sig Quantico.
Sgt. Louis Szarka—D of S Philadelphia to MB Philadelphia.
Cpl. Elmore W. Stanton—Annapolis to RS Philadelphia.
SEPTEMBER 23, 1937.
MTS Howard C. Barks—San Diego to Peiping.

Tech-Sgt. Jos. F. Schucraft—FMF Quan-co to MSS-3. Cpl. Jule B. Fain—MB Washington to

Cpl. Jule B. Fain—MB Washington to Pensacola. SEPTEMBER 24, 1937. Staff-Sgt. Charles E. Yale—PM Hdqts. to APM, NOB, Norfolk. Sgt. George E. Demetrion—Norfolk to Yorktown.

Sgt. Sloan M. Diaz-FMF Quantico to

SEPTEMBER 25, 1937. Sgt. Roy L. Green—Quantico to MB Washington.

Washington.
SEPTEMBER 28, 1937.
1st Sgt. Glenn D. Drouillard—Quantico to Cuba.
1st Sgt. John T. White—Cuba to EC.
Sgt. Wm. J. O'Brien, Jr.—Quantico to NBG Hdqrts.
Cpl. James E. Dickerson—Portsmouth to Sea School.
Cpl. Rudolph I. Chauvin—FMF San Diego to Hingham.
Cpl. V. G. Savine—FMF San Diego to Quantico.

Cpi. v. Quantico. SEPTEMBER 29, 1937. 1st Sgt. Clyde T. Brannon—USS "Bab-lat Sgt. Clyde T. Grannon—USS to to

SEPTEMBER 27, 1301.
1st Sgt. Clyde T. Brannon—USS "Babbitt" to PI.
1st Sgt. Donald McDonald—Quantico to USS "Babbitt."
SEPTEMBER 30, 1937.
Cpl. Arnold C. Morton—Cape May to

Cpl. Arnold C. Morton—Cape May to Philadelphia. Cpl. Richard M. Skinner—New York to Coco Solo.

# RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 66)

JAMISON, John W., 9-9-37, Pensacola for

JAMISON, John W., 9-9-37, Pensacola for Pensacola NILSON, Edwin Nils, 9-11-37, Parris Is-land for Parris Island. SCHMID, Lester Pieus, 9-8-37, San Diego for MCB. San Diego. WEBBER, James Henry, 9-10-37, Cape May for Cape May.

ZLAMAL, Albert J., 9-13-37, Philadelphia for D of S Philadelphia. ROMER, John P., 8-8-37, NAS San Diego For NAS San Diego WOODARD, Patrick Kelly, 8-9-37, Mare Island for Mare Island. ATKINSON, Bennie C., 8-9-37, Mare Island for Mare Island. CARBONE, Alphonso, 9-14-37, Boston for MB Boston.

MB Boston. VanRHEE, Peter Paul, 9-14-37, Quantico

MB Boston.
VanRHEE. Peter Paul, 9-14-37, Quantico for Quantico.
CLARKE, Raymond M., 8-13-37, Chicago for Mare Island.
KENNEDY. Raymond F., 9-14-37, Pensacola for Pensacola.
SOLOWAY. Peter, 9-15-37, Philadelphia for Asiatic Station.
TAYLOR, James Edward, 9-16-37, Washington for Portsmouth, N. H.
FALCONER, Walter F., 9-17-37, Washington for Quantico.
STICKNEY, Charles R., 9-17-37, Wash., D. C., for Hdyts., Wash., D. C.
OSBORNE, Clarence R., 9-11-37, San Francisco for AA&I San Francisco.
DRAHEIM, Albert D., 9-10-37, San Diego for San Diego.
GODBEE, Powell W., 9-7-37, Parris Island for Parris Island.
HOLTHUS. Herbert Albert, 9-7-37, San Diego for San Diego.
VANSCOTER, Alfred E., USS "Nevada" for USS "Nevada."

VANSCOTER, Alfred E., USS "Nevada" for USS "Nevada."

GILMORE, Frank S., 9-18-37, Kansas City for Mare Island.
COUSINEAU, Jonathan E., 9-16-37, Dallas for MCB san Diego.
DARWELL, James Harry, 9-12-37, San Diego for San Diego.
FILEEMAN. James Douglas, 9-13-37, San Diego for San Diego.
FIKE, Paul E., 9-21-37, MB Washington for MB Washington.
HANGER, William Bell, 9-18-37, Quantico for PSBn Quantico.

for PSBn Quantico.

MATHIAS, Paul F., 9-19-37, Newport for Newport

MATHIAS, Paul F., 9-19-37, Newport for Newport. SHAW, Earle G., 9-18-37, Portsmouth, Va., for USS "Yorktown." WARD, Ira Marvin, 9-14-37, San Diego for San Diego. LAWHON, Jack, 9-19-37, NAS Pensacola for NAS Pensacola.

ZORMAN, Frank, 9-20-37, MB Norfolk for

ZORMAN, Frank, 9-20-37, MB Norfolk for MB Norfolk.

HERRELL, Ray Norman, 9-22-37, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

NORRIS, Edward S., 9-21-37, Cape May for Cape May.

DIAMOND, Leland, 9-23-37, MB Quantico for FMF Quantico.

TUNICK, Louis, 9-24-37, Philadelphia for D of S Philadelphia.

WIDNER, Ralph L., 9-25-37, Philadelphia for D of S Philadelphia.

WILLIAMS, Delmer L., 9-24-37, New York for MB Quantico.

COMBS, Ramon A., 9-22-37, Savannah for NOB Norfolk.

OUTEN, Wilton Jay, 9-22-37, Savannah for NOB Norfolk.

WALLER, Charlie S., 9-22-37, Savannah for Parris Island.

MARTIN, Wm. Donald, 9-21-37, San Francisco for Mare Island.

TOKAY, Frank, 9-22-37, San Francisco for DQM San Francisco.

CHIGINSKI, Alex, 9-21-37, Mare Island for Quantico.

KINEL, Stanley I., 9-25-37, MB Quantico for FMF Quantico.

LITTLE, Lloyd James, 9-20-37, MCB San Diego for MB Quantico.

SMEDLEY, Wm. Morris, 9-27-37, Washington for MB Quantico.

HURLBUT, Ralph J., 9-22-37, San

Bremerton.

WHITESIDE, Madison C., 9-23-37, San Diego for San Diego.

ERPELDING, George Henry, 9-28-37, MB Portsmouth for Portsmouth.

WARREN, Ronald, 9-29-37, Philadelphia for MB Parris Island.

WOOD, George Lee, 9-27-37, Savannah for MB Parris Island.

FORAN, Daniel E., 9-28-37, Quantico for Quantico.

Quantico. GRADDICK, Russell, 9-28-37, Charleston for Charleston, S. C.

### DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of September, 1937:

Officers

ALLEN, James T., Captain, USMC, retired, died September 21, 1937, of disease at Takoma Park, Maryland. Next of kin: Mrs. Ethel T. Allen, wife, 32 Denwood Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

Denwood Ave., Takoma Fark, Md.

Enlisted Men

DIETRICH, Harry E., Cpl., USMC, died
September 22, 1937, of disease at the
U.S.N.H., Puget Sound, Washington.
Next of kin: Mrs. Dorothy H. Voelkert,
sister, 6342 So. Campbell St., Chicago,
III.

Next of kin: Mrs. Dorothy H. Voelkert, sister, 6342 So. Campbell St., Chicago, Ill.
GRIMES, Teddie C. Pvt., USMC, died September 14, 1937, of injuries received in a fall at U.S.N.H., Pearl Harbor, T. H. Next of kin: Mrs. Alice M. Ament, mother, R. No. 10, Box 1299, Houston, Texas, HAMILTON, Earl G., Cpl., USMC, died September 17, 1937, of disease at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Olga T. Hamilton, wife, 1838 Burke St., S. E., Washington, D. C.
MELEAR, Jessee "B", Sgt., USMC, died September 18, 1937, of injuries received in an automobile accident at St. Thomas, V. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Ruby Melear, mother, RFD No. 2, Frankfort, Ky.
CONNORS, William J., Sgt., USMC, retired, died September 23, 1937, of disease at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Connors, wife, 64 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Brooklyn, N. Y. McMAHON, James, Gy-Sgt., USMC, retired, died August 19, 1937, of disease at Santurce, Puerto Rico. Next of kin: Mrs. Juanita S. McMahon, wife, 14 Congreso St., Santurce, P. R. BIGHAM, Robert A., Cpl., Class VI, USMCR, inactive, died August 25, 1937, at Gettysburg, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Bigham, wife, 1753 "N" St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
BILSBORROW, John F., Tech, Sgt., Class IV, USMCR, died September 12, 1937, in an airplane crash near Port Townsend, Washington, while on authorized voluntary drill. Next of kin: Mrs. Gracia Bilsborrow, wife, 125 Twenty-eighth Ave., N. W., Seattle, Wash.

\*\*PROMOTIONS\*\*

PROMOTIONS

O MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Ervin C. Briesemeister
O SERGEANT MAJOR:
Edwin D. Curry
Dorsie H. Booker
O FIRST SERGEANT:
Alvin G. Bryan
Joseph A. Burch
Donald E. Morgan
Lester D. Smith

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:
CARL L. Lange
TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:
Richard M. Stutts
TO PLATOON SERGEANT:
William S. Dyer
TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Joseph H. Madey

Joseph H. Madey Joseph H. Madey J. STAFF SERGEANT: Norman Frecka J. SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

TO STAFF SERGEANT:
Norman Freeka
TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Paul N. Gardner
Edward J. Kolar
Charle Smith
Charley M. Oliver
Harvey W. Gagner
Benjamin F. Carter
Frank McClendon
Charles A. Dettenbaugh
James E. Lowery
Elmer J. Heger
Valentine J. Kravitz
William D. Linfoot
Simeon Mitoff
Victor F. Brown
Wilbur L. Jessup.
TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL
WARRANT:
Ralph H. Newman
Robert A. Engesser
Thorvald B. Olsen
Charles W. Dean
Walter W. Alford
TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:
Robert D. Sturgeon
Patrick Minahan
Alexander P. Smolen
Paul W. Leininger
George C. Elliott
Clyde E. Rudd
Rochell L. Scott
Lyle F. Jackson
John C. Compton
Ralph H. Whitney
Malcom J. Holland
TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL
WARRANT:
John C. Olson
William M. Brookie
George R. Tiefel
Michael Bialek
George E. Liisanantti
Raymond F. Burton
Robert T. Parker

Michael Bialek
George E. Liisanantti
Raymond F. Burton
Robert T. Parker
Ernest H. Ruszat
John D. Hoff
Carl R. Weppener
Albert M. Holman
TO FIELD COOK:
Wayne C. Quinn
Harry A. Kessler

### RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name.
Corporal William Brzozowski, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
Sergeant Clarence H. Robinson, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
Quartermaster Sergeant Ansell M. Stowe, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
First Sergeant Edward P. Youngs, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
Staff Sergeant Everett E. Wright, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
Gunnery Sergeant Robert D. Smith, FMCR, October 1, 1937.
Prin. Musician Siegfried Scharbau. USMC, September 16, 1937.
Platoon Sergeant John T. Poole, USMC, October 1, 1937.
Platoon Sergeant Samuel A. Spader, USMC, October 1, 1937.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVE TRANSFERRED TO RESERVE
Quartermaster Sergeant Edward L.
Goessler, Class II (d), September 39,
1937. Future address: 6331 Lexington
Ave., Hollywood, California.
Private First Class Edward F. O'Brien,
Class II (d), October I, 1937. Future
address: Unknown.
Quartermaster Sergeant Carlin Joe Price,
Class II (d), September 39, 1937. Future
address: 6012 Torresdale Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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# District Wholesale Drug Corporation

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# MARINES

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At the Helm - in time of need



Sergeant Herman Jensen, Class II (d), September 30, 1937. Future address: 1746 4th Street, Bremerton, Washington. Sergeant Major Arthur H. Steele, Class II (d), September 30, 1937. Future ad-dress: 232 Hardy Avenue, Berkeley, Va. Sergeant Andrew C. Montanaro, Class II (b), September 28, 1937. Future ad-dress: 532 Clifton Avenue, Collingdale,

Pa.
Sergeant Joseph Orien Boswell, Class
II (b), October 11, 1937. Future address:
General Delivery, Pensacola, Fla.
Technical Sergeant Donald Ralph Campbell, Class II (b), October 11, 1937, Future address: RFD 1, Case Road, Elyria, Ohio,
First Sergeant Homer Cleveland Stroud,
Class II (d), October 15, 1937. Future
address: 119 West Oconee Street, Fitzgerald, Georgia. First Se. (d), October address: 119 West Oconee serald, Georgia.

Gunnery Sergeant Other O'Connor, Class II (d), October 11, 1937. Future address: 1948 Locust Avenue, Long Beach, California Locuster, Locuster,

Gunnery Sergeant John Blakley, Class II (d), October 11, 1937. Future ad-dress: 452 Ellicott Street, Batavia, N. Y.

# RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

Appointments

Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:
First Lieut. Alan T. Hunt. FMCR. 354
N. Magnolia St., Monrovia, Calif. Rank from 1 Feb., 1933.
Second Lieut. Calvin C. Gaines, VMCR, Box 112A. Monahans. Texas. Rank from 15 July, 1937, No. 36.
Second Lieut. Porcher P. Hopkins, VMCR, Columbia, South Carolina. Rank from 15 July, 1937, No. 42.
Second Lieut. Chas. F. Herman, VMCR. 94 W. State St. Athens, Ohio. Rank from 15 July, 1937, No. 82.
Second Lieut. Thomas R. Belzer, VMCR. 16 N. E. Morris St., Portland, Ore. Rank from 15 July, 1937, No. 20.
Second Lieut. Randolph S. D. Lockwood, VMCR, 1925 N. Washington St., Junction City, Kans. Rank from 4 June, 1936.

wood, VMCR, 1925 N, Washington St., Junction City, Kans. Rank from 4 June, 1936.

Second Lieut. Willis A. Neal, VMCR, 20 Dixwell Ave., Quincy, Mass. Rank from 19 August, 1937, No. 4.

Second Lieut. Monte E. Brown, FMCR, 2111 38th North. Seattle, Wash. Rank from 22 September, 1937, No. 2.

Second Lieut. Edward G. Losch, FMCR, 1675 Boulevard East, North Bergen, N. J. Rank from 19 August, 1937, No. 1.

Second Lieut. Edward A. Clark, VMCR, Route 1, Sequim, Wash. Rank from 19 August, 1937, No. 2.

Second Lieut. Clifford G. Siemens, VMCR, 1358 Grand Ave., Toledo, Ohio. Rank from 19 August, 1937, No. 3.

Second Lieut. Clarke E. Stephens, VMCR, 232 S. June St., Los Angeles, Calif. Rank from 15 July, 1937, No. 3.

Aviation Cadet Jonathan W. Dyer, Stewartsville, Missouri. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 1.

Aviation Cadet Richard E. Figley, 342-18th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 2.

Aviation Cadet Dale J. Graham, Cameron, Missouri. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 3.

Aviation Cadet George F. Mackey, 123 N. Myrtle St., Hanford, Calif. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 4.

Aviation Cadet George F. Mackey, 123 N. Myrtle St., Hanford, Calif. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 4.

Aviation Cadet Harlan Rogers, Marathon, Iowa. Rank from 18 August, 1937, No. 5.

Aviation Cadet Malcolm J. Williamson, Av

No. 5.
Aviation Cadet Malcolm J. Williamson.
306-6th St., Hudson, Wisc. Rank from 18
August, 1937, No. 6.
Second Lieut. Clay W. Smith, VMCR,
1905 Olive St., Fort Worth, Texas. Rank
from 22 September, 1937, No. 1.
Marine Gunner Franklin J. Weeman,
FMCR, 164 Brackett St., Portland, Maine,
Rank from 2 September, 1937,
Aviation Cadet Alfred J. Erhardt, 41
Mohegan Park, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Rank
from 3 September, 1937, No. 1.
Aviation Cadet John A. MacIntyre, San
Marces, Texas. Rank from 3 September,
1937, No. 2.

1937, No. 2.

Availation Cadet Kenneth R. Grant, 1201 E. Marion St., Seattle, Wash. Rank from 3 September, 1937, No. 3.

Aviation Cadet John H. Leik, 3839 E. G. St., Tacoma, Wash. Rank from 3 September, 1937, No. 4.

The following promotions were made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Frederick S. Angstadt, VMCR, rank from 1 July, 1937, No. 19.

Captain John G. Adams, FMCR, rank from 1 July, 1937, No. 7.

Captain Harold A. Johnson, FMCR, rank from 1 July, 1937, No. 11.

First Lieut. James M. McQueen, Jr., VMCR, rank from 13 May, 1937, No. 4.
First Lieut. Lane C. Kendall, VMCR, rank from 13 May, 1937, No. 25.
The following separations have occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve: Discharged
Capt. Alan T. Hunt, FMCR, effective 12 August, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Joseph E. Sager, effective 21 September, 1937.
Captain Charles S. Brooks, VMCR, effective August 20, 1937.
First Lieut. Francis H. Bradbury, VMCR, effective August 20, 1937.
Resigned
First Lieut. Malcolm B. Galbreath, VMCR, effective August 27, 1937.

First Lieut. Malcolm B. Galbreath, VMCR, effective August 27, 1937.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS
CHAUMONT—Arrive Manila 6 October. Note: Future movements remain indefinite, as they depend on requirements of Cinc, Asiatic Fleet.

HENDERSON—Depart Pearl Harbor 27
September; arrive Guam 9 October, depart 11 October; thence to various Chinese ports and arrive Manila 15 November, depart 18 November; arrive Guam 23 November, depart 18 November; arrive Guam 23 November, depart 24 November; arrive Honolulu 5 December, arrive Andrews 19 December, arrive San Francisco Area 14 December.

NITRO—Depart San Pedro 2 October; arrive San Francisco Bay 4 October, depart 4 October, depart 3 October, arrive Mare Island 10 October, depart 23 October; arrive Puget Sound 26 October, depart 4 November; arrive Mare Island 7 November, depart 13 November; arrive San Pedro 15 November, depart 17 November; arrive Canal Zone 30 November, depart 4 December; arrive Guantanamo 7 December, depart 7 December; arrive San Pedro 11 December, depart 3 October; arrive San Pedro 15 December; arrive Guantanamo 7 December, depart 4 December; arrive Guantanamo 7 December, depart 7 December; arrive San Pedro 11 December, depart 13 October; arrive San Pedro 11 October, depart 13 October; arrive San Pedro 15 October, depart 15 October; arrive San Pedro 15 Octo

ANTARES—Arrive Mare Island 30 September, depart 9 October; arrive San Pedro 11 October, depart 12 October; arrive San Diego 14 October, depart 18 October; arrive Canal Zone 30 October, depart 3 November; arrive Pensacola 9 November; arrive Pensacola 9 November, depart 12 November; arrive Guantanamo 17 November, depart 19 November; arrive NOB Norfolk 24 November.

SIRIUS—Depart Mare Island 4 October; arrive San Pedro 6 October, depart 9 October; arrive San Diego 9 October, depart 13 October; arrive Canal Zone 25 October, depart 28 October; arrive Canal Zone 25 October, depart 17 November; arrive NOB Norfolk 5 November, depart 20 November; arrive NoW York 21 November, depart 27 November; arrive Boston 28 November, depart 4 December; arrive New York 5 December. cember.

December.

Overhaul at Navy Yard, New York, 6
December, 1937, to 8 February, 1938.

VEGA—Depart Norfolk 6 October; arrive Guantanamo 11 October, depart 11 October; arrive Canal Zone 14 October, depart 18 October; arrive San Diego 30 October, depart 2 November; arrive San Pedro 3 November, depart 5 November; arrive San Francisco 7 November, depart 19 November; arrive Sun Francisco 7 November, depart 19 November; arrive Puget Sound 22 November, depart 19 November; arrive Puget Sound 22 November.

SALINAS—At Charles Navy Yard for overhaul 20 September to 14 December, 1937.

137. RAMAPO—Depart Honolulu 17 Septemer; arrive Manila 6 October.
Note: Future movements indefinite, as tey depend on requirements of CinC Asicic Fleet. ber; ar. Note:

BUREAU OF NAVIG. BULLETIN No. 251
Degree for Naval Academy Graduates
Act of Congress approved 8 July, 1937,

vides:
That on and after the date of the acprovides: "That on and after the date of the accrediting of the said academies (U. S. Naval Academy, U. S. Military Academy and the U. S. Coast Guard Academy) by the Association of American Universities the superintendents of the respective academies may, under such rules and regulations as the respective secretaries may make, confer the degree of bachelor of science upon such other living graduates of the said academies as shall have met the requirements of the respective academies for such degree."

In accordance with the above Act, the

for such degree."
In accordance with the above Act, the Secretary of the Navy, on 5 August, 1937, established regulations to the effect that upon recommendation of the Academic Board at the Naval Academy, in each case, the Superintendent of the Naval Academy is authorized to confer the degree of Bachelor of Science upon all living graduates who have received, or may hereafter receive, a diploma of graduation from the Naval Academy.

The U. S. Naval Academy was accredited by the Association of American Universities on 25 October, 1930. Degrees have already been conferred on graduates of the Naval Academy commencing with the Class of 1931.

The Act of Congress referred to above provides for the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of Science upon graduates of the Naval Academy who graduated prior to 25 October, 1930.

The degree of Bachelor of Science referred to above will be conferred only upon those graduates who make application for the degree direct to the Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. Applications should give the full name, address, and date of graduation of the applicant, and rank, if on the active or retired list. This applies also to officers who may have been commissioned in the U. S. Army or the U. S. Marine Corps.

Applications will be acted upon as soon as possible after receipt at the Naval Academy, but some delay may be occasioned at first owing to the large number of applications that may be received.

### CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 219

CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 219

From: The Major General Commandant.
To: All Officers.
Subject: Wearing of Steel Helmets.

1. It is noted that a practise has grown up in the Marine Corps of wearing the strap of the steel helmet under the chin. Such practise permits the helmet to drop off when the wearer leans forward; prevents the wearing of the gas mask; and, if the helmet be struck by a projectile might result in a severe injury to the wearer, possibly a broken neck.

2. The strap of the helmet should always be worn to the rear of the head in the same manner as the strap of the field hat. The illustration on Plate 19, Uniform Regulations, 1929, will be eliminated in Uniform Regulations, 1937.

T. HOLCOMB.

# Headquarters Bulletin

Number 144, September 15, 1937 GOOD TIME ALLOWANCE FOR

GOOD TIME ALLOWANCE FOR PRISONERS

The policy of automatically crediting every court-martial prisoner with one-third of his sentence involving confinement, extra police duties, or deprivation of liberty on shore on a foreign station, as a good conduct allowance has been restricted in its application, by the Secretary of the Navy, to sentences of confinement of general courts-martial prisoners to be served in naval prisons, or receiving ships and station brigs (in lieu of naval prisons), effective from 1 September, 1927. This policy will be promulgated by the Navy Department in the next issue of Court-Martial Orders.

# HOSPITALIZATION—MEMBERS OF FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The following letter from the Administrator of Veterans Affairs to the Secretary of the Navy, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned: VETERANS ADMINISTRATION July 17, 1937.

"The Honorable, The Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Sir:

I have the honor of addressing you on the subject which has been brought to my attention by several of the field stations of this Administration.

This subject concerns the release of in-formation from the various Corps Head-

quarters of the United State Marine Corps and the United States Navy Department, regarding entitlement of transferred Members of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and the Fleet Naval Reserve to hospitalization in Facilities of this Administration without the payment of the applicable per diem rate charged retired personnel of the Regular Establishments.

A specific instance is cited, wherein XXXX. United States Marine Corps Head-

tion without the payment of the applicable per diem rate charged retired personnel of the Regular Establishments.

A specific instance is cited, wherein XXXX, United States Marine Corps Head-quarters, Central Reserve Area, Chicago, Ill., advised Marine Corps Reservist, that he was entitled to hospitalization as a beneficiary of the Veterans Administration without charge, and suggested that he make application for a refund of the amount \$20.80 paid to the Veterans Administration Facility, for hospitalization from April 14 to May 15, 1936.

Retired officers and enlisted men of the armed forces of the United States are required to pay a per diem rate, the equivalent of that charged when hospitalized in hospitals under the jurisdiction of the War Department or Navy Department, and it has been held consistently that transferred Members of the Fleet Naval Reserve and transferred Members of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, who are in receipt of retainer's pay must pay the applicable per diem rate, unless authority for such hospitalization has been issued by you pursuant to the Act of January 19, 1929.

It will be deeply appreciated if you will bring this matter to the attention of the proper officials in your service, in order that misunderstandings and apparant conflicts in information released by different Government Agencies may be avoided.

Respectfully.

FRANK T. HINES, Administrator.

TESTING OF CALIBER .45

AMMUNITION

Instructions have been issued to posts and denots reporting any complete boxes of caliber .45 ammunition of Frankford Arsenal lots Nos. 474, 478, 481, and 506 on hand, with a view to having this ammunition turned in to the Frankford Arsenal for roll testing. Posts not receiving instructions will make careful survey of all caliber .45 ammunition on hand and in the event any complete boxes of the lots referred to above are found they should be involced to the nearest depot for transshipment to the Frankford Arsenal for roll testing; and this office advised of the quantities shipped.

Accountable officers having any caliber .45 ammunition of the lot numbers referred to above on hand in broken boxes should take steps to have same destroyed at the earliest practicable date.

# INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING DISPOSI-TION OF 8-DAY CLOCKS

It is requested that all accountable offi-cers invite the attention of members of boards of survey to the following instruc-

tions:
Surveyed S-day clocks having the wording "U. S. Marine Corps," on the face, will be invoiced and shipped to the Depot Quartermaster, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa., from stations and ships on the East Coast, and to the Depot Quartermaster, Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif., from stations and ships on the West Coast and in the Asiatic, as is now the practice in disposing of all 8-day clocks; all other S-day clocks should be disposed of by sale.

# BAND SCHOOL (EAST COAST)

Effective 1 October, 1937, the Band School (East Coast) will be moved from the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., to the Marine Barracks, Farris Island, S. C.







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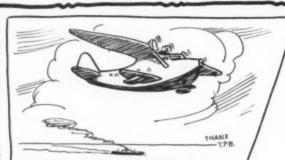
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# MARINE ODDITIES



CAPT. EDWIN C. MUSICK WHO PILOTED THE CHINA CLIPPER ON HER FIRST TRANS-PACIFIC AIR MAIL FLIGHT FROM ALAMEDA, CAL., TO MANILA, P.I., 15 A FORMER U.S. MARINE WARTIME OFFICER.



BOAKE CARTER, FAMOUS RADIO COMMENTATOR, STARTED HIS BROADCASTING CAREER BY DESCRIBING A RUGBY GAME BETWEEN TWO U.S. MARINE TEAMS.



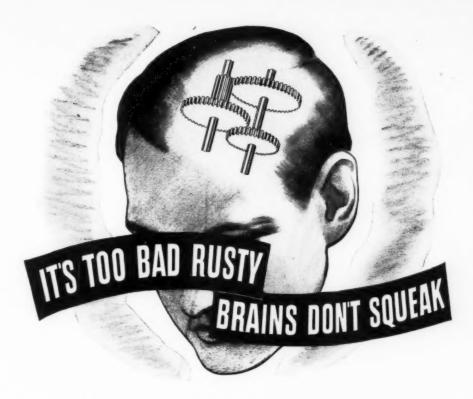
JOSEPH F. JONES AND FREDERICK WILDE, U.S. MARINES SHARED HARDSHIPS IN FRANCE TOGETHER. WHEN THE WAR ENDED THEY CAME HOME AND SEPARATED. WILDE ACCUMULATED \$25,000.00; JONES BECAME A CHAUFFER. WILDE DIED IN 1929 LEAVING NO RELATIVES AND WILLING HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE TO JONES, HIS WAR-TIME BUDDY.



ON JULY 7, 1864, MARINES UNDER COMMODORE JOHN SLOAT, LANDED AT MONTEREY, MARCHED TO THE CUSTOM HOUSE, WHERE THEY LOWERED THE MEXICAN FLAG AND RAISED THE STARS AND STRIPES, DECLARING CALIFORNIA A PART OF THE UNITED STATES.



WHILE WITH THE FIFTH MARINES, IN FRANCE, NOBLE STIBOLT RECEIVED MORE THAN FORTY WOUNDS IN BOTH LEGG FROM H.E. FRAGMENTS. AFTER THE WAR HE WAS UNABLE TO CARRY ON HIS OLD JOB AS SALESMAN BECAUSE IT REQUIRED WALKING. HE STUDIED LAW AND IS NOW SOLICITOR FOR A LARGE AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY.



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MONEY

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fine for 15 years.'



SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (left): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

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